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AMERICA AND ROMAN CATHOLICISM

IN the interest of tolerance and understanding, THE FORUM, *last month, began a discussion of the position of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States, particularly in its bearing upon Americanism. Michael Williams, a Catholic editor and author, challenged Protestants and other non-Catholics to come out into the open and submit a specific bill of complaints against his Church. In the present essay, Mr. Chapman accepts this challenge. In the May* FORUM *Dr. Frederick Kinsman, formerly Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Delaware, and now a Roman Catholic layman, will reply to Mr. Chapman.*

II — STRIKE AT THE SOURCE

JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

THE Roman Catholic question in America is an aftermath of the Reformation, which was essentially a struggle between two opposing forms of thought, one of which relied on Authority and the other on the Private Mind. The struggle will probably go on indefinitely. Each one of us is related to it, each is a portion of it, and takes part in the struggle in that form in which it shows itself during his own short life-time.

It was through this same conflict of ideas that modern democracy arose, and the storm has always centred and must always centre around the question of education. The earlier clashes of the Reformation came over the interpretation of the Scriptures, the later ones over practical political questions which ran into civil wars and into international wars. Throughout the whole modern epoch and down to to-day the claim of the Papacy to authority has suffered not the smallest change, as may be studied conven-

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iently in the well-known Encyclical of Pius IX of December 8, 1864. This Encyclical letter was intended to extinguish a very powerful movement among the liberal Catholics of the European continent, which shook the Vatican in the middle of the nineteenth century; and no historic document was ever more clear and precise. Those Catholics among us who desire to be good Americans should study this Encyclical, which is to-day the absolute expression of the Roman creed. They should study it before they blame the Protestants for thinking that the Catholic faith conflicts with democracy.

In the course of a long prelude to the condemnation of certain new doctrines, Pope Pius IX says that men must not imagine that the authority of the Roman Church extends only to matters of faith and morals, as certain liberals had contended. His words are as follows: "Neither can we pass over in silence the audacity of those who, not enduring sound doctrine, assert that the judgments and decrees of the Holy See, the object of which is declared to concern the general welfare of the Church, its rights and its discipline, do not claim acquiescence and obedience under pain of sin and loss of the Catholic profession if they do not treat of dogmas of faith and morals.

"How contrary is this doctrine to the Catholic dogma of plenary power divinely conferred on the Sovereign Pontiff by our Lord Jesus Christ, to guide, to supervise and govern the Universal Church, no one can fail to see and understand clearly and evidently.

"Amid so great perversity of depraved opinions, We, remembering our Apostolic duty and solicitous before all things for our most holy religion, for sound doctrine, for the salvation of the souls confided to Us, and for the welfare of human society itself, have considered the moment opportune to raise anew Our Apostolic Voice."

In this great Encyclical the Church's condemnation is pronounced upon all those who will not acknowledge the Pope's authority to lay his commands upon states in such a way that not only family life, the school, and education pass entirely under the control of the Roman Church, but that the Pope may even interfere in all legislation and require its alteration.* The Encyclical

* *History of the Papacy in the XIX Century*, by Dr. Fredrik Nielson, Vol. II, 260. (Dutton, 1906) *La Grande Encyclopédie*, Titles, Pie IX and Syllabus.

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pronounces one general condemnation upon certain propositions which are enumerated in a separate document called the Syllabus. The Syllabus is an addendum. In it each condemned proposition is numbered, and there are eighty of them. They express the liberal claims which are condemned *as a group* by the Encyclical. For example Number 15 reads as follows: "It is permitted to each man to adopt and profess the religion which he believes to be true according to the light of reason." This is one *claim* which the Pope denies in the Encyclical.

In order to quote one of the condemned propositions separately it is customary, and indeed necessary, to apply the general negative (from the Encyclical) to the particular clause quoted (from the Syllabus). Thus Number 15 will read: "It is *not* permitted for each man to adopt and profess the religion he believes to be true according to the light of reason." In like manner any proposition that is *denied* in the Syllabus must be *asserted* in quoting the clause separately. (As in propositions 20 and 24 cited below.)

I will cite a few of the propositions from the Syllabus, enough of them to show that the Roman Church condemns every political, social, and educational idea that a patriotic American holds sacred.

Number 20. The Ecclesiastical power must exercise its authority without the permission or assent of the civil power.

Number 24. It has the right to employ force.

Number 55. The Church ought not to be separated from the State nor the State from the Church.

Number 57. The science of things philosophical and moral as well as the civil laws neither can nor ought to be free from divine ecclesiastical authority.

Number 80. The Roman Pontiff cannot and ought not to be reconciled to or compromise with progress, liberalism, and modern civilization.

By separating the explanatory part from the propositions which he wishes to condemn, the Pope adopted a method that leaves no room for misunderstanding, qualification, or the mixing up of one proposition with another, so common in Catholic utterances, and showed how much in earnest he was.

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While speaking of the recent activities of the Roman Church in America I cannot disguise from myself the fact that many Roman Catholics are ignorant of what is being done by their Church. They find it hard to believe the accusations made against her. Nevertheless we must go to the bottom of the subject.

During the last two generations Rome has put forth special efforts to bring about in North America what she has accomplished in South America, — the Romanization of the land. Our hills have been covered with her colleges, nunneries, and seminaries of all kinds. Her attack on our public schools has been prolonged, persistent, organized, and effective. Her influence in public libraries, bookshops, publishing houses, editorial offices, in the radio and movie business, has become notorious and is well known to our people at large. Her recent great drives, including the organization of the Knights of Columbus, of Catholic clubs and social cliques, of ceremonies and demonstrations of all sorts, and her insistence that the children of mixed marriages shall be brought up as Catholics have made public her great claim to a despotic control over us in every way that such a claim could be advertized. Along with these things she has conducted an espionage over private business, accompanied by threats of boycott to the merchant who was suspected of hostility to her power. She has pushed her representatives upon the boards of all charities, reformatories, and organizations of social betterment; and persons of her faith often go upon such boards, not with the purpose of furthering the causes for which the boards were established, but with the purpose of using these societies as a means of spreading the discipline of their church. The Roman Church does not value the education, hygiene, and broad Christian endeavor of Protestant charities; indeed she regards such elements as godless. Her intense care is for the spread of Roman Catholic doctrine, without which all reform is dust and ashes to her. Thus, her servants among us are to-day heralding, obeying, and teaching the Encyclical of Pius IX.

If one wishes proof that the whole Catholic forward movement is being conducted coherently under a central control, one need only observe that, as in the case of the great German Drive, all Rome's agents have the same watchwords; the answer comes pat out of the machine. Any protest on the part of Protestants is

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"illiberal," "un-American," "gangrened with religious rancor," and so forth. The Catholics say that they are the objects of an odious undemocratic and unaccountable prejudice.

While this Roman forward movement has been going on during the last seventy years the average American has been earning his living and neglecting his public interests and his patriotic duties. He has gradually and unconsciously submitted to the Catholic espionage and terrorism in his private business and to the muffling of his press. He fears all spiritual upheavals because they disturb business. It has become an instinct in our country that all fires must be smothered. Delicate subjects must be deferred and avoided, harsh feelings eliminated. To mention the Catholic question in the press is to rock the boat. And yet our people are human beings and capable upon occasion of a just, though speechless, indignation. The long taboo of silence is to-day beginning to break into irritation and protest. Touch the subject, and it is hot. This heat has been developed by the priests of Rome themselves, and especially by the exhibition which the Democratic Convention gave to the country. I will give an example to show how explosive and abnormal the public temper has recently become:

In November last I ventured to ask Bishop Lawrence of Massachusetts whether, in view of the present speechlessness of Protestants, he favored having a Roman Catholic on the Harvard Board of Fellows. Such a question, if put by an outsider to a British Bishop who happened also to be the trustee of a non-Catholic college, would have excited no commotion in England. The Bishop would have replied as Chesterton replied quite recently to certain strictures that H. G. Wells had cast upon Catholic education, and the episode would have been closed. But no! It appears that my letter was unwise, uncalled for, subversive, and intolerant. The papers rang with it and revealed the extent to which our Eastern States were under Catholic control. Their editors spouted the catchwords of the Roman Drive, and on the other hand many persons commended me in words that would be appropriate to a man who had run the risk of an *auto da fe*. Yes, there is a sort of little reign of terror now in progress in our country in regard to the Roman Catholic Church, and that church has brought about the situation.

Amid all the infinite complexity of the subject I can see two

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points on which all clear-thinking men, whether Catholic or Protestant, agree: *First*, that there is a great, deep conflict between the historic claim of Rome and the ideals of our Republic. And *second*, that the open discussion of the whole problem weakens Rome's cause and claim.

In every case in history where the two modes of thought, Authority and Private Mind, have come to grips, the combatants on each side have consisted of two classes: *First*, the populace, who know little about theory but who have wrongs and grievances; they have felt the pinch of practical oppressions; and *second* the scholars, who fight the battle of the books above the heads of the populace. Of these two classes the populace are the earliest in the field. The monks and friars of the Middle Ages had been hated by the common people for a century before Erasmus took up the people's cause. Indeed, it is of no use for the thinker and the scholar to talk theory before the man in the street has knowledge of the facts. Lord Roberts was one of the most eminent and popular men in the British Empire, but it was in vain that he devoted the last years of his life to warning his countrymen against the German Peril. The average citizen had not yet felt the pinch of that peril.

In our own case there have been obscure and sometimes illiterate journals which for years past have warned the country of the coming religious troubles. The "Menace" of Aurora, Missouri, was crude, passionate, and outrageous, but effective. I found some years ago that our farmers in remote country districts had longer views on this whole matter than my own educated acquaintances. It is largely the doing of our country folk that the issue has been kept alive. Quite recently the Ku Klux Klan has taken up the cry against the Roman machine in terms more rational than is generally suspected. One may not subscribe to the Ku Klux platforms *in toto* but one may say of these and similar anti-Catholic movements as Henry VIII said of Cranmer, "This fellow hath the right sow by the ear."

Our plain people have been murmuring and muttering long enough; and it is time that our intellectuals should come forward with their views on the subject. Have we not college presidents, historians, theologians, preachers, writers on all subjects, and especially on social subjects? Where are those men who write

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all our profound books on sociology? Where are our innumerable clever essayists, satirists, playwrights, and moralists? Here truly are themes for fiction and for drama in which passion and character might be seen at the height. Are our intellectuals otherwise engaged? Or have we no intellectuals in America?

And now let us consider the ingenuous and sincere article by Mr. Williams in the March FORUM. The paper is little more than a pæan over the success of the Catholic Drive. He says what I say. He lauds the "efficiency" of the Drive, and he might well have gone further and called his Church's system a *Kultur*, for that is what it is. It is a system of social government in which each part implies all the rest.

You will notice that Mr. Williams on an early page of his article says that he desires to discuss the "psychic basis" of the controversy. But he never returns to the point. The "psychic basis" of the Roman Catholic forward movement is to be found in the Encyclical of Pius IX, just as the "psychic basis" of the German Empire lay in a crude and brittle adaptation of the ideas of the Roman Church. The German Emperor became Pope, became God. And the Pope is identified with God by the Roman Church. So narrow are the limits of human thought in the experiments men make in human government. We run up against the antique propositions at every turn.

The psychologic and moral influences of the Dogma of Authority are always the same. Thus Mr. Williams in his pæan rejoices in the infinite forms of Catholic propaganda and enumerates them. But he deplores the anti-Catholic propaganda, which he says fills the average Catholic with "angry bewilderment." Does not this remind one of the bewilderment of our German-Americans during the war? Of course a man who is in possession of Absolute Truth need not listen; he knows all things already. His opponent is a dead man before he opens his lips. So of Germany; so of the Papacy. It is all a matter of the "psychic basis."

Quite recently I had occasion to quote the following phrase which is attributed to Veuillot, but which a writer in "The Commonweal" magazine has traced to Montalembert who used it, as he says, as a *résumé* of opinions which he had opposed. The Catholic is supposed to say to the liberals, "When you are

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in power we claim liberty in the name of your principles, and when we are in power we refuse it you in the name of our own." "The Commonweal" finds the same suggestion in some words of Macaulay's used many years earlier. But, whoever framed the epigram, its survival and its currency are, I think, due to the accuracy with which it states historic facts. As to (1) the fact that Catholics, when in a minority, claim the liberties professed by their opponents, an example is not far to seek, — you have only to open any page of the Catholic press in America to-day. As to (2) the denial of liberty under any government controlled by the Catholic Church, — you have only to open the history of any country at an epoch when that church was supreme to see that liberty was denied.

* * *

Let us not forget that the enemy which our country is facing is not the Vatican, but our own somnolence. The Catholic Church, steered by the Jesuits, is going on in its ordinary, historic, time-tried manner. Its Board of Strategy has been moved from Europe to America, whose brain (I hate to think it) seems callow and feeble in dealing with rather well-known problems. The most infantile expedients suffice to lull us, amid our material contentment and our growing luxury, amid the decay of our higher education and the loss of that private courage and spirit of personal self-sacrifice which alone can save our institutions. The brain of Europe was, on the whole, found competent to throw off the papal incubus, though it required four centuries of patient work to do this. First the Low Countries, next England, and finally in the last century France and Italy cut free from the political power of the Roman Church. The Encyclical of Pius IX was followed in six years by the capture of Rome and the fall of the temporal power. It was at this epoch that the move to America was begun. Can the mind of America absent itself from the joys of the counting-house and the club long enough to understand the ways of the Catholic Church? Will private persons here and there undertake the spreading of ideas which our press excludes and continue their agitation till the press opens its columns to the subject? Most of the editors employed on our papers are Protestants, who to-day grind like blinded Samson in the mill of the

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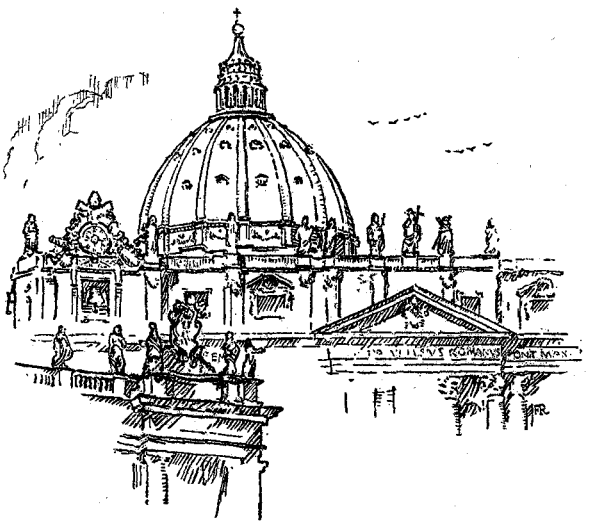
Philistines. They cry, Peace, Peace, when there is no peace, and Tolerance, when they mean comfort.

Our man in the street, however, is using his wits on the question. He is the one that knows the subject at first hand. His daughter has married a Roman Catholic, and he has felt the ruthless and cruel hand of the Church in domestic matters where heretics are concerned. He has received threatening intimations in regard to his business. He has seen the influx of Catholic teachers and Catholic teaching into the schools which his children attend. He has been offended by the demand that a Roman Cardinal should be received as a sovereign by the President of the United States, and the cry "Make America Catholic" rings in his ears by day and disturbs his dreams by night. This man has not the education to understand the cause behind all these things. Let those whom circumstance has left less tongue-tied help him to find the reasons behind his indignation; for this man is in the right.



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IS CRIME PREVENTABLE?

WILL applied psychology soon make it possible for us to detect the potential criminal and segregate him before he has had an opportunity to become an actual criminal? Mr. Clark believes that there is a definite criminal type. He bases his contention upon the results obtained by Dr. William J. Hickson, director of the Chicago psychopathic laboratory, who has examined thousands of criminals for the Chicago Municipal Court. Mr. Pitkin maintains that these results are vitiated by the fact that the wrongdoers who get into the courts are the failures, while the intelligent criminal, because he eludes the police, is never examined, so that his type, if it exists, remains quite unknown to science.

WHAT'S BRED IN THE BONE

NEIL MCCULLOUGH CLARK

HARLEY BEARD was born a murderer. Some babies are born idiots, others are feeble-minded, some are born black, and others are white, — and a few at their mothers' breasts have brains so incurably crippled that they will be led towards murder. So it was with Harley Beard. And a competent psychologist examining Harley when he was fourteen years old could have foretold that, given a favorable opportunity, sooner or later he would probably kill.

This is not fatalistic claptrap but the authoritative word of science, evolved from years of research and the observation of forty thousand criminals in one of the greatest courts of the world, the Municipal Court of Chicago, presided over by Chief Justice Harry Olson.

What of Harley Beard? Well, he had the opportunity to kill. He worked for a farmer in Ohio. One day on slight provocation he seized an axe and split his employer's skull. The farmer's wife and mother came to the aid of their kin. Harley slaughtered them too, one after the other, with the same bloody implement.

A hideous deed — ferocious — unthinkable: yet it actually occurred, only a few years ago!

Harley fled to Chicago, where he was caught. While he was in jail waiting to be taken back to Ohio, he was examined by the

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director of the psychopathic laboratory of the Municipal Court, who discovered that mentally the murderer was only eight years old, and that in addition he was suffering from *dementia praecox*, a disease described briefly as emotional insanity and almost invariably due to inherited defects in the structure of the lower brain. Beard, therefore, had been capable of committing such a crime as actually brought him to book any time since he was strong enough to wield killing weapons; his sick nature inherited from sick parents provided none of the inhibitions that save normal people from such deeds.

Harley Beard was hanged. At the time, four of his brothers were in institutions for the feeble-minded. The judge who sentenced him, and the supreme court judges who affirmed the sentence, did not know of his lack of accountability. Perhaps you ask, "What does it all signify? Evidently this is just another of those moron murders we read about once in a while."

Not so, however, is the case of Harley Beard dismissed by Judge Olson, nor by Dr. William J. Hickson, director of the psychopathic laboratory, nor by Mrs. Hickson his co-worker, nor by most of the thirty-six associate judges of the Municipal Court. In the Harley Beard type they see, literally, the modern crime problem; and in properly dealing with the type they see the solution of the problem, — the only solution at once practicable and thorough.

"There are thousands of Harley Beards walking the streets at this moment," Judge Olson told me. "As soon as snow falls and the weather gets bitter, you'll read about them in the newspapers. Being defective, many of them are unable or unwilling to hold jobs and earn their living as normal people do.

"They turn to the gun. They are the crime terrorists, the stick-up men, the gunmen, the burglars, and sneak thieves who make life dangerous in every big city. Between now and Christmas you will read of many citizens held up at the point of a gun and robbed, — and several will be killed.

"This is not guesswork. It always happens. Why? Do a lot of honest men suddenly resort to crime? No, the natural-born criminals feel the pinch, and they are able to terrorize the community because nothing effective has been done to stay them, — nothing has been done to segregate a very considerable number of people

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who are potential criminals and can not help committing atrocious crimes when the opportunity and the need happen to coincide. *Ninety per cent* of the major felonies, — burglary, robbery, assaults on women, and murder, — are committed by men whom society should not allow at large, and who in nearly every case have given sufficient warning that they are likely to commit such crimes."

Literally, to purge society of the habitual criminal, — nothing less, — that is the dream Judge Olson has dreamed; and with the aid of Dr. Hickson he has gathered a mass of evidence that shows how the dream may be realized. Through Judge Olson's personal enthusiasm for this work and Dr. Hickson's ability as a student of the human brain there has been developed a body of scientific evidence relating to crime, heredity, and the mental and emotional life of the habitual criminal, so fundamental that it seems likely that it will eventually completely revolutionize the attitude of society towards the criminal. For the first time a scientific basis has been provided for the prevention of crime as distinguished from mere punishment for crime.

As a result of their investigations, Judge Olson and Dr. Hickson know that only about two per cent of the population *can* commit brutal crimes habitually, for to the rest of us they are so abhorrent that we simply cannot think ourselves into them. When, as occasionally happens, some normal person commits a serious crime it is usually under the stress of some extraordinary circumstance. The real crime problem lies within the limits of the habitually criminal two per cent; and within those limits Judge Olson finds it a very serious problem indeed. It is here that the remedial measures must be applied to the end that the potential criminal shall no longer remain at large, a menace to society.

"When I began prosecuting criminals," Judge Olson told me, "I held the current ideas about them. I thought they were wicked men who had never been to Sunday School when they were boys, as I had. That was before the rediscovery of the Mendelian law of inheritance, by which we now understand that many characteristics of every individual are due, beyond help or hindrance, to his ancestors.

"Well, in ten years as a prosecutor I hanged seven murderers. I know now that six of them were not only morons, — that is,

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mental defectives of a certain grade, — but also suffering from *dementia praecox* and therefore were not accountable for their actions in the ordinary sense. The seventh man hanged, John Lattimore, a Negro, is supposed to have been normal though I doubt it; *if* he was normal, he was a very low mental type.

"Among the seven hanged were the three car-barn bandits, Van Dine, Niedemeyer, and Marks. They committed two murders, then three more while they were resisting arrest. In prosecuting the case I had the best doctors I could get to tell me about those men, for I suspected that they were not altogether accountable. But I knew they couldn't be allowed at large, for they might kill again at any time; therefore, the only alternative to death was life imprisonment.

"But what do you suppose a study of previous life sentences showed? It showed that the average term served by lifers in Illinois was about *six years*. Within that time, on the average, even the vicious offenders were usually able to get a pardon or a parole; and there they were, free again to prey on society.

"So I asked for the death penalty and got it. Five innocent citizens were slaughtered, their three murderers were hanged, and *not one of those eight deaths need have occurred*. All could have been prevented.

"My mind was made up when the Municipal Court was organized: If we were to serve both justice and society, we judges had to have more and better information about the true character of criminals and suspects brought before us. I decided to encourage the medical study of criminals; and I finally reached the conclusion that we must have a psychopathic laboratory of our own. It took me three years to find the best man to head it. I was told he could not be found in this country, that Germany was twenty years ahead of us in the study of mental disorders, and that nobody should be considered for the place unless he had studied at least two years under Kraepelin or Bleuler, two great German specialists. So the man was finally indicated almost automatically in Dr. William J. Hickson, an American who had studied abroad under both these men. After ten years in Chicago, Dr. Hickson has now had a far wider experience with actual cases than probably anybody else in the world, even his teachers.

"The defectives from a population of nearly three million

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drift into his laboratory when they run afoul of the law, and he examines every one. Furthermore, when he came to his position, it was on the understanding that the first time he ever trimmed an opinion or a diagnosis, either *for* the state or *against* it, he would be out of a job! We wanted honesty in this great work, and we have got it.

"Well, a few days after Dr. Hickson came, I asked what progress he was making.

"'We're getting a lot of *dementia praecox* cases,' he told me.

"I had never heard of that before. 'What is *dementia praecox?*' I asked.

"'Defective emotions,' he replied. 'It's a brain disease, usually inherited, and incurable. People afflicted with it don't have the normal feelings of pity, kindness, love, and so on.'

"'I should like to see some of those cases,' I said.

"A few days later, when the doctor had several on hand, I went up and looked them over. And what do you think I saw? — my old friends of the prosecuting attorney's office! The same types! I then drew the deduction immediately that there must be an intimate connection between criminality and mental and emotional defects, — particularly emotional.

"There *is* a criminal type. That was the deduction, and we now have ten years of experience and the evidence in thousands of cases to bear it out. We know what the type is. We can know in advance who will be almost certain to kill, rob, and commit burglary. Practically all of the brutal, messy murders are *dementia praecox* murders. Fresh ones come to light every week or so: the preacher who killed the husband of the woman he wanted, and solemnly said, 'I gave him his last glass of water,' — neglecting to add that he first dropped a little arsenic in it; the man who killed his wife, cut off her head, and concealed it in a block of cement which he later stuck under the kitchen porch; the stick-up man who shot the policeman blocking his escape. They were all *dementia praecox* cases.

"A judge familiar with these facts is almost able to recognize a defective person from the kind of crime he commits. In our courts here we now follow the practise of sending all suspected cases to the laboratory for examination; and in the Boys' Court we aim to send all who are arrested the second time."

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Among other statistics, Judge Olson called my attention to one group of 2681 persons examined in the laboratory, the individuals being brought in from the Boys' Court, the Morals Court, the Domestic Relations Court, and outside criminal branches. There were 1448 *dementia praecox* cases among these 2681!

"That," Judge Olson went on, "is the dominant criminal psychosis, or mental disease. Many have it so seriously that Dr. Hickson can commit them at once to institutions where they are detained, and society, in that way, is protected. In the course of a year, he commits some two thousand at a total cost of only about fifteen thousand dollars, while all the courts in Chicago commit only about twelve hundred to the jails and penitentiary and other places of confinement; and the cost of the courts is about ten millions.

"What's even more important for those of us who don't like this everlasting fear of the criminal at our elbows: the average court sentence runs only about two years, but fully eighty-five per cent of Dr. Hickson's commitments are for life. You see what that means. Your *dementia praecox* victim is incurable and just as dangerous after he has served a jail sentence as before. Permanent detention is therefore the only real solution.

"Now what happens when your sufferer from *dementia praecox* is not put away? Comparatively few of them are confined at present. Well, the answer at one end of the scale is the Leopold-Loeb murder.

"These boys were very dangerous types. Both had keen intelligence, but coupled with *dementia praecox*, and this was complicated in one of the boys by an epileptic tendency, while the other was a paranoiac and a homosexualist. Dr. Hickson, the only authority retained by the families on other than a *per diem* basis, made this diagnosis. But this was not brought out at the trial; nor was the fact that the boys had committed other offenses before they murdered Bobby Franks. Several times they were only one jump ahead of the police.

"Dr. Hickson, who got the story from the boys themselves, tells me that one of their typical 'stunts' was arson. Leopold would drive the car to within two or three blocks of some wooden tenement building. Loeb, dressed in old clothes, would get out

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and spread gasoline and start the fire. Then they would drive away, change their clothes, and come back like any other fire fans. Loeb would mingle with the people turned out of their homes and ask about it, — ask how they thought the fire started. He was fond of doing things like that, — a typical *dementia praecox* stunt. He felt no sympathy for those people: it was impossible, owing to the nature of his disease.

"It was right, in my judgment, that those boys were not hanged. But society ought to learn a tremendous lesson from their case. Long before, at the age of ten or sixteen, they should have been put away on a state-controlled farm colony for life. The nature of their incurable defects could and should have been learned sooner, together with the probability of their committing some heinous crime. Society, for failing to do this, paid the price in one of the most brutal and sensational killings of recent years. And the public, failing to receive all the facts, has had serious doubts whether there is equal justice in the courts for all.

"When lawyers, judges, and the public understand this fact and its implications more clearly, I think they will insist on the permanent segregation of all these potential felons, and the reduction of the penitentiary population that will inevitably follow. These men, — and women too, — go unsuspected until they are examined by a competent psychologist. Yet he can pick them out unfailingly with Dr. Hickson's tests.

"Now, the significant fact in all this is that defectives are the children of defectives. 'What's bred in the bone comes out in the flesh.' Trace the family history of defectives backwards, as we have done in countless cases, and you find the same defects in relative after relative. It is rare indeed to find a murderer who hasn't several relatives in insane asylums or institutions for the feeble-minded.

"If you can read the story backward, you can also read it forward. Many unborn children and grandchildren of defectives at large to-day will also be defectives, perpetuating the present crime problem. Their numbers can be determined almost mathematically by the great law of heredity first discovered by Gregor Mendel three quarters of a century ago, and rediscovered and elaborated by modern biologists since 1900.

"Most normal men and women have economic reasons and

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natural inhibitions that lead them to limit the number of their children fairly strictly. Defectives have the same desires as normal people, often more urgent, and with no restraint. In consequence, many defectives reproduce at a faster than average rate, and our criminal population grows progressively faster than the non-criminal population of which it forms a part. That is the threat!"

The hereditary taint is illustrated in all the family histories referred to by Judge Olson. To take just one case: a young man was on the street after midnight when an officer stopped him. There was an argument. The lad fired four shots, and the policeman died from the wounds. In the family history of this murderer appear these significant bits:

> *Father:* Born in U. S., aged 75; cannot read or write. Is in insane asylum in Dunning. Has always been a most cruel and violent character. . . .
>
> *Mother:* Aged 49. Tests 9–10⅘. High-grade moron, plus *dementia praecox katatonia.* Born in N. Y. Can read and write a little. . . . She is excitable, seems confused and is over-sexed.
>
> *Sister*: High-grade borderland moron plus *dementia praecox katatonia.* School: 6–14. Fifth grade. Has stubborn nature. Has a quick temper. Is quarrelsome. Worked in factory before marriage. Had illegitimate child before her marriage. . . .
>
> *Sister:* Committed suicide by poison. She was defective. Attended school from 6–16. Fifth grade. She had an illegitimate child at the age of 16. . . .

And so on. There is much more. Every family history is similar, varied only by being a little better or a little worse.

"What about remedies, then?" I asked Judge Olson.

He pointed out that capital punishment has never been as effective as, theoretically, it should be in preventing crime.

"If not capital punishment, then, what about confinement? The theory of confinement is supposed to be reform. Actually, the first confinement in a jail or penitentiary is usually the first course in the higher education for crime. The atmosphere is wrong. We have proved this too many times to doubt it.

"Probation, too, has proved a failure in a large percentage of cases. The defective is not capable, morally or mentally, of governing himself when his passions are stirred or his plans are threatened. Society is never safe with him at large. Crime will not decrease noticeably nor for any length of time so long as he

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continues to have his freedom in any considerable numbers. Attend our Boys' Court and you see it crowded to suffocation day after day with the same kind of boys charged with the same kind of offenses, and a majority of them are suffering from the same disease, for which there is no cure known, and no safeguard but confinement, — confinement *before* the horrible crime.

"Let the school teachers watch for signs of abnormality in their pupils. Let suspects be tested at ten and again at sixteen years of age. In Berlin, before the war, there were five murders a year. Berlin is a city of about the size of Chicago, but Chicago has dozens of murders every year. In Berlin they caught the defectives in the schools and never allowed them at large.

"Instead of repeating like a treadmill the old process of hanging and imprisoning the new crop of felons as it comes along, we should put them where they will have no opportunity to murder, rob, and rape. Purge free society of them. I predict that farm colonies for defectives will soon be common. There the defectives will pay their way as they are usually unable to do in competition with normal men; under guard, they will be unable to commit depredations; and they will not reproduce.

"Prevention, I prophesy, is the next great step in the handling of crime."

THE INTELLIGENT CRIMINAL

WALTER PITKIN

THE intelligent criminal is being shamelessly abused. The charge against him is that he does not exist. This is serious. If true, he has not a leg to stand on. But let us see the evidence.

Biometrists and psychologists have been testing convicts by the thousands. They report feeble-mindedness, alcoholism, epilepsy, sexual profligacy, *dementia praecox* and paresis in almost every cell. And where they do not find it in the cell, they find it in the ancestry of the inmate. What is the conclusion? Here it is as phrased by the most competent and cautious of biometrists,

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A. B. Goring, whose brilliant analysis of thirty-seven traits in three thousand English convicts is a classic:

> On statistical evidence one assertion can be dogmatically made: it is that the criminal is differentiated by inferior stature, by defective intelligence, and, to some extent, by his anti-social proclivities; but that, apart from these differences, there are no physical, mental, or moral characteristics peculiar to the inmates of English prisons.

He further asserts that environment plays a small part in the making of the convict: men go wrong chiefly because somebody gave them feeble bodies and minds.

Now let us turn to the pronunciamento of William J. Hickson, director of the Chicago psychopathic laboratory. After studying more than forty thousand Chicago convicts, he discovers nearly all to be "emotionally insane." Practically all crime is *dementia praecox*, and the rest is paresis except for about one case in every hundred which arises from some physical injury to the brain. Crimes due to abnormalities of the intellect Hickson regards as extremely rare save when such mental twists occur in combination with diseases of the cerebellum; and then we find the financial crook of supreme cunning.

Hickson declares that all criminals regularly betray themselves by "slips of the mind" of various sorts. Mental and motor coördinations break down, now in their visual imagery, now in their ability to draw a simple geometric form, now in their response to simple questions. Hence we easily ascertain whether an accused man is a criminal by applying mental tests.

As ninety-nine out of every hundred criminals actually tested in Hickson's laboratory suffer from grave defects of the brain, Hickson infers that ninety-nine per cent of all crime is caused by such cerebellar afflictions. Thus he agrees in substance with Goring that the criminal is a true type marked by defective intelligence. Hickson however goes beyond Goring in asserting that the mental defect is primarily cerebellar and emotional rather than cortical and intellectual. The conclusion is that practically all criminals are mental defectives.

Here I arise to protest on behalf of outraged logic and common sense. There is neither logic nor common sense in such a conclusion, for, as every sophomore who has passed a course in sociology knows, crimes vary in their nature with the time and

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place of their occurrence. Among the desert Arabs theft is no crime. Among sundry dark men it is good form to eat your contemporaries fried, roasted, or stewed, and it is a capital offense to fail in the financial support of your second cousin's brother-in-law's aunt. In England to-day fornication is not an indictable offense but, until only the other day, marrying your deceased wife's sister was heinous. Step over almost any State boundary in our own fair land of liberties, and you leave certain crimes behind you and walk into new ones. Crime is neither an objective entity like goitre nor a subjective process like your fear reactions. It is strictly a local issue composed of more ingredients than enter into the retail price of bananas in Hester Street on a warm Saturday evening. The climate, the season, the producer, the middleman, and the consumer of crime all contribute to the legal entity designated as crime on any particular statute book in any particular decade.

This is all fossil fact. Let us pass over it quickly with one remark. If, as I understand my dictionary, the criminal is a person who commits a crime, he must plainly suffer the agonies of the chameleon who was placed on a piece of Scotch plaid. He must change his spots every time he moves, in order to remain true to his own criminal nature. He cannot be absolute. Under such conditions, with crime varying geographically and epochally, there cannot be a criminal type.

I also protest against the free and easy manner in which our criminologists draw panoramic conclusions about criminals from facts known about convicts. Are most criminals convicts? Or, if they are not, are convicts fairly typical of all criminals? Here we enter upon the crux of the matter. I shall contend, in defense of the intelligent criminal, that all sweeping assertions about our lawbreakers are silly in so far as they merely generalize about prison surveys. I shall maintain that the public is being seriously misled by even the most scrupulous biometrists like Goring and quite befuddled by the Chicago psychopathic laboratory.

There are six broad classes of criminals. *Class A* embraces those few heroes whose names and deeds have never been whispered into the ear of desk sergeant or blackmailer. These are the Great Unknowns, the Men Higher Up. *Class B* embraces a goodly multitude of slick operators who are known to the police, to

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credit men, and to insurance adjusters as the Buttered Eels of Darkness, — altogether too slippery ever to be caught, but fingered now and then by their hunters. *Class C* is a mighty army; its thousands are being continually dragged into court, only to emerge on their lawyers' arms, grinning triumphantly at the camera men on the curb. *Class D* is another horde, but of lesser fortune: its members are forever losing out in civil and criminal courts, but always over charges and issues which insiders know to be masks for graver offenses. They lose in the small, to win in the big. *Class E* is a loose drove, all occasional amateurs at crime, — the sort who "go wrong" once and are thereafter victims of remorse. They include the gentleman who finds a pearl necklace and neglects to return it, the bishop who cannot resist the blandishments of a fair but neurotic parishioner, the bank clerk who, having plunged just once on the races, borrows from the safe until next week, — and so on.

Finally we come to *Class F*, the habitual criminals who make up one-half of our total prison population. In and out, out again and in again, they display either a singular love of jail or else a singular inability to keep out of lock-step.

How do these six classes fare with our criminologists who announce so glibly that all criminals are defectives? To put it conservatively, these estimable seekers of truth have never met and measured a single member of *Class A*, *Class B*, *and Class C*. They have measured in *Class D* only those who have been convicted in the criminal courts; they have never encountered those who have been discharged or acquitted there, nor those who have deftly ducked into the civil courts. They have measured in *Class E* only those who have been convicted. But in *Class F* they have charted, graphed, psychoanalyzed, and generally reduced to writing and numbers every man-jack and woman-jill of them. What effect has all this upon their findings?

Simply this: They have proved that all "crooks" are "boobs" by measuring minutely all the "boobs" among the "crooks." What could be neater? In the same manner, you may demonstrate with Euclidean rigor that all Marathon runners are underweight, asthmatic, and knock-kneed by carefully selecting as specimens to measure all persons who have come in last in any race.

Who are the convicts? Find your answer in the following facts,

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most of which are well known. Arrests from all causes run around two million a year in the United States. But only one arrest in every four results in conviction. Conceivably, the three citizens of each quartet who get off may be innocent; conceivably, they may be guilty too. Of the round half million convictions, more than three hundred thousand are drunks and disorderlies and tramps. The offenses of these citizens are, in the main, so trifling that we ought to omit them from our present reckoning, except for the fact that thousands of such hoboes and chronic alcoholics who yell at little girls and throw bottles through store windows have been surveyed and appear in the statistics we are attacking.

For all offenses other than these petty ones, there are fewer than two hundred thousand convictions annually. About these I raise two vital queries. First, how do these convictions compare in number and distribution to the probable number of serious offenses committed, whether recorded or not? And, secondly, what happens to offenders, taken by crime classes? Look at the police reports as a starter.

In New York City, in 1920, the Whitman committee showed that there was only one murder sentence out of every six hundred and seventy-nine killings in town. The Metropolitan Life analyses last year show that, out of every one hundred and forty-six homicides in the country at large, only sixty-nine indictments are found; and, of the sixty-nine men indicted only thirty-seven receive prison sentences, and only *one* is executed. The American Bar Association committee brought out neatly that the man who plans a burglary in New York City has thirteen chances to one of escaping all punishment. The man who sets out to commit any kind of felony in the same town has the odds somewhat better than seven to one in his favor.

These figures show merely the ratio between recorded offenses and recorded convictions for the same offenses. They do not show the ratio between the true total of offenses and escapes. For we have no way of discovering either total, save by loose conjecture. We may be sure, though, that the true totals greatly exceed the recorded. They shine through the personal experiences and investigations of hundreds of people who have nothing to do with courts and prisons. Vague as they often are, we can still see enough of them to be sure that they are mountains and not mole hills.

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The American Bankers' Association, after careful study, appraises the losses from crimes against property alone as about $3,500,000,000 per year. Credit men compute with considerable precision that credit frauds alone touch $400,000,000, or more than a million a day, Sundays included. Now, most of these frauds range well below a thousand dollars, while very few mount to much larger figures. This means that, by the rudest calculation, at least a thousand citizens commit crimes of this sort in every twenty-four hours. Making no deductions for those who repeat the performance in the course of the year, we find that three hundred and sixty-five thousand Americans perpetrate a credit fraud every year. Take the same basis of estimating the offenders against property in general, and you find that they number three and a half million. This, too, simply in the light of losses discovered by the American Bankers' Association!

But there sit in prison, for all kinds of crimes against property, fewer than seventy thousand persons. Thus, by our first approximation, we find that the crude odds in favor of the aspirant to tainted wealth run fifty to one. After considering all the many corrections to the above figures, I cannot believe that these odds can be beaten down below twenty to one. Six corrections, — too intricate to report here at all, — suggest a final ratio of twenty-four to one.

The situation turns into low farce when we consider crimes which are not so sedulously watched and guarded against by big business interests. It is a crime to attempt suicide, but fewer than fifty convicts wear stripes for this cause. Incest is a crime, but fewer than two hundred occupy cells because of it. Seduction is a crime, but fewer than one hundred who go in for this sort of pastime are now living in leisure at public expense. My latest figures, alas a decade old, reveal around thirteen hundred adulterers in prisons. And they reveal only two hundred and twenty perjurers. Now everybody endowed with sufficient intelligence to read a newspaper knows that there are thousands of would-be suicides, seducers, and adulterers plying their trades. And the best informed lawyers and judges freely declare, — sometimes in the public prints, too, — that perjury is so common in the courts that it is as hard to suppress as the weather. I do not hesitate to say flatly that the odds in favor of any of these creatures must be

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at least a thousand to one. And the number of such individuals must be fully two hundred and fifty times as large as the number of persons indicted for such offenses.

I am fully aware of the slap-dash of these estimates. All I seek to establish is that, taking offenses and offenders at large, the prison population cannot include more than one or two per cent of the total and probably does not include even that much. For one-half of this prison population are habitual half-wit criminals. And, as all the investigations show, most of the other half are either juveniles or slightly subnormal persons.

The percentage of criminals in jail is much smaller than the percentage of inferior minds in the country at large. On the most charitable basis of calculation, we find that at least five out of every hundred Americans are mentally subnormal in some degree. (The Army intelligence tests showed that forty-seven out of every hundred were, but I would amend this variously.) On a fairer basis, you find that ten out of every hundred are inferior. In round numbers this is a galaxy of seven to eight million adults and near-adults. This is thirty-five to forty times as large as our entire prison population, if we exclude simple drunks and disorderlies from the latter.

How, then, can we expect any intelligent criminal to worm his way into a prison? The competition from below is frightful. And the more closely we inspect the statistics of intelligence and worldly success, the plainer it becomes that our crook aristocracy need never hope to see the inside of any jail except in the capacity of warden or Governor of the State.

Success in any line depends chiefly upon three large and loose factors, namely intelligence, energy, and opportunity. This is equally true of undertakers and underwriters, of yeggs and yodlers. As these three factors really are composites of hundreds of "chance" elements, we find that the normal distribution curve depicts success and failure pretty well. In the criminal world as elsewhere, fully seventy-five per cent hover around the median; that is, they are neither very successful nor very unsuccessful, neither brilliant minds nor dubs, neither Rooseveltian dynamos of creative crime nor jelly-fish. The other twenty-five per cent divide pretty evenly on both sides of the great fence of mediocrity. Half of these show high success and half show dismal failure. If

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you like, you may subdivide to the point of noting that some two per cent of all crooks achieve extraordinary success while two per cent are equally extraordinary fizzles; and at the opposite ends of your field of distribution you find one man in a thousand who is a sheer genius. At the positive end he is a genius of success, the true Man Higher Up like Napoleon; and at the negative end he is the perfect criminal lunatic who cannot draw a breath without getting in trouble with the police.

All that can be proved about crime and criminals in America goes to show that success-and-failure here either follows the normal distribution or else is skewed toward the positive (success) end. Hickson, Goring, and all the others prove that most of our jail inmates are mentally and physically defective. But these jail inmates constitute between two and three per cent of the probable number of persons who, in the strict technical sense of the word, are criminals. Inasmuch as the probable percentage of seriously subnormal persons in the total criminal group is between five and ten per cent, it is clear that the convicts simply represent those inferior criminals who, because of imperfect wit, strenuosity, or opportunity, have failed in business and gone into the hands of a receiver.

To infer from their mentality anything about the great, solid, upstanding ninety per cent of our hard working, sincere, thorough, conscientious, and highly intelligent gun men, badger gamesters, procurers, and politicians is to betray a mental defect worthy of the bottom five per cent. The intelligent criminal never gets caught except by an act of Providence, which usually turns out to be the slick move of a competitor. He will never be measured for his mind or a striped suit. For the odds in his favor are much better than they run in the more conservative businesses and professions. Any young man who wishes to succeed by plain hard work and clean thinking cannot do better than to take up crookery, especially along business and political lines. He may leave all the rough stuff to the semi-skilled laborer with a low intelligence quotient. And, as long as he keeps awake and sober, he will thrive. For, as Hickson has shown, all the failures commit "slips of the mind".

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OLD Mother Earth has so many children she doesn't know what to do. When she was young and had only a few million it was easy enough to manage their three meals a day, to whip them and send them to bed. But now there are clamoring billions, huddling together in hard masses, trampling the weaker ones to death, crying for places in the sun which they know not how to find, and starving for the lack of food that is spoiling in larders which they think they cannot reach.

It is a spectacle to annoy the gods. Mars looks on with a sardonic smile and offers a solution. He strikes, and ten millions fall. There is more room for a while, but the hungry mouths are no fewer. Then Venus beams upon the mourners, and ten millions more spring into existence. Mercury casts a swift glance upon the hapless ones. "Teach them how to fly away," he says. And those words are elemental wisdom.

So much for symbolism. Such as it is it came while I was reflecting over the inter-relation of three things that happened to-day. Here they are: I read in the newspapers that the United States will hereafter admit only 160,000 immigrants a year instead of a million or more, as in the past. I added my mite to an American donation, — it must be the eleven hundredth one, —

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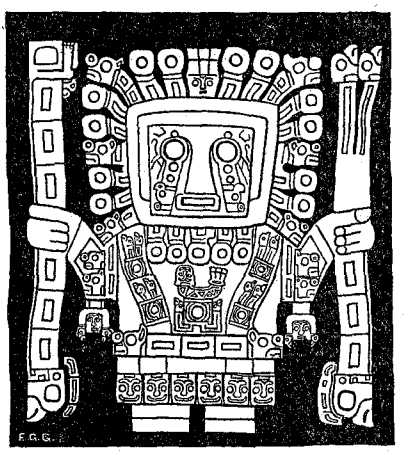
in order to help starving people in Europe. And I had a long talk with Mr. N. V. Hansell who has come back from an exploration of one of the richest, yet one of the loneliest regions of the earth, the Montaña of Peru.

I am not going to criticize the new immigration law of the United States. It must be accepted as a fact, and, indeed from most points of view it appears to be justifiable. But one cannot help wondering what is to become of the millions of people, especially the youth of Europe, who have now suddenly been shut out from what they had learned to look upon as their promised land. Statistics show us that during the ten-year period 1905–14 the immigrants to the United States averaged 1,000,000 a year. There was a sharp decline during the war, and in 1918 only 110,618 immigrants came to this country. But during the four fiscal years 1920–23 the average rose to about 500,000 a year. And, of course, the figure would not have been so low except for the emergency restriction act. Under the law just enacted 160,000 permitted for two years, and then the limit will be 150,000. But what is that, in proportion to the vast numbers of those who are now barred from our shores?



Where are these people going? We want to know, not because we are curious spectators of the dramatic turns which will come in the currents of migration, — though that would be reason enough. We want to know because the future destinations and careers of these peoples who may not come to us will surely in time affect our own economic relations with the rest of the world. Doubtless our political relations, too, will be affected. It is well-known that during the past few decades immigrant labor has been a tremendous factor in the development of our natural resources and our great manufacturing industries. But now the scene is to be shifted. Give us two decades of exclusion, and it is a

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reasonable certainty that some other land or lands at present unexploited will profit from the influx of new blood and new energy until a situation arises that will be felt in our own markets. We want to know what is going to happen. Our financiers, merchants, and industrialists are concerned, and already they are alertly watching the first moves.

The ability to move, — that is the key to the problem. If the millions of home-seekers cannot move in one direction they may still move in some other direction; and they will, too, providing they find easy and practical means of transportation. In the past the steamship lines have encouraged the people of other lands, even where there was no surplus, to come to the United States, and the railroads have encouraged the immigrants to spread themselves out over the open spaces of this country. The transaction has been profitable to all parties. In the future there will be this same coöperation between colonists and carriers, and again the transaction will surely pay those who invest their labor and those who invest their money.

The great bulk of our immigrants have always come from Europe, and during the past quarter century the principal countries of origin have been Czecho-Slovakia, Germany, Italy, Poland, Russia, Scandinavia, and the United Kingdom. These countries will continue to have surplus populations, unless there comes some sudden radical increase in their domestic food production, or in the food purchasing power on the individual's earnings, or some sudden demand for industrial employment. It may be interesting to see what the density of population is in the countries named, even though density of population does not necessarily mean that people must emigrate. In the following list the figures indicate the number of persons per square mile of territory occupied: Czecho-Slovakia, 250; Germany, 239; Italy, 340; Poland, 181; Russia in Europe, 142; the United Kingdom, 388.

The figures given above are obviously of significance only in connection with the natural resources and industrial opportunities of the respective countries. But we shall not pursue this matter further except to state, by way of comparison, that the density of population in the United States is 35.5 per square mile. Our country is certainly one of the most productive and most nearly self-sustaining in the world, and yet 35.5 persons per

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square mile is about all we want for the present. No wonder the Europeans are crowding each other off the map.

Where are they going? They will go to countries that are rich and undeveloped, — if they can get there. It is the purpose of this article to show that millions of them may find their new homes, large opportunities, and happy adventure in that *El Dorado* which was conquered four hundred years ago by Spanish treasure hunters, yet still remains to be conquered by white home-makers, — the golden land of Peru.

If you look at the map of Peru you will see that it is divided topographically into three different regions running parallel in a general north and south direction. The coastal region along the Pacific Ocean is a strip varying in width from fifty to one hundred and fifty miles. This is bounded on the east by the mountain ranges of the Andes. And eastward, beyond the Andes, is a vast fertile territory of upland and valleys, threaded by rivers that flow into the Amazon. It is this region, generally known as the Montaña, which is now to be opened for colonization. At present the Montaña is inhabited only by Indians, with a sprinkling of descendants of Spanish immigrants in a few scattered and isolated villages. The density of population figures out less than one person to every three square miles, while the average for all of Peru is 6.9 per square mile.

Why has the Montaña lain unexploited all these many generations? The principal reason is that this territory has been practically inaccessible to colonists. The Pacific Ocean is only five hundred miles away, but it is shut off by the high Andes, which are crossed only by mule paths. And it takes three weeks to make the perilous trip in that direction. The outlet eastward to the Atlantic is *via* the Amazon River, a distance of 2500 miles from Iquitos. Obviously, therefore, even if the immigrants had been willing to endure and surmount the difficulties of getting to the Montaña, the products of their industry would have been shut off from the markets of the world, and the supplies which they needed could have been procured only at prohibitive costs.

Interested observers of this situation have, of course, known all along that the best solution of the problem is to build a railroad over that five-hundred-mile distance from the Pacific through the Andes. But that involves a very costly railroad, and the Peruvians

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themselves have not seen their way clear to finance the enterprise. It was hoped that some assistance might come from the outside, and now at last a workable plan has been presented by an American banking group.

In a nutshell, the plan is to build a railroad between Paita, on the Pacific, and Yurimaguas, east of the Andes, the construction to be financed by American investors through a New York syndicate. The Peruvian government agrees to coöperate by giving the syndicate a land grant of 40,000 square miles of rich farm, forest, and mineral lands, which the syndicate will, in turn, sell in parcels to individual colonists at nominal prices. This plan will be explained in more detail later on, but first let us take a look at the Montaña to see whether the game of opening it up is really worth the candle.

The principal testimony shall be given by Mr. N. V. Hansell, a civil engineer with training and experience in many countries, who recently returned from a six-month exploration of this region, undertaken at the request of the above-mentioned syndicate.

But, by way of preface to Mr. Hansell, let us dip into a couple of earlier reports. There is, for example, the volume written by Lieutenant Lewis Herndon, of the U. S. Navy, embodying the results of his exploration, in 1850–52, of Peru and the valley of the Amazon. He says, "Were I to engage in any scheme of colonization for the purpose of evolving the resources of the Valley of the Amazon, I think I should direct the attention of settlers to this district of Tarapoto. It combines more advantages than any other I know." And later in the book, referring to this same region of Peru, he says that it was "sad to think that . . . being capable, as it is, of yielding support, comfort, and luxury to many millions of civilized people who have superfluous wants, it should be but the dwelling place of the savage and the wild beast." Lieutenant Herndon's exploration was official, under instructions of the Navy Department, and his report was published by order of Congress.

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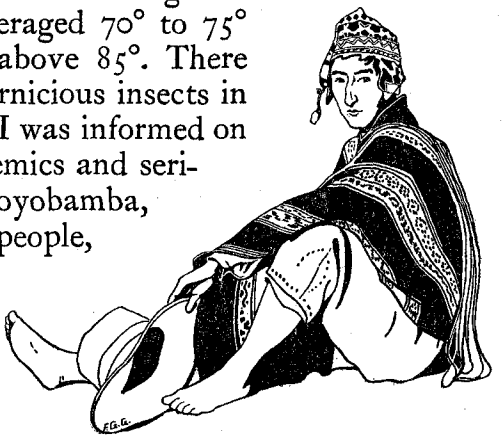
Another enthusiastic report has been made by Dr. John A. Zahm, whose book *Along the Andes and Down the Amazon* (written under the pseudonym of H. J. Mozans) was published in 1911. His description of this same region comes chiefly in a chapter entitled "A Peruvian Paradise." He says by way of summary: "Nature has provided man with a soil that is as fertile as that of the Nile Valley, with a climate like that of the Fortunate Islands, and with a variety of fruit and flower, of useful plant and tree that is unrivaled in any other part of the world. And not only is this the case with the land in the immediate neighborhood of Rioja and Moyobamba. The same can be said of tens of thousands of square miles of land in the Peruvian Montaña."

"What kind of climate have they got down there?" That was one of the first questions I asked of Mr. Hansell after he began telling his experiences in Peru.

"About the same as in Southern California or Southern France," was the surprising reply. "You must remember that, although the heart of the region which is to be colonized lies only about 400 miles south of the Equator, the climate is not at all oppressive. The domains around Yurimaguas, Tarapoto, Moyobamba, and so forth, which are to be the first opened, are from 1500 to 6000 feet above sea level, and thus naturally do not have that humid climate usually found in the low tropics. Besides, this whole region is almost continually swept by the trade winds, delightfully cool out of the southeast. I took daily temperature readings for six months and found that the average for the nights was below 65° Farenheit, while during the daytime the temperature averaged 70° to 75° Fahrenheit and rarely rose above 85°. There are no mosquitos or other pernicious insects in this part of the country, and I was informed on the best authority that epidemics and serious diseases are rare. In Moyobamba, for example, a town of 6000 people, there is no doctor, and the inhabitants seem to get along very well without trained medical assistance. Many Europeans



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have gone into this country, and, after living there for years, are in the pink of condition. I met one man from as far north as Sweden who had settled in Tarapoto, and, after having lived there eight years he declares that there is no health resort in the world that could tempt him to move away."

Mr. Hansell's observations on the climate can be corroborated from the reports of others who have been through the same country.

We next turned to the all-important question of what the colonists would get to eat after they arrived, or, in other words, how far they could depend on the natural food production.

"Well, there's no danger of starving down there," laughed Hansell. "A family of six Indians can raise enough food on less than one quarter an acre of ground to sustain them year in and year out. Their own menu consists principally of corn, beans, rice, coffee, and plantains (similar to bananas). Of course the streams abound in fish, while hogs and chickens can be seen everywhere. Any number of vegetables with which we are familiar grow there, peas and tomatoes, for example. The potato is native there. And then think of the fruits, the luscious oranges, and pineapples that grow wild. Grapes thrive there, too, and it is the only place in the world where they ripen twice a year.

"I was impressed by the ease with which crops are raised by the Indians. They don't have to fertilize the soil, although some of the land has been used hundreds of years. They don't even plow the ground but simply punch holes with a sharp stick and drop the seeds in. And, even at that, they can raise three crops of beans a year from the same field. So you see that even if the colonists come by the millions they need have no fear of starving in Peru.

"One of my instructions from the syndicate," continued Mr. Hansell, "was to ascertain what would be the 'money crops', that is, natural products for export. A careful survey shows that the money crops for some years to come will be cotton, coffee, tobacco, and cacao. All these grow abundantly, and with the new railroad connecting with the Pacific Ocean, only five hundred miles away, they can be sold with profit on the markets of the world. Peruvian cotton, for example, can be produced very cheaply. It ripens in nine months and grows three or four years without re-

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planting. It has a longer staple than American cotton, and the yield per acre is about three times as great. And, incidentally, there is no boll weevil in Peru.

"The forests of the Montaña concession will also provide great natural resources for the colonists. Mahogany and cedar trees are plentiful, and there are fifty or more varieties of dye-producing trees. I saw any number of these, one hundred and fifty feet high, and measuring many feet in diameter. There are all kinds of rattan trees from which wicker furniture, baskets, and so forth can be made. And there is the familiar bombaje palm which furnishes the fibre used by the natives in the manufacture of the well-known panama hats. It is evident that the forest resources of the district will not only furnish ample material for domestic construction and manufacture, but will also yield valuable products for export as soon as the region is industrialized."

During his narrative Mr. Hansell had frequently referred to a large detailed map of Peru, on which a red line, in zig-zags and curves, showed the route of his exploration. That red line, by the way, represented 4000 miles of travel, on mule-back, in canoes, and on foot.

"Speaking of industrialization," said Mr. Hansell, pointing again to the map, "just look at the topography of the Montaña! Here you see twenty or more powerful rivers, all rising in regions that are at least 10,000 feet above the sea, and all flowing into the Amazon at points that vary in height from 400 to 1000 feet above the sea. In this network of rivers you have inexhaustible resources for water power and a perfectly distributed system of hydro-electric stations. Incidentally it should be remembered that the rainfall in these regions averages sixty to seventy inches per year. But there are other important power resources, too. I ran across petroleum seepage in a number of places, and it is known that this country has vast coal deposits. In fact, it has been estimated that the concession alone contains some half a billion tons of anthracite coal."

"Wait a moment," I interrupted the explorer. "It takes time to imagine all this potential wealth."

But Mr. Hansell went right on talking and positively overwhelmed me with statements regarding other mineral deposits, including iron, copper, and gold.

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Time and again the name *El Dorado* flashed into my mind, and I thought of that fabulous land of magic gold that lured the Spanish bucccaneers into frantic exploration. But there is an *El Dorado* in Peru, after all, — unless Hansell and the numerous investigators who corroborate him belong to the tribe of Munchausen, — an *El Dorado*, not of rivers lined with pure gold, but of land charged with golden opportunity for intelligent labor and industry.

The present scheme to colonize the Peruvian domains east of the Andes is stupendous, yet it coördinates so many practical ideas that success seems assured. Briefly the plan is as follows:

First the syndicate will establish a base at Yurimaguas on the Huallaga River, and will begin the construction of the first 125-mile section of the railroad westward from this point. At the same time the syndicate will establish a line of steamships on the Huallaga River between Yurimaguas and Iquitos, thus connecting with the Amazon River service. When the first section of the railroad is completed, the Peruvian government, which will coöperate from the beginning, will give the syndicate title to one-fifth of the total land grant, or two and one half million acres. The syndicate will establish large plantations at various points along the railroad, which will gradually develop into towns and industrial centres. And the land extending out in all directions from these centres will be sold to individuals. Colonists who are not prepared to buy land immediately will be given an opportunity to work for wages on the plantations belonging to the syndicate. Thus they will get instruction and training that will prove invaluable when they come to work their own land. It is assumed that many colonists will prefer to settle in communities of their own kind, hence bloc settlements will be encouraged. That is,

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the Italians, for example, may settle in one valley and the Russians in another.

As soon as the first section of the railroad is completed, the next one to the westward will be undertaken, and another grant of land will be received and exploited. Thus the road will be extended and new land grants obtained successively, until Paita on the Pacific and Yurimaguas, six hundred miles apart, are connected by rail. The completion of the railroad is the ultimate goal, and when that has been achieved the land values of the original buyers will naturally have risen many hundred per cent.

This is a fascinating prospect, a gigantic task that requires prompt energy and clear-eyed determination. It is estimated that $60,000,000 will be expended in building the railroad. The guarantee of capital necessary for such an undertaking is being sought by the original backers of the project, whose names, for the present, remain unpublished. Negotiations are being carried on with various European countries regarding the encouragement of emigration to Peru. And voluminous agreements are being carefully prepared to control immediate and more remote future relations between the syndicate and Peru.

Fortunately the integrity of Peru as a nation can be safely counted on. Peru is a republic, with a government modeled closely on that of the United States. She has a federal reserve system of banks, established in 1922, and her finances are in good shape. In 1922 her surplus of exports over imports amounted to a value of more than $40,000,000, and for 1923 the corresponding figure was $41,000,000. The latest general report on Peru published by the United States Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, shows that her economic conditions are highly satisfactory, and the author of this report, Mr. C. E. Guyant, U. S. Consul at Callao, ends his document with the following significant words: "Experience also emphasizes the attractiveness of foreign investments in Peruvian enterprises. . . . American investments, if placed with proper business judgment, would unquestionably be mutually advantageous to Peru and to the United States."

So much for the material and practical side of the American colonization scheme. But there is something else that must not be overlooked: the aspect of adventure and romance. When people

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emigrate beyond the seas they are urged not only by the desire for new homes and the hopes of making their fortunes, but also by a strange restless longing for a more thrilling life amid more colorful surroundings. With this in mind I asked Mr. Hansell to tell me of some of his deepest impressions and most exciting experiences while exploring.

"I think the sheer beauty of the country impressed me the most," said the engineer. "I have never anywhere else seen such gorgeous colors as I saw, time and again, when I emerged on some hilltop and looked across a plateau at the rugged range of the Andes, — warm azure, brilliant purple, — I wouldn't know what to call all the colors I saw. And then the flowers everywhere, — orchids, for example, larger than any I have ever seen in the florists' shops. An entomologist told me that at one single locality he had counted five hundred species of butterflies in the Montaña, and I can believe it. I saw butterflies like thick clouds of iridescence. It was curious how the swarms of the same kind kept together. Here might be a mass of yellow ones flying right alongside of another mass of green ones, and the colors never got mixed!

"I was impressed also by the solitude of the country. I traveled for six weeks without seeing a human being except my Indian porters. This feeling of solitude was emphasized by the taciturnity of my Indians. They never sang. They never whistled. They never played. The wilderness seemed to awe them. They liked to talk, but it was generally only in subdued voices. Once only I heard them yell. That was one night after we had turned in, when a tiger, as they called him, walked right into our camp. The beast was a hungry puma, and I ended the excitement with my automatic.

"The Indians of this part of Peru, by the way, are friendly, and the colonists will have no trouble, so long as they treat them fairly.

"But there will be plenty of adventure and romance for the young pioneers. There is the 'Haunted Mountain', just to drop a hint, which is said to contain secret hoards of Inca gold, undisturbed all these hundreds of years. The Indians will not go near the summit because they believe that the ghosts of the Incas are on guard, and they will tell you that many have climbed to that

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summit and that none has returned. I know where that mountain is, but I — I decided that I didn't have time to explore it when I was there."

When all has been said about the various romantic lures, however, to take the word from the explorer, there remains over and above them all the larger adventure of going into a wilderness the size of the State of New York and helping with one's own hands to build up a new civilization. It means not only the joy of harnessing wasted energy, of turning idle fertility into harvests, of bringing to light the hidden treasures of the earth, but it means also the more subtle thrill of trying anew the great social experiment.

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CREDO OF A NATURALIST

HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN

"THE purpose of science is to develop, without prejudice or preconception of any kind, a knowledge of the facts, the laws, and the processes of nature. The even more important task of religion, on the other hand, is to develop the conscience, the ideals, and the aspirations of mankind. Each of these two activities represents a deep and vital function of the soul of man, and both are necessary for the life, the progress, and the happiness of the human race." From a Credo signed by fifteen eminent scientists.

IN 1876, when I began my philosophic and scientific studies in Princeton, the long struggle between Supernaturalism and Naturalism was culminating in a complete victory for Naturalism. In England Mill and Huxley had won the battle for freedom of the human reason; in Germany along with Haeckel's battles for Darwin there had sprung up an extreme form of materialism; in France the mechanistic teaching of Descartes was revived. The pendulum of thought had swung completely away from the teleological or purposive interpretation of Nature that had entirely dominated natural science of the first half of the century. The rising generations of naturalists eagerly read Herbert Spencer, whose philosophy and biology became a new gospel; the successive editions and translations of his works were second to those of Darwin. As for his influence among laymen, I well remember Judge Carter of Fort Bridger, Wyoming, and his shrine of Spencer's complete writings, encased with a photograph of the great closet philosopher. Among American students Spencer was still supreme as late as 1891 when I came to Columbia. Now he has become an historic figure in the history of natural philosophy.

It would be difficult to fix the date for the return swing of the pendulum away from purely materialistic and mechanistic interpretations toward spiritual and teleological interpretations not in the least resembling the old but pointing toward new forms of belief and of faith in which there is no schism between the teachings of Nature and the aspirations of religion. The World War certainly accelerated this spiritual movement, because it engendered a horror of mechanism and materialism and placed a new emphasis upon the spiritual basis of conduct rather than upon the mechanistic. The movement was not led, as might have

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been expected, by biologists, still less by psychologists. In the recent writings of two of the leading psychologists and philosophers of America, Dewey of Columbia and McDougall of Harvard, it appears that psychologists have lost touch with the soul. Contrasting the older and orthodox psychology with the present, Dewey remarks that "the soul or mind or consciousness was thought of as self-contained and self-enclosed. Now in the career of an individual if it is regarded as complete in itself instincts clearly come before habits. Generalize this individualistic view, and we have an assumption that all customs, all significant episodes in the life of individuals can be carried directly back to the operation of instincts. . . . Only the hold of a traditional conception of the singleness and simplicity of soul and self blinds us to perceiving what they mean: the relative fluidity and diversity of the constituents of selfhood."* McDougall is still more brief with the soul; he says that "ancient psychology accepted the soul, and was chiefly concerned to distinguish the various functions of the soul and to assign them seats in the various parts of the body. In the modern period this type developed into what is generally called 'faculty psychology'. . . . Both the older and the later form of faculty psychology have long been discredited, even though it be admitted that the conception of a soul or mind endowed with certain most fundamental faculties is one that we cannot wholly dispense with."†

From Dewey and McDougall, I turned to my friend Cattell, asking him if psychologists had really lost the soul. He replied, "I can talk more intelligently about any other subject than the soul. It is well known that psychology lost its soul long ago and is said now to be losing its mind. You should inquire of Descartes and the Catholic Church; it is a good subject for a paleontologist like yourself!" Hunting in the chambers of my memory for an explanation of this loss of the soul by psychologists, I asked Cattell if he recalled the sensation made by a paper entitled "The Normal Knee-Jerk." He reminded me that this was the opening article in Stanley Hall's new "Journal of Psychology," started in the year 1887. This article was the curtain raiser for the long ensuing quest by laboratory methods, mechanical,

* John Dewey: *Human Nature and Conduct* (1922), pp. 94, 138.
† William McDougall: *Outline of Psychology* (1924), pp. 12, 13.

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chemical, analytical, that has resulted in psychology wandering through the mazes of brain and nerve and sense organ physiology, in which all vision of the soul is lost.

It appears that we must turn to physicists and physiologists for a rediscovery of the soul and the spiritual nature of man. Robert A. Millikan, the last Nobel prizeman in physics, tells us that from his point of view there are only two ideas or beliefs upon which the weal or woe of the race depends and that the *most important thing in the world is a belief in the reality of moral and spiritual values*. "It was because we lost that belief that the World War came, and if we do not now find a way to regain and strengthen that belief, then science is of no value. But, on the other hand, it is also true that even with that belief there is little hope of progress except through its twin sister, only second in importance, namely, belief in the spirit and the method of Galileo, of Newton, of Faraday, and of the other great builders of this modern scientific age, — this age of the understanding and the control of nature, upon which let us hope we are just entering." (*The Significance of Radium*, "Science," July, 1921.)

In England, theological as well as scientific opinion is still widely divided. The *rapprochement* between theology and science probably began in the spiritual emotions aroused in all minds during the World War, but this movement first took outward expression at the Cardiff meeting of the British Association of 1920 in an enlightened sermon by Canon E. W. Barnes, distinguished mathematician and Canon of Westminster. As reported in "Nature" of September 2, 1920, "not for a long time has such a conciliatory attitude been presented to men of science by a leader in the Church as is represented by Canon Barnes's address. The position taken up in it is one upon which the two standards of science and religion can be placed side by side to display to the world their unity of purpose. For Science and Religion are twin sisters, each studying her own sacred book of God and building a structure which remains sure only when established upon the foundation of truth. . . . Whatever the end may be, we are urged to the quest by that something within ourselves which has produced from a primitive ancestry the noblest types of intellectual man, and regards evolution, not

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as a finite, but as an infinite process of development of spiritual as well as of physical life."

Long before 1920 the *rapprochement* between theology and science was initiated in Germany by Rudolf Eucken of Jena, who won the Nobel Prize in literature in 1908. Eucken contended that "the age must win for itself an essentially new form of Christianity answering to that phase of the Spiritual Life to which the world's historical development has led us. . . . The more clearly we realize that if Reason does not reside in the whole structure of the universe, it cannot be found in any single spot of it, — the sooner shall we be entitled to hope that the religious problem will win back the passionate enthusiasm that is its due, and that our work on it will no longer assume the attitude of speculative reflection, but pass into the constructive action of a forward policy." (*Christianity and the New Idealism*, 1909.)

More recently (1921) Walter Rathenau gave a nobler expression of this spirit:

> Yet as surely as we know that the awakening soul is the divine sanctuary for which we live and are, that love is the redeemer who will liberate our innermost good and will weld us to a higher unity, just so surely do we recognize in the inevitable world-struggle of mechanization the one essential — the will toward unity. In so far as we oppose to mechanization the token at which it pales, namely, transcendental philosophy, spiritual devotion, faith in the absolute; in so far as we illuminate the true nature of mechanization, reaching out to the secret core of the will to unity — so far shall mechanization be dethroned, and constrained to service. . . . Woe to the race and to its future should it remain deaf to the voice of conscience; should it still be petrified in materialistic apathy; should it rest content with tinsel; should it submit to the bondage of selfishness and hate. We are not here for the sake of possessions, nor for the sake of power, nor for the sake of happiness; we are here that we may elucidate the divine elements in the human spirit. (*Was Wird Werden*, 1921.)

There is more warmth in the rediscovery of the soul by Rathenau than there is in the counsel on conduct by our psychologist Dewey, who says that "a morals based on study of human nature instead of upon disregard for it would find the facts of man continuous with those of the rest of nature, and would thereby ally ethics with physics and biology. It would find the nature and activities of one person coterminous with those of other human beings, and therefore link ethics with the study of history, sociology, law, and economics. . . . Until the integrity of morals

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with human nature and of both with the environment is recognized, we shall be deprived of the aid of past experience to cope with the most acute and deep problems of life."*

From England, in the Gifford Lectures of 1922, comes C. Lloyd Morgan's *Emergent Evolution*. Morgan, one of the most eminent pupils of Huxley, is at once experimental biologist, psychologist, natural philosopher. His volume reflects his culminating life-thought, which began in youthful conversation with Huxley. Huxley asked what the young student Morgan understood by "innate powers" and Morgan replied, "May not an internal formative tendency be as distinctly recognized as an internal conservative tendency?" Whereas the Catholic protagonist Mivart, and subsequently the great naturalist Wallace, dwelt upon the idea of the leap or sudden advance from the animal to the human state of mind and of soul, Huxley in this conversation dwelt upon the absence of any leap, upon continuity in both brain and mind from the animal state to the human stage. Morgan asked on what grounds Huxley spoke of brain as an antecedent of thought and why one might not follow Spinoza in regarding thought and brain as alike playing their parts in causing the evolution of man. In conclusion Huxley dismissed the neophyte Morgan with the encouraging words, "You might well make all this a special field of inquiry," and the outcome of this kindly advice is the constructive scheme of evolution to which Morgan has devoted his life, as summed up in his volume, *Emergent Evolution*. It differs from Bergson's famous work, *Creative Evolution*, in containing the purposive principle that "leads upwards towards God, as directive Activity within a scheme which aims at constructive consistency." Morgan continues that there may be something more in the heart of events than efficiency, something more than causation, and for this he takes the risk of "the higher acknowledgment, the Creative Source of evolution — this is God." Of the relation of brain and thought he says that the brain is *par excellence* the organ of the guidance of behavior; for example, the form and color are contained in the rainbow, but "it is the paradox of beauty that its expressiveness belongs to the beautiful thing itself and yet would not be there except for

* John Dewey: "Evolution and the Ethical Ideal." Univ. of Cal. "Chronicle," Jan. 1924, p. 27.

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the mind." If the idealist assert that color lives only at top, i.e. in the mind, irrespective of physical correlates in the organism; or if the realist assert that it lives only at bottom, i.e. in the thing, irrespective of psychical correlates in the organism, Morgan submits that each goes beyond the evidence. Passing on from this principle of pure causation Morgan sums up his philosophy in the paragraph:

> Hence it is taken for granted as scarcely open to question by practical folk, that mind is preëminently a cause of certain noteworthy changes in the face of nature, and is in a very special sense active, — so much so that the activity we feel, when through exercise of the will we are ourselves causes, best illustrates what is meant by causal activity. Carry this a stage further, lifting it to a higher plane of thought, and we have the widely accepted belief that ultimately all observable change is due to some form of Spiritual Activity.

The timeliness of Morgan's natural philosophy is that it springs from the experience and observation of a highly trained zoölogist and experimental psychologist, — certainly a peer in his field of research. It is not the closet philosophy of Herbert Spencer nor the brilliant abstract thought of Henri Bergson, thought not based on personal experience or experiment. In reviewing his position Morgan states that "emergent evolution works upwards from matter, through life, to consciousness which attains in man its highest reflective or supra-reflective level. It accepts the 'more' at each ascending stage as that which is given, and accepts it to the full. The most subtle appreciation of the artist or the poet, the highest aspiration of the saint, are no less accepted than the blossom of the water-lily, the crystalline fabric of snow-flake, or the minute structure of the atom. Emergent evolution urges that the 'more' of any given stage, even the highest, involves the 'less' of the stages which were precedent to it and continue to coëxist with it." He feels that we may acknowledge on the one hand a physical world that we observe and study through our senses and on the other hand an immaterial Source of all changes therein, namely, God, on Whom all evolutionary processes ultimately depend. "In my belief in God, on Whom all things depend, I am certainly not alone. I would fain not stand alone in combining with this belief, and all that it entails, that full and frank acceptance of the naturalistic interpretation of the world which is offered by emergent evolution."

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Professor J. B. S. Haldane, eminent physiologist and author of the brilliant sketch *Daedalus*, tells us that he cannot regard the mechanistic theory of life as tenable; that "it involves quite impossible assumptions and leads us nowhere in respect of the characteristic phenomena of life. Not only the newspapers, but also scientific men, continue to speak of the mechanism of life and heredity; I confess that such an expression has no meaning whatsoever to me. We cannot dispense with the distinctive conception of life. Let there be no mistake, however, about what this implies. It implies that the old conception of visible reality which Galileo and Newton set forth has broken down; and that there is no use in appealing to that conception in support of a mechanistic theory of life. Life would be unintelligible on that conception; but it is reality that science has to deal with, and not an ideal world of mechanism." As to religion and conduct, he adds: "We are the children of a materialistic age. We look for a soul consisting, if not of ordinary matter in the mechanical sense, yet of something which is only a thinly veiled imitation of it. We look, also, for a similarly constituted God. Such entities can never be found. God is with us, in us, and everywhere around us, as Jesus taught. . . . If I thought that my country could get on equally well without churches I should not care what was taught in them. But I do not think so. We need to be constantly reminded of that spiritual reality which manifests itself in willing service of every kind, and without the perception of which our country would relapse into chaos."

The Editor of "Nature" in reviewing the epoch-making Conference of Modern Churchmen at Oxford at the end of last August, quotes the scientific theologian Harnack: "In spite of intense effort our modern thinkers have not succeeded in developing a satisfactory system of ethics and one corresponding to our deepest needs on the basis of monism. They will never succeed in doing so."

American scientific and philosophic thought does not lead; it follows that of England and of Germany; also of France, where since the World War there has been a spiritual and religious revival, although not, so far as the writer knows, in the minds of scientific men. However, the recent American movement did not come from abroad, but from the indignation aroused by the ig-

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norant assaults of William Jennings Bryan on the evolution theory, assaults of which I will treat in the third article of this series, entitled "The Earth Speaks to Bryan". In 1923 a statement was drawn up by thirty-five prominent Americans, among whom were fifteen eminent scientists, including four mathematical physicists (Millikan, Pupin, Noyes, Birkoff), one astronomer (Campbell), seven biologists (Welch, Conklin, Coulter, Osborn, Merriam, Walcott, Mayo), two civil engineers (Carty, Dunn), one psychologist (Angell). This "Joint Statement upon the Relations of Science and Religion" is partly cited at the beginning of this article, and it concludes with the following sentence: "It is a sublime conception of God which is furnished by science, and one wholly consonant with the highest ideals of religion, when it represents Him as revealing Himself through inbreathing of life into its constituent matter, culminating in man with his spiritual nature and all his Godlike powers." Many other eminent physicists, astronomers, biologists, and psychologists of America would naturally decline to subscribe to such a "credo of faith" as this, either because they are still sincerely convinced of the adequacy of the mechanistic theory of philosophy and of the psychologic creeds for the conduct of life, such as we have cited from Dewey and McDougall, or because they prefer to remain in the perfectly consistent and defensible fortress of agnosticism erected by my old friend and teacher Huxley.

For my own part, I aided my friend Millikan in the wording of the joint statement of the thirty-five American religious leaders, scientists, and men of affairs, and, with the fourteen other scientists, I signed it because I am thoroughly convinced that the naturalist needs a credo or profession of his faith, even if this credo is very different from that drilled into his youthful mind and memory before the world entered into universal acceptance of the law of Evolution. I well remember the final address of a distinguished physiologist, Henry Newell Martin, also a pupil of Huxley, before the American Society of Naturalists in Boston, in which he said, "We science teachers have been making a great mistake; we have been developing the minds of our students and neglecting their souls." These words made a profound impression on me. I also recall a conversation with Huxley about the immortality of the soul and how reverently he approached this ques-

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tion, although himself not a believer in immortality. I have been told, although I do not vouch for the statement, that on the headstone of his grave is the inscription: "He giveth His beloved sleep, and if forever, 'tis for the best." This inscription is consistent with the agnostic attitude of mind. Many of us are familiar with Huxley's tribute to the Bible, not only as one of the most exquisite in diction, but as one of the most profound in conviction that our age needs the lofty moral teachings of the Bible. Huxley himself was brought up with very strict religious training by a gifted mother who was a devout Sabbatarian. In the life of this revered teacher and in the lives of many friends and colleagues in various branches of science of similar religious training, I have observed qualities of truthfulness, of straightforwardness, of righteousness, of self-effacement that are ingrained in human character by the right kind of religious training and of which human character is defrauded by bigotry, by blind adherence to dogma, and by religious fanaticism. These are the main ethical grounds for the credo of a naturalist.

The philosophical and metaphysical grounds for a credo are of an entirely different order. They spring from the failure of materialism and of pure mechanism to give an interpretation that satisfies our reason. As remarked in my article "Evolution and Daily Living", in the February FORUM, our youthful confidence in the powers of reason has been shattered; like Icarus, we have taken our flight, and the wings of reason have ceased to sustain us. If this thought impresses the physicists, it impresses biologists still more cogently. Many biologists have abandoned mechanism entirely and have frankly revived the old purposive interpretation of nature, in the guise of vitalism, or *élan vital*. I do not belong to any of these schools, but if I have made a single contribution to biology which I feel confident is permanent, it is the profession that living nature is purposive; it is the profession that Democritus was wrong in raising the hypothesis of fortuity, and that Aristotle was right in claiming that the order of living things as we know them precludes fortuity and demonstrates purpose. This purpose pervades all nature, from nebula to man. Herbert Spencer may call it the Unknowable; the naturalist, with Wordsworth, may call it Wisdom and Spirit of the Universe.

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WHAT IS CIVILIZATION?

IV — The Age of Pericles

PAUL SHOREY

WHAT is Civilization? India and Africa have spoken in former essays in this series. Last month the Middle Ages gave their answer. In the present paper, speaks that people, that age, — the Golden Age of Greece, — which, according to its author, has contributed more than any other epoch or people to the world-stream of culture. He believes it to be the consensus of educated men that nowhere has civilization reached a higher pinnacle than it attained in Athens in the age of Pericles.

WE do not yearn to revive the age of Pericles or to be wafted thither in the body by the Time Machine. A day of dialectics in the Gymnasium with Socrates and Lysis might prove disconcerting to the most ardent Platonist; and the most impassioned neo-pagan who ever declaimed Swinburne's *Hymn to Proserpina* at Eleusis or recited Oscar Wilde's *Charmides* on the Acropolis by moonlight would, if quite honest with himself, echo Sidney Smith's echo of Martial:

> "*The good of ancient times let others state;*
> *I think it lucky I was born so late.*"

Ruskin, when he visited Perugia, lodged at the Grand Hotel which he had denounced for spoiling the mediaeval local color of the city of Perugino. Mr. Cram, I presume, would not put up at a thirteenth century hostelry if any survived in the vicinity of Rheims or Chartres. Even Dhan Gopal Mukerji, when he wishes to catch his train in Calcutta or Benares probably telephones for a taxi instead of clapping his hands and bidding the *Khitmatgar* order the *mahout* to put the *howdah* on the elephant.

The true fruits of the study of the past are not slavish imitation, sentimental restorations, and the misuse of historical parallels, but humanism in all its implications, — the quickened imagination, the enlarged soul, the flexible mind, which are the rewards of the disinterested contemplation of many forms of human excellence and various ideals of perfection, something of which, by unconscious emulation, may enrich our own lives.

And of all the Avatars of the human spirit that of the civilization which flowered in Periclean Athens has been by common

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consent, hitherto, the most potent to liberate the intelligence and kindle the fire that in the heart resides of aspiring youth. For the moment, the vogue and breath of fashion set in another quarter. The Grecian gluts us with its perfectness, and our curiosity fastens on our earliest divinations of the dim, prehistoric past and the latest sophistications of the arc-lighted present. It must be either caveman or superman, Tasmanian or Jazz-maniac, to sting our jaded nerves or hold our distracted attention. We warm with a sense of kinship to the Neanderthal man or the "Hairy Ape," but Homer and Cicero are too good to be credible, and it costs too much to realize the world

"When Plato was a certainty
And Sophocles a man."

It is easier to gape at Tutankhamen and buzz with Marinetti. All the wealth and all the woe of the literate civilizations, from Homer to Tennyson, we find as cold, as confused, as drab as is Mr. Wells's history after he takes leave of the tetrabelodon and before he arrives at the goal of Karl Marx.

But this is a transient mood of reaction, — a weariness of hearing Aristides called "the Just." All competent critics of civilization know, and have said in sentences eloquent but too familiar for requotation, that the contribution of Greece to the sum of the best that has been thought and said exceeds that of any other people. And no rhetoric of partial specialists, — listing the names of Hindu sages and mathematicians, guessing at the contents of baked-brick cuneiform libraries, divining the debt of Cnossos and Mycenae to the Hittites, epitomizing the precepts of Confucius and Lao Tze, exalting the age of Dante and Aquinas and the cathedrals as the consummation of human genius, — can alter this secure judgment of the *orbis terrarum*. Yet how make this commonplace real to any but the discriminating readers, who will verify it for themselves? The Elgin marbles and a visit to Athens have brought conviction to some. But art is world-wide, and though a classicist may prefer the Parthenon to Chartres he will not, with an exacting American critic, disparage the culture of Lowell because he enjoyed Chartres more. To rate a Gothic cathedral higher than a Greek temple does not disable a critic's judgment as it would to match the *Chanson de Roland* with Homer.

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Again, in the mere pathos of distance and romantic remoteness, Greek antiquity is rather less impressive than immemorial Egypt and Assyria. "You Greeks are eternal children," said the Egyptian priest. The very perfection of Greek work brings it nearer to us, or makes it timeless, like a Platonic idea or the shapes on Keats's Grecian urn. "In our museum galleries," sings Rossetti,

> "*. . . to-day I lingered o'er the prize*
> *Dead Greece vouchsafes to living eyes,*
> *Her art forever in fresh wise*
> *From hour to hour rejoicing me.*"

And that is all he tells us of the Grecian perfectness. But when, as he is issuing forth, he sees them hoisting in a winged beast from Nineveh, his imagination kindles and is stirred to that wonderful poetic and sentimental expansion, "The Burden of Nineveh," on the theme,

> "*Ah! in what quarries lay the stone*
> *From which this pygmy pile has grown*
> *Since thy vast temple, court, and cone*
> *Rose far in desert history?*"

Desert, indeed. But the very bareness of the desert is sometimes more evocative to the modern artist than the divine and definitive art that drew from Keats the cry,

> "*My spirit is too weak; mortality*
> *Weighs heavily on me like unwilling sleep.*"

But the primacy of Greece does not rest upon her art, whatever the modern artist's estimate of it. The humanistic supremacy of Greece, and of Athens, the flower of Greece, resides in the simple, prosaic, and, in its bare enunciation, uninteresting fact, — which distinguishes Grecian from every other antiquity, — that the age of Pericles has left us ten or twelve of the world's greatest books, — books supremely significant both for their intrinsic and timeless excellence and because they are the source and inspiration of the Tragedy, Comedy, History, Philosophy, and Oratory of Europe: Aeschylus, still ranking with Dante, Shakespeare, and Milton as not the fourth of the world's four most imaginative and sublime poets. Sophocles, the perfect artist, who

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calms and elevates us as no other can, the consummate dramatist who saw life steadily and saw it whole, and over whose poetry is shed "the charm of the noble serenity which always accompanies true insight." Aristophanes, still, in any translation that gives him a chance, the world's funniest comedian as well as the miraculous master of language and the completest comic mirror of a great age. Euripedes, who upsets as many ideas as Ibsen or Shaw and whose plays are still the battle ground of "tendence" interpretations and contemporary propagandas. Plato, "at once the glory and shame of mankind because neither Saxon nor Roman has availed to add any idea to his categories." Herodotus, the first, and still the most entertaining, of seemingly naïve, gossipy, anecdotal, and fact-crammed chroniclers. Thucydides, the earliest, and still the chief, of philosophic, analytic historians, and at the same time the dramatic artist who reduces his most intelligent modern competitors to admiring despair. And a slight but legitimate straining of chronology would add to these, Pindar and Simonides, prophets of the imaginative reason as well as unapproachable lyric artists, and Demosthenes, whom sane American instinct recognizes as the type of the patriotic statesman, and whom all educated orators acknowledge as their master, — though Prussianized school-books are now telling American youth that he has been greatly overestimated in comparison with Isocrates.

But how may any such enumeration convince the readers of Mr. H. G. Wells, who writes with jaunty omni-nescience: "There is a disposition to exaggeration in all human admiration; men will treat the rough notes of Thucydides or Plato for work they never put in order as miracles of style, and the errors of their transcribers as hints of unfathomable mysteries."

It would be easy to overwhelm him with authorities and to remind him, to single out one name, of what was the deliberate judgment concerning Thucydides, not of professed scholars, but for example, of Gray, Macaulay, Arnold, Lord Bryce, and John Morley. But, however it may be with science and pseudo-science, ours is not an age that accepts literary opinions on authority. It proclaims with Emerson: "If Aeschylus be the man he is taken for . . . he is now to approve himself a master of delight to me also. If he cannot do that, all his fame shall avail him nothing

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with me." Very well. The classics of the age of Pericles will abide that test also, if we give them a chance. Neither they nor any other great books can hold the attention of the readers of head lines and "Column" snippets, who glance at half a page of Jowett's translation of the Gorgias and, not catching the dramatic purpose of Socrates's argument, conclude in their haste that Plato was a primitive sophist. But a Greek tragedy, tolerably presented, will move an educated audience anywhere in Europe or America to-day. Aristophanes, fairly interpreted, will convulse an audience with laughter. And any one of the greater Greek classics, even in the "far off shadow of a prose translation," becomes luminous with meaning and inspiration to any intelligent student who will withdraw himself for a few days or weeks from jazzed contemporaneity and patiently read himself into that serener, — so at least it must seem to us,— spiritual atmosphere. That is the sum and the common-sense of the matter. Yet I presume that something more is expected of my contribution to this symposium than the naïve professional admonition, *vos exemplaria Græca*, — read them in translation if your Greek is too thickly oxidized to peruse the original. What is their essence, their message, their distinctive quality, their actual service to the thought, the culture, the criticism of the life of to-day?

Matthew Arnold, in more space than is at my command, tried to answer this question in his inaugural lecture on the "Modern Element," written some sixty years ago but now accessible in the third series of his *Essays in Criticism*. The literature that will help us most, he thinks, is one that reflects an age as significant and as complex as our own, and of which the literary genius is adequate to the reflection. The miraculous literature of the age of Elizabeth is too erratic and irrational for our purpose, as a comparison of Sir Walter Raleigh's *History of the World* with Thucydides evinces. The Augustan Age of Rome was perhaps historically and politically even more significant than the age of Pericles, but the literary genius that reflected it lacked the serene adequacy of Sophocles. The happy conjunction of the two conditions is found nowhere in such completeness as in the age of Pericles, which is therefore for us the most helpful and, in a very real sense, the most modern of all the literatures of the past.

If, now, instead of quoting Matthew Arnold or repeating the

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list of the qualities of the Greek genius in Symonds, Livingston, or the German compilation of Billeter, we were challenged to define some of the claims of the classics of the age of Pericles to the foremost place in the secular Lampadedromia of world culture, we might first remind ourselves of some of the unapproachable tonic and typical passages in these supreme books: Herodotus on what liberty, equality, and fraternity did for Athens. Prometheus's defiance to Zeus, the inspiration of Milton, Shelley, and Byron, in Aeschylus; or the hymn to the unknown god in the *Agamemnon*. Antigone's invocation of the higher law in Sophocles, or the ode in honor of his birthplace, Colonus, or the lines on human vicissitude that Fitzgerald could not read without tears. The grand chorus of birds in Aristophanes, the despair of even Swinburne's metrical art. Euripides's praise of the city where the Loves and Graces sit in session with Wisdom coöperant in all exercise of noble end. The untranslatable Athenian ideals of simple living and high thinking, culture without effeminacy, and democracy purged of envy in Thucydides's "Gettysburg Address." The grand style in simplicity of Pindar's admonition to the great ones of the earth that for all these things God will bring them into judgment, and his warning to hot-blooded youth against that malady of the soul, the love of the impossible. The sublime oath by which Demosthenes confirms his and our faith that in a righteous cause it is better to have fought and lost than never to have fought at all. Plato's — but how choose among those sentences that are "the corner stones of schools, the fountainhead of literatures"?

Even if there were space to quote these things they would miss their effect, torn from their setting and staled as they are by repetition in the popular hand books of Greek life and thought that have flooded the market of late. But if the barbarians, the pseudo-scientists, and the Professors of Anthropology who affirm that the Aztec civilization gives a fair notion of the stage reached by the peoples of Greece and Rome, have their way with American education, and we should forget these things for a generation or two, their rediscovery would intoxicate us as it did the poets and scholars of the Renaissance. For there is nothing in Egyptian books of the dead, or the cuneiform records, or in amorphous Hindu epics on the wars of men and monkeys, or in the Four

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Books and Five Classics of Ancient China, or in Icelandic sagas, or mediaeval *chansons de geste* to take their place. But now, as the Roman poet complains, no man deigns to look up at the lucid quarters of the sky and contemplate the too familiar stars, whose beauty if suddenly revealed to us for the first time would dazzle our vision and fill our hearts with awe.

Still another, and it must be our last, way of approach would be to sum up the lesson and inspiration of Athens in three or four simple generalizations. The Athens of Pericles presents to us for the first time in history the vision of a passionately patriotic and incredibly strenuous democratic fellowship of national and civic life. With this goes the corresponding ideal of a rounded and complete development of the individual personality. And, thirdly,— and for us, chiefly, — there is the realization in literature and art of the harmony of thought and feeling, the reconciliation of the head and the heart by the imaginative reason, of which the anarchic literature of to-day, alternately sinking in the mire of realism or fluttering flimsy wings in vain among clouds that await their Aristophanes, seems to despair.

We speak of ideals. And the Athens of the post-Periclean demagogues, pun-pelleted from Pnyx by Aristophanes, often fall short of them and, dying of her failure, bequeathed them to us in the words of her historian as a "possession forever." But for a time, and within the bounds of human frailty, the Athens of Pericles embodied these ideals, never consciously apprehended before, more adequately than they have ever been achieved since. Each of them would require a separate essay.

The first essay would be another paraphrase of that "Funeral Speech" of Pericles which has of late become hardly less a muniment of American democracy than the Declaration of Independence, Washington's Farewell Address, and the Speeches of Lincoln. It would need to be supplemented by evidence from the historians and the inscriptions, that what Athens invented was government by the people as well as of and for the people. In addition to the army and navy and the administration and the popular courts that regulated the affairs of the city and the far-flung empire, there was a completely organized local self-government for the one hundred and forty odd demes, the ten tribes, and the thirty trittys, with presidents, secretaries, treasurers,

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and records and decrees "to be carved on stone" in the first clear-cut and logical business and legal language of the world. The mind recoils at the amount of business that it fell to the lot of an active Athenian citizen to dispatch. Galton opines that the intelligence of the average Athenian surpassed that of the average member of Parliament. He certainly had as much to do, despite the Roman proverb about Greek leisure.

Only in abstraction distinguished from this is the ideal of the many-sided expansion of personality also touched upon by Pericles, and the theme of humorous or wistful comment by many modern essayists from Hazlitt to Edward Fitzgerald, who thinks that it would have been an excellent thing for Gladstone or "Old Alfred" or John Stuart Mill, if like Pericles and Sophocles and Socrates, they had commanded or served in the field. There are some dangers in this ideal, and Plato censures the Athenian democracy's disregard of the specialist much as Kipling satirizes American versatility, and Emile Faguet denounces the democratic cult of incompetence. However that may be, the boast of Pericles was then a new thing in the world and remains an aspiration for the America of to-day: "The individual Athenian in his own person seems to have the power of adapting himself to the most varied forms of action with the utmost versatility and grace."

The essential rationality of the Greek and Athenian genius is a theme for a volume rather than for the concluding paragraph of an abbreviated essay.

It is the "Nothing too much" of familiar quotation, the untranslatable sophrosyne about which scholars and aesthetic critics are all writing disquisitions. It is what Emerson means when he says that but for Plato we should doubt the possibility of a reasonable book; what Dr. Johnson meant when he warned an extravagant eighteenth century Pindarist that when a Greek poet made a comparison he always made it like something. It is what Arnold opposes both to mediaeval superstition and rationalizing materialism as the religion of the imaginative reason. It is the dominant and, to the bemused and unsettled devotee of the literature of cubisms and dadaisms, the most salutary and stabilizing quality of the art and literature of Athens. To make this clear we should need to contrast it once more with the cult of unreason which our mediaeval and romantic heritages, our

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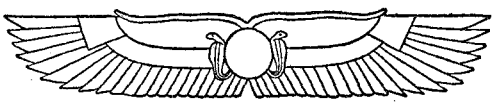
besotment with pseudo-science, our revolt against all restraints of tradition, our straining for novelty at any price, and the opposition of thought and feeling in the theories of the new psychology and the practise of the new poetry threaten to make the dominant note in the literature of to-day. To attempt this in limits that forbid the needful qualifications would strengthen the prejudice that the classicist is by his very vocation incapable of sympathy with modern life and thought. I have no desire to emulate the eloquent diatribes of Ruskin, Gayley, Grandgent, Cram, and, last but not least entertaining, the somewhat overlanguaged vehemence of Mr. Henry Clew's *Mumbo Jumbo*.

The twentieth century saturnalia of unreason which they satirize or denounce purports to be also a quest for a new gospel of soul. But the soul in which a Maeterlinck or an Oscar Wilde or a Tolstoi seeks refuge from the tyranny of materialism and the God of things as they are is the over-soul of irrationality, mysticism, symbolism, exaggeration, disproportion, ugliness, or revolt. And that, though it may appeal to our moods of reaction, will never permanently content us as reasonable beings. The soul that speaks to us in Greek art and poetry and philosophy is the soul of form that doth the body make, the informing soul of the imaginative reason, of sobriety, measure, harmony, proportion, and voluntary allegiance to the everlasting laws of beauty. "The mystical in art, the mystical in life, the mystical in nature, — that is what I am looking for. It is absolutely necessary for me to find it somewhere," cries Oscar Wilde, hysterically *de profundis*, — from the bottom of the pit. "I pray that with God's help I may still love what is beautiful and strive only for things attainable in the days of my youth." That is the note of Pindar, most typical of Greek artists, and it is the ideal of Greek education as described by Plato and Aristophanes.



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OUR DEMOCRACY OF BAD MANNERS

ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

ONE advantage of living in a land where all men are equal is that you can be rude to everybody. This is a glorious prerogative, of which most of the people who use the subway take full advantage. But aren't ladies and gentlemen who follow the golden rule of treading on your toes before you tread on theirs going (literally) one step beyond their democratic rights? Aren't they establishing the foundation of an autocracy,—an autocracy of bad manners in which time is money, and politeness a waste of time?

THE longer I live in my own country the more I agree with Whistler that the surface is a very good place to keep one's manners. The manners that go deeper may be welcome in an emergency, but they are no great help for ordinary occasions. It would no doubt be agreeable to meet a polite rescuer in a railway smash, or a shipwreck, or a fire, or any of the innumerable accidents modern civilization exposes us to. But we may never have need of his services, while in the wear and tear of every day we rub up against people whose want of manners adds enormously to our discomfort and shatters our joy in life. Perhaps, on the subway, many of the men who square their shoulders, crook their elbows and knees, and drive me before them into the car or out of it, would push as strenuously to my aid in a collision. But I would risk having to take care of myself when the crash came if, in return, I could be treated with a shadow of courtesy in so simple an adventure as a journey from Brooklyn to Manhattan.

The efficient person of our time would, I know, dismiss good manners as useless in a money-making age. But it is precisely because of their uselessness that they are of such importance, and it is only to-day that man has ceased to think so. At the very dawn of his existence he began to cultivate the superfluous, the useless, as the most worth-while thing in life. It was certainly for no useful purpose that he endured torture to cover his body with unmarketable designs, distorted his ears and nose with unsalable ornament, twisted his hair into highly unremunerative pyramids and spikes and tufts, loaded his arms and legs with rings that impeded his movements. Nor could utility have been his motive when he gave up raw food for baked and boiled meats, a trouble to prepare and no better cure for hunger; when he scratched lines

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and curves on his pots and bowls, quite as practical without them; when he wove his baskets into patterns of no service whatever; when he adorned the walls of his cave with drawings and carvings for the sake of nothing more indispensable than pleasure to his eyes. And, to complete this evasion of the useful, he was at the same time encumbering the business of living with an amazing elaboration of ceremonial, of surface manners, which for years and centuries it was one of his chief duties to improve, to polish, to beautify. Indeed, so absorbed has man hitherto been in his pursuit of the useless that by the manners, as well as the art, in fashion at any stage of history we can judge the degree of civilization attained.

To-day, however, thanks to modern progress, we have discovered the folly of the useless, and by our want of manners we reveal the civilized heights to which we have climbed. We have got far beyond even the wordly philosopher, who prized easy good breeding as a cover to easy light morals. We would rather flaunt our "vice" than bother to conceal it under a cloak of politeness. The doctrine of a later cynic, that Manners are more important than Religion, is for us as hopelessly out-moded. Our one concession, or weakness, is in our attitude towards the past, which we still like best to remember for the very manners we disapprove of unreservedly in the present.

It is curious, but a fact, that, no matter what we may ask of our contemporaries, of our heroes of other generations we demand those "high canons of behavior" which they owed to their cult of the useless. King Arthur and his Knights would lie buried in dusty chronicles had they not shone so resplendently in the light of chivalry. The Quest of the Holy Grail would be forgotten had Sir Galahad been churlish and a boor. I fancy that, for one who can recall the political events of Queen Elizabeth's reign, thousands know all about Sir Walter Raleigh and his cloak; that, for one who can tell the names of conqueror and conquered in *The Lances* by Velasquez, a dozen could describe the courtesy of their meeting. The French nobility may have deserved the French

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Revolution, but because in jail and on the guillotine they did not lose the courtliness of their rank, our sympathy goes out to them rather than to their jailers and executioners. I have yet to learn that Washington and the leaders of our Revolution were lacking in heroism because they were gentlemen in the old, no longer valued, sense of the word. Nor is our admiration for Grant and Lee the less because they, too, set an irreproachable example of courtesy in conqueror and conquered. Surely there would be less tenderness in our regard to Chaucer's Knight and Don Quixote, for Sir Charles Grandison and Colonel Newcome, for a whole host of other heroes of romance had they not been such "veray parfit gentil" masters of the art that makes human existence something more than a struggle for the survival of the fittest.

But I have to look no further back than to the dignified presence of my father in his walks abroad to realize that respect for the ceremonial of life was still strong in his generation. And I myself feel almost as remote as the cavewoman, so misrepresented in our best-sellers, when I recall my own training, and the Convent where politeness was as essential a study as catechism and arithmetic, and where I endured unspeakable agony at Sunday morning's Politeness Class when called upon to curtsy and to bow, to go in and out of a room with grace, to pick up the handkerchief dropped for the purpose by another agonized child, while the assembled nuns and pupils watched my failures with disheartening disapproval. It was not an agreeable study but, if I had my way, there would be a Politeness Class in every kindergarten, school, and college in the land.

The present generation is too engrossed in more urgent studies to support me in such a scheme. In the principles of progress, not politeness, it must be trained if it would succeed, and progress as defined to-day is based on business, not manners. Modern common-sense forbids any clinging to customs and habits that do not pay. If earlier standards distract thought and steal time from business, they must go, and sentiment over their going is unworthy a practical people. Man would not have been such an unconscionable time getting anywhere if he had not turned from the straight path to run after the Turveydrops of deportment and to dawdle with the useless.

To arrive is the aim of modern life, and not to hustle is not to

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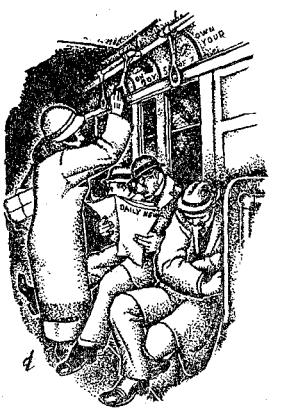
arrive, and there is no hustling and therefore no arriving for the truant who loiters to play at politeness. It would be folly to expect a man to go to the subway with any knight errant notions, any tomfool courteousness for the other man less spry than himself or the woman less strong. He goes to get his train. If to get it he must knock aside everybody on the stairs to the station, drive a way through the crowd already on the platform, fight like a tiger for standing room in the car, stumble on everybody's toes, bang hats down over the eyes, and tear open the cloaks of people fighting as fiercely to get out, what difference so long as he is there — arrived — triumphant after the fray. No ungirt loins, no unlit lamp, no silly parlor tricks for the brave who would come out on top in the civilized battle of life. Neither are women, who now have their rights, to be kept off the top if they know it. The Amazons could not have outdone them in the subway rush hours. To my terror, I have watched them form in line with a cry of "Push, push, push!" and charge the packed humanity inside, and had there been an inch for me to fall in, I would not be here now to record their valor.

When I first came back to my own country after years of absence, I wondered to see stalwart youths and hulking Negroes filling every seat of trolley and subway, while I, an elderly woman, stood hanging to my strap. In my young days, though then better fitted for the ordeal, I was never allowed to stand so long as there was a man to offer me a place. But I wonder no longer. To-day, the average woman to whom a man offers a seat promptly takes it but seldom looks at him, more seldom thanks him. "You didn't say thank you," one woman in a French Caricature reproaches another, just given a seat by a Parisian who has not outlived his manners. "No, indeed," is the answer, "when a woman is too polite she seems to show a lack of breeding!" The French, if the *Metro* is undermining their manners too, at least have the grace to supply a reason. We have as little time to argue about politeness as to practise it.



Were the manners of the subway exceptional I might deplore them as the re-

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sult of New York's methods of transit and hope for a remedy in legislation. But they are not exceptional; they are typical. The chief end of the American, out of the subway as in it, is to get there, even if not sure where *there* is, and no such trifle as good manners shall delay him. He rushes through his meals with the same dauntless impetuosity as through his daily journeys to and from work. Dinner, not so many years since a ceremony, is for him a scramble from the moment the waiter thrusts the glass of ice water in front of him until he is served with the irrepressible bowl into which he has not a second to dip his fingers. And it is not solely in restaurants that speed is his standard. An admirable dinner, admirably served in a private house, can be ruined by the need of bolting it and arriving at the bridge table or the opera or the dance or the lecture on the way to something else. In every country, during centuries, how to behave at table was the serious study of wise and learned authorities who made it part of the Whole Duty of Man — or Woman. But I foresee the day when instruction in the art of snatching a "bite" and running will suffice for the American educated in the business of arriving.

The policy of push is observed as scrupulously in the open street where, if all unknowingly, I impede the progress of three or four citizens abreast just behind me; in one second with a violent jolt they dispose of me, — should I land in the gutter, that is my concern, not theirs. To leave a shop or hotel or any big building by one of those horrible revolving doors I must dash for a vacant niche, or somebody dashes in ahead of me, twirling the door with such rapidity that the miracle is how I get in or out again alive, though all this hustling may lead to nothing more pressing than the hustler's chat with a friend in the middle of the pavement, waiting to be hustled aside in his turn. And there are no such words as "Pardon" or "Excuse" or "Sorry" in the vocabulary of those for whom every movement, every action has become the outward expression of the inward belief in the Gospel of Hustle.

If not to say "Thank you" is a sign of good breeding, we can congratulate ourselves on being the best bred of all nations. In the leisurely days of an unprogressive past, "Thank you" was one of the first phrases taught to the young. Who of my generation does not remember the gentle, reproachful voice asking,

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"And what do you say, my dear?" for the gift received, or the grown-up's condescension kindly meant if abhorrent to a healthy child. True, it is a convention that can be driven to an extreme, as in the England I first knew, where you were thanked for what you did not do or want as well as for what you did. I used to laugh at the "None to-day, Madam? Thank you, Madam!" On the whole, however, I like it better than the other extreme of no thanks at all. But the little superfluous phrase is too severe a drain upon patience and breath now that new reasons for thanking have multiplied.

At one not very distant time, next to no self-respecting American would accept a tip. To-day those of our critics are right who tell us that we outdo every other country where tipping is the custom. But there is a difference. The American, more particularly the American who dates from yesterday and who in his own home would be profuse if not groveling in his gratitude, accepts a tip as his due, not as a concession requiring the bowing and scraping unbecoming in a free people. Tip the shoeblack, the hairdresser, the manicurist, and good form does not allow them to notice it in your presence. In restaurants the waiter, when he can, turns his back as his tip is left on the table. Tipping degrades those who give and those who receive, but it would be less sordid if tips were taken graciously, especially as failure to tip does not pass exactly in silence.

Not only the tipped but all classes are reluctant to betray appreciation or as much as consciousness of a kindness which, if conventional in form, calls the more for the once indispensable conventional return. I write my congratulations or my sympathy or my interest to friends or strangers on the appropriate occasion, and an acknowledgment is so unusual that I prize it as the scientist might some rare specimen of an extinct species. I send the information, which it happens I can supply, to an unknown correspondent who asks me for it, and there, as far as I am concerned, the matter rests, so that to the exceptions, — and there are exceptions, — I feel as grateful as they say they are to me.

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And the sense of obligation is perishing with the formula for recognizing it. Few authors however modest, few artists however great, have not received demands for the use of their work with an assurance that their names will be mentioned, or with a reminder of the advertisement they will get, as if it were the beggar who conferred the favor. When nobody thanks any more, no chance will remain for the retort courteous, old-fashioned but not without charm. "You are welcome" may have been another unnecessary waste of breath, but it was unquestionably prettier than the stony stare or the scornful "Yah, keep the change!" now the correct rejoinder to a belated "Thank you."

"Good morning" and "Good evening" also are doomed, mere refuse to be flung into the garbage can of decayed manners. They linger here and there. Indeed, I have had it in my heart to wish I might never hear "Good morning" again when, in a friendly hotel, it has reached its fifteenth repetition between my first leaving my room and my getting back after breakfast. But I would rather repeat it a hundred times in an hour than dispense with it altogether. The occasional lapse into English manners which I could not help on my return home after over thirty years in London, misled me at first into saying "Good morning" or "Good afternoon" or "Good evening," according to the time of day when I went into a shop and when I left it. But I was quickly cured by the young ladies behind the counter, who were too startled by my guileless salutation to return it. Let me in fairness add that suspicion of my sanity did not prevent their supplying my wants, and that they often were so amiable as to be calling me "Honey" or "Dearie" before I got through. Now I have learned better than to startle them by any un-American show of politeness.

And yet it seems to me that something is lost in this shrinking from ordinary civility. Whoever has been in France knows what a charming ceremony shopping there becomes with the inevitable "*Bon jour*" and "*Au revoir, Monsieur*" or "*Madame*," as the case may be. The French share my experience when they come

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to America and quickly drop ceremony in the process of being Americanized. In an American town I need not name, I was one of the earliest patrons of a little French *Boulangerie*, led there by the excellence of *Monsieur's brioches* and the pleasantness of *Madame's* manners. At the end of a month, though *Monsieur's brioches* were as good, *Madame's* "*Bon jour*" and "*Au revoir*" had been done away with forever.

Passing, too, are the old "Madame," — "Ma'am" in good American, — and "Sir," or appropriate title, inseparable from "Yes" and "No" so long as courtesy was in fashion. Lord Chesterfield, an authority, was seldom more insistent than when he urged respect for their union to his probably bored and certainly irreclaimable son. But Lord Chesterfield and his contemporaries lived too soon to enjoy the blessings of democracy, when everybody is as good as everybody else and isn't going to let anybody forget it. The true democrat wears familiarity as a badge. "Pops" is quite ceremonious enough for the man with gray hair, and "Girls" for women of any age, — "Hurry along, girls!" the policeman bids the elderly ladies hesitating at the crowded crossing, — while any odd epithet serves so well for the average citizen that he might have been Gilbert's model for the nameless Hunter of the Snark. To-day's authorities on deportment condemn by their example all symbols of subservience in speech as in manners. Sir Maurice Low, when in New York for the Democratic Convention, found New York's manners immensely improved in the last twenty years, so that I am appalled to think what they must have been as he remembers them. I can hardly imagine them more careless than they are.

There is no desert without its oasis, however, and I do not forget that in our wilderness of bad manners there are certain groups of people and occasional individuals with whom the old code of politeness persists. But little straws show which way the wind blows even among the most conservative. The man who in a lift still takes off his hat when a woman enters will puff his cigar smoke into her face. Or, though he remembers to rise if every woman in the room is

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not seated and to stand at attention by his wife's chair as she sits down to table, his elegance of deportment seldom accompanies him as far as the street. The young girl, who still dips a curtsy to her elders, has otherwise adopted manners that serve to point a moral in pulpit and press despite the zeal with which both are dropping their own. Nobody believes any longer that to be civil with ease is to make one's self beloved, that good breeding goes hand in hand with common-sense and good nature. To be uncivil with ease is now the one way to get on, and to get on the one thing to bother about.

Personally, I prefer the older faith. As a citizen of our great democracy, I am ready to admit that every other citizen is my equal. Why then should he seek to impress his equality upon me by an uncivility which I pray Heaven I may never be tempted to show him in return? Why, to declare his independence, must he cast off every vestige of decency and decorum?

I can see no gain in democracy if good manners are incompatible with its doctrines, if behavior as well as work must be adapted to the standard of the weakest, if we must all be leveled down to no manners at all by the weight of equality. To the courtier who was the fine flower of the Italian Renaissance, "Freedom under the Law was the beginning and end of good manners." To the men born equal of our day, freedom without bad manners is an empty farce. "Be rude to one another" is the golden rule, and unfortunately not only are our manners corrupted by the new canons of behavior, but the fundamental things of life as well. The contagion has spread to art. It has spread to literature, emancipating verse and prose alike from form and restraint. It has spread to the theatre, exalting cheap humor and vulgar display at the expense of a noble dramatic tradition. It has spread to government, the people's chosen representatives wrangling and snarling like dogs over a bone. It has spread to religion, the men who undertake to interpret the Word of God shrieking hell and damnation to each other like angry fishwives. Day by day the art of living withers and fades, leaving us to face existence, unadorned, in all its nakedness. To doubt the blessings of democracy may savor of heresy, but it is not easy to lose without regret that older code which made men free and equal by the gracious Law of Courtesy.

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OLD MOSSY FACE

ANTHONY RICHARDSON

"NO, SIR," said Mr. Moss, "no, sir. This leetle fellar is too old a friend to sell. Me and Bolingbroke aren't never going to part." He held his arm straight out, and the little piebald mouse ran up to his shoulder, where it sat, whiskers quivering and pink nose wriggling. "Tchk, tchk," clicked Mr. Moss, and Bolingbroke scampered down to the back of his hand, where he sat on his hind legs and rubbed his face with his front paws. "Now you wouldn't like a nice leetle dawg, sir? Or a paroquette? 'Andsome pets they make. Or a nice parrot. Talk? God bless my heart, his tongue's that sharp he cuts 'is perch in two, once a week reglar."

And Mr. Moss's round pink face became one vast smile hedged in below by the semi-circle of bristly beard that joined ear to ear and, traveling under his chin, separated his head from his body with a division as emphatic as the Great Wall of China, and completed above by a range of unbrushed and very upright tufts of hair. Indeed, all his short, stout body seemed to smile: when he walked his knees rubbed together and, being fat knees encased in corduroy, they even chirruped. He was so fat and round that he looked like a loaf of bread, — a round knob of a head on a round lump of a body. But if Mr. Moss's exterior was composed, his interior, — that dark unexplored place where he did his thinking, — was filled with a woeful anxiety. The reason was not far to seek. Mr. Moss had before him a potential customer. This well-to-do gentleman, covered so splendidly in his light tweed overcoat, this suave, easy-mannered, tight-lipped, prosperous gentleman standing beside Mr. Moss sniffing with ill-disguised disgust the somewhat inharmonious blend of odors that emanated from Mr. Moss's stock in trade on perch, in kennel, in hutch, — this obviously wealthy gentleman, holding his ten-year-old son by the hand, would, might, and actually did want to buy something.

"Come, my man. Your only reason for not selling the mouse is a sentimental one. Business before sentiment! As I said, my boy here has taken a fancy to it. Now how much?"

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"I couldn't part with Bolingbroke, sir," said Mr. Moss wistfully. "I shouldn't like — "

"Two guineas," said the suave gentleman.

Two guineas! Two guineas for a mouse! Two jimmy-o-goblins for Bolingbroke! Bless my heart, that was more than you got for a parrot! You could get a pedigree pup for thirty bob! Mr. Moss writhed in the agonies of mental caculation. Two guineas was forty-two shillings. Forty-two shillings was two weeks' keep: that meant Johnny and Angelina need only pay quarter of their rent for a month. That meant, — well, that meant the hell of a lot! But two guineas for a mouse was exorbitant. But how was Mr. Moss to know that the chilly-faced gentleman offering so large a sum was none other than Joseph Prim, of Prim Brothers, Armourite Steel Ltd.? And how was he to know that Joseph Prim was less concerned with the ultimate fate of Bolingbroke than with the eventual conquest of Mr. Moss. Which is only to say that Mr. Prim was determined to buy that mouse with just as much determination as Mr. Moss to keep it. For the world and its contents were to Joseph Prim things to be acquired not necessarily for themselves, but just to show that Joseph Prim could acquire them if he darn well liked!

"It's a nice little mouse," said J. Prim, Junior.

"Two pun' ten!" said Mr. Prim, with deliberation. "Two pun' ten for two and a half square inches of cat's meat. Spot cash."

Mr. Moss held Bolingbroke up in the air, on two crooked fingers.

"See, sir. It's like this. I don't want to bargain with you. This little fellar has been along with me for some time now. Born and bred, you might say, sir. It took me years to get that color-effect. You see, sir, Bolingbroke and me have been through some queer times together, one way and another. But I've other mice, o' course, sir."

Mr. Prim grunted.

"I want that one," shouted Prim, Junior.

"Well, see the others!" said his father.

They saw the others. They saw scores of others, none of them alike, except they all ran about very quickly and rather uselessly, — big mice, small mice, fat and round mice, long and thin

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mice; mice with long tails, mice with short whiskers; just the sort of mice for boys; clever mice, acrobatic mice, domesticated genteel mice, five bob a piece mice, shilling mice. . . .

"I want *that* one," wailed Prim, Junior, and pointed furiously at Bolingbroke.

"It's no go, sir," said Mr. Moss in a husky whisper. "I can't do it. Anything else in the shop, sir. Begging your pardon, sir, it 'ud almost be murder." And brightening — "Or divorce, sir. No!" he shook his head, "it can't be done. But what about a cat? I've got a lovely Persian, sir. 'Air that silky — "

"*Cat?*"

"Or a rabbit, sir. Belgian 'are, sir. Fine and — "

"*Rabbit?*" snorted Mr. Prim. He whipped out a note case. "That's my card. Joseph Prim, 92 Grosvenor Square. My boy wants that mouse. The price I offered is mad. *Mad*, my good fellow. But it stands. Bring it to that address."

And seizing his struggling son by the arm, he stamped out of the shop. The door slammed. Over the top of the kennels in the window Mr. Moss watched them turn the corner. In his cage Bolingbroke, the monotony of his life for one refreshing moment having been broken, raced wildly round his prison and, leaping at the treadmill perched across the middle, paddled violently but unsuccessfully. When Mr. Moss poked a sympathetic finger between the bars, Bolingbroke leapt from the wheel and bit it twice, deeply and lovingly.

"Poor ole boy, then," said Mr. Moss, and wiped his finger on his ample waistcoat.

It is well known that there are three sorts of shops. Shops that pay their way, shops that pay their rent, shops that pay their proprietor. The shop of Mr. Moss just managed to find a place in the second class. For some equally grotesque reason it was of the species of shop known as bird-fancier's, — this being perhaps because it sold fewer birds than dogs, cats, goldfish, snakes, lizards, tortoises, silkworms, garden frogs, and mice. Not that it should be assumed that Mr. Moss, — or as the neighborhood knew him, Old Mossy Face, — ever sold more than one mammal, reptile, or amphibian during one month of the calendar year.

But the shop, such as it was, was his house and his home. It provided him, together with his alive but much depreciated

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stock, shelter. It was a home too for Johnnie and Angelina, and was soon to become a home for another person, whose appearance into this queer world was within the direct control of Angelina. It was small enough shelter for the three of them, as matters stood at present, the little crooked house. It made old Mossy wonder what would happen when Angelina's "first", — thus described by Mrs. Porter who kept the pickle and cold meat shop opposite, — arrived. It worried him often, sitting in the shop, throwing chips of biscuits to Bingo, or talking with Agatha the parrot. But it didn't do to be glum. No, never be glum with young folks about.

"Cheerful's the word, son," he'd say to Johnny, when Johnny came back too tired to eat, numbed in the fingers, his left arm stiff, his eyes sore with the strain of reading thumbed scores, worn out with playing in the four-man orchestra at the Golden Kinema off Maple Street. "Cheerful's the word, son," — so that Johnny would lift his white drawn face to Mossy's, trying to forget that Angelina was ill, that little Johnny, or perhaps little Angelina, wouldn't get much of a "house" on his or her "first night", forgetting the ache in his heart because he must fiddle "The Soldiers' Chorus" or "Selections from Yum-Yum" or "I keep on dancing,' cos my feet *won't* stop", sawing the rhythm across the strings of his violin, instead of drawing out silver links of sound, silver ropes of melody of some sweet sonata, whose silver passion might recall the grey wide downland that had been his home, with its low, flat hills and narrow wooded valleys, its moonlight, and its streams. . . .

The afternoon was fading to evening. His watch, fat like himself, with its horn cover, pointed four o'clock. He would go and make tea and take a nice hot cup up to Angelina, who was resting. He slapped both his thighs and lumbered up off the chair by Bingo's cage. Before he went into the parlor at the back of the shop, he took a look at Bolingbroke in his cage. But Bolingbroke was asleep inside.

As he passed through the door he shouted, "Tea time, me girl," and sang while the kettle was boiling, "My old woman's got a wooden leg, and I've got a wooden leg too."

Angelina was still half-asleep when he went into her room and put the cup of tea on the chair by her bed. She woke up with a

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start. Before lying down she had undone her hair; the dark loveliness of it framed her pale face.

"Ah, Mossy," she said softly. "How good you are!"

Old Mossy stuck his hands into his waistcoat armholes, his coat behind, his rotundity spreading before him. He cocked his head on one side.

"Doing fine, eh?" he said. "Looking like a daisy. Johnny'll be as chirpy as a grasshopper to see you so fine." He blundered round the room, tidying up, whistling in a loud but exceedingly flat key. Angelina watched him, her eyes following his every movement; sometimes it was rather hard to see what exactly he was doing, a mist of tears obscured her vision of him. He took up a pair of Johnny's trousers, lying huddled at the foot of the bed.

"Always oughter empty pockets, before you fold trousers," he informed her. He pushed his hand in each pocket, in turn. Angelina had noticed that his right hand had been in his own the moment before. He pulled something out of Johnny's pocket.

"Bless my whiskers!" he exclaimed, "if that young rascal hasn't left half-a-crown in the lining." He dropped the coin on to the washing-stand. She knew very well that it was not Johnny's half-crown. Mossy was always doing things like that. The clumsiness of the trick, — it was like father pushing sixpences into their helpings of Christmas Pudding when they were children! She couldn't bear to look at him. How absurdly casual he was trying to be. She turned her face away, biting her lip to keep the tears back.

He came and sat by her bed. She shielded her eyes with a thin, blue-veined hand.

"Mossy, dear. Listen to me. You know we can't go on living with you like this, especially when there'll be another one of us soon. We must make some arrangement. Johnny must go and look for other rooms."

"Tut, tut," said Mr. Moss. "Stuff and nonsense."

"No, Mossy, no, dear. Oh, Mossy, you've been so good to us. So very good. I don't know what we should have done without you."

He blew his nose violently on a voluminous red handkerchief, rose to his feet, and began to walk up and down the room. At each step the china on the washing-stand tinkled and rattled.

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"Now look here, Angelina, as the bull said to the butcher, you can cut that right out. I ain't been good to you, I've been good to myself. I've been giving meself a bit of a treat. Since — since the Missis popped off, I've been lonely like, and when I met that young husband of yours a-playing 'is fiddle on the kerb I took a fancy to him. Six months ago that was, weren't it? 'Ow time flies. Now you two have been with me, share and share alike, and things'll get better yet. Ho, yus, they will! Don't I know it! Young blokes who's done their bit in the War, and can fiddle like 'im, — they only got ter stick it a bit, they don't come croppers. I know just how you feel, wiv — wiv the kid coming, and burst my buttons, my dear, you mustn't worry. I'll be sorter interested in that youngster. You see, — well, Bolingbroke's a sort — a sort of — well I mean — I ain't got no youngsters myself so — why — that's why Bolingbroke and I get on so well. The games that mouse gets up to,— you'd never believe it. And 'uman! Human ain't the word. He's got more intelligence in an inch of his tail than half an able-bodied copper has in 'is brain-box."

Angelina smiled. "And Bolingbroke's well, Mossy?"

"Well! Bless my heart! 'Es a credit to 'is race."

But afterwards, when Angelina was getting up for supper, Mossy had a long talk to Bolingbroke. He rattled on the bars with his finger nail, and while the mouse nibbled and scratched at his horny finger, he told him:

"Little lady upstairs was inquiring along of you, Bolingbroke. Tchk! Tchk! Nibble away, yer little rascal. She don't think she and Johnny oughter stay here much longer, Bolingbroke. Bless 'er heart, it's pride that does it. Welcome to stay, ain't they, old chap? You and me been alone together too long, that we 'ave. Not that Bingo and Agatha ain't of the family,— but they ain't got your breeding, Bolingbroke, that they haven't. Remember 'ow it was, eh? Scratch, yer devil, scratch! 'Im outside fiddling, with a cough fit to kill yer. We had ter take 'em in, didn't we, Bolingbroke? 'Ad to take 'em in. Couldn't leave 'em out in the streets, with her getting sick, and both 'alf-starved." He pushed a cheese rind through the cage. "I got my 'ouse, Bolingbroke; and you got yours. They' ad to 'ave somewhere. Bloke wanted to buy you terday. Eat away, eat away. Wanted ter *buy* you. Snap my garters, if he didn't want to take you away, to give to a

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measly, white-faced, lardy-dardy son of his. Not if I know it, son, not if I know it. It 'ud break my blooming 'eart to find your cage empty."

The Golden Kinema closed at eleven. At fourteen minutes after that hour Johnny arrived back. But a very different Johnny, — with very bright eyes and two bright spots on his cheeks, nearly running instead of walking, full of spirit, excited. The house was in darkness, save one window, a square flag of light against the dark wall. The shop was full of sleeping sounds: animals snuffling, a paw scratching, little barks from Bingo who was hunting in his dreams. He tapped twice at Angelina's room before he went in. Though she was asleep he woke her up.

"Angey, Angey, listen, listen."

Her wide eyes were big in the half-light. "Oh, Johnny darling! Yes? What's happened?"

"Oh, everything, everything."

"Good?"

"More than good. My dear, my dear."

"Go on, Johnny!"

"You remember Sanderson? — Oh, yes you do! He was in the 51st Division — we were the best of pals. He and I got up that concert party in Armentières. Well, darling, I met him to-night, coming out of the show. We talked. I told him how things were with us. He's running a jazz-band and wants a violinist. And, Angey, he's asked me to join him. He goes to all the big places up west. Their violinist has gone off to America. They make five pounds a week each, Angey. They share the spoils between them. And I'm to go too. Five pounds a week! Five pounds a week!"

He waltzed round the room.

"Hush, Johnny! You'll wake Mossy!"

"Oh, blither Mossy! No, not that. Bless his grimy old heart. I must go and tell him. Five pounds a week! If it hadn't been for him, his keeping us, his helping me get that job at the Kinema I'd never have met Sanderson. I'm going to tell him."

And tell him he did. Bundling into old Mossy's dark and narrow room, prodding his ribs, lighting the candle.

"Drat yer," grunted that large and sleepy form.

But when Mossy knew, he sat up in bed, — sat up, his great chest showing through his nondescript pajamas; sat up, his

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sleepy fat face glowing amid his whiskers; sat up, and seized Johnny and pulled him on to the bed, pommeled him, called him a darn fine young rascal, smacked his back till he choked, wringing his hand. And laughed, laughed, laughed, out of his eyes and his mouth with all the good will of his jolly being.

"An' we'll talk it over termorrow morning," were his last words.

And that night, while Bingo barked his way to morning, when Agatha's beady eyes were tightly shut, when the rags and pieces of paper outside on the road danced a fairy's dance to a fairy's song of the night-wind, Angelina went to sleep with a happy smile on her lips, and the tired lines smoothed away for the first time in eight months. But high above the crooked roof, cold and white and lofty, the moon stared like an eye in the sky.

Johnny and old Mossy made a splendid show of breakfast, and afterwards, in Angelina's room, the three of them talked over the matter again and again. Johnny had to see Sanderson at eleven o'clock at his rooms in Bayswater. There was much smartening up to do, ironing of trousers, gumming of frayed cuffs, turning of collars, stitching on of loose buttons. He had a great send-off.

They waited anxiously for his return. Angelina, while she was getting up, sang softly, remembering old things, old places: cleanliness instead of grime, scented soap to wash with, hot baths, and holidays. But more than those, letting her imagination dwell on minute knitted things, — shawls of soft white wool, tiny socks with ribbon run through the top, an impossibly small counterpane with an initial in the corner worked in silk, fine flannel petticoats, scallop-edged, button-hole stitched, a rattle, — innumerable things now accessible at five pounds a week. Five pounds a week! Down in the scullery, washing up, Old Mossy was singing as well. His hoarse voice soared through the house.

"Oh! will you leave me lying here,
Oh, Mother, Mother.
Your lovely chee-ild is wrapt in fear.
Oh, Mother.
The workhouse door is open wide,
Cold comfort will you find inside,
Ah! that my daddy had not died,
O-o-oh Moth-ar!"

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At eleven thirty Johnny returned. The singing in their hearts died as abruptly as that on their lips when they saw him. He wouldn't speak at first, so they stood, dumb with anguish, silently beside him, sitting in the shop, twirling his cap in his hands. At length he told them.

"I saw Sanderson. He was awfully nice. But — but it's no good. You see, Angey, the band consists of five people and is run on a coöperative basis. The proceeds are divided equally amongst the members. In that way Sanderson says everyone is fairly treated. Now you understand that these chaps aren't going to let a new man in unless they're sure he's going to do his best for the community. Moreover, there are expenses incidental to running the show. So for the first week my expenses would have to be borne by the other four. And Sanderson says he can't ask the others to do it. It wouldn't be fair. Moreover, the very fact of suggesting such a thing might prejudice them against me. I must be unanimously elected."

"Well, Johnny. But I don't quite see."

"That means I've got to find two guineas by this time tomorrow. And where in the world is that to come from?"

"But do you mean to say that this great chance is to go for the sake of two measly pounds? Oh, Johnny, it can't!"

"It must. Darling girl, I can't tell Sanderson just how desperately hard-up we really are. He's a very nice chap in some ways, but he's very apt to judge one by one's own value. Besides, I've got to hold my own with these other three members. There's another detail, — I must have some sort of evening suit — a dinner jacket. Where is that to come from? No, it's not a bit of good arguing or going over the old ground again. There's no way out but this,— two guineas and a dress suit!"

All three were silent. There was nothing to say. Only the truly poor can understand what such a demand means. Two guineas or a hundred pounds. Two guineas or the Houses of Parliament. Forty-two shillings or a chunk of the moon. Why! it would take six months to save that sum, and here was Johnny demanding it on the moment. No, impossible. Their silence, becoming intolerable, was broken. Johnny in a queer rasping kind of voice was talking over their heads, out of the door.

"It makes you laugh. I can't cry about it. People who cry

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about their troubles don't know what trouble is. But I'm all dead inside. I don't care. God doesn't care. Nobody cares. Only the devil,— and he pokes fun at you, dangles hope in front of you — and snatches it away. It doesn't matter. I give it up. But it makes you laugh." He began to laugh, till Mossy took him by the shoulder and shook him and then cuffed his ear, for all his twenty-five years of age.

"Stop it," roared the old man. "Stop or I'll bust yer hide for yer. Look at yer missis. What price her, with you carrying on like that?"

And Johnny crossed and took Angelina's hand.

"You go and lie down a bit, old lady."

When he returned downstairs old Mossy had cooled down. He put a fat and hairy hand through the young man's arm.

"Bless my 'eart, you mustn't let go like that, with her near you."

Johnny nodded, his teeth fixed tight on his lip and his face quivering, his eyes looking terribly straight in front of him at nothing at all.

"See, sonny, a bloke like me has seen lots of things, one way and another. Fifty-nine years of funny things, and none of 'em too blooming funny if you look at 'em one way. But I don't know that I'd have had it much different. It's a rum game, going on living just because you've got to. It's like them sums the master gives the nippers at school. He keeps the book of answers in his desk. If yer wants to find the answer you've got to keep on trying to pinch the book when the old man's turned his back. And generally you'll get the devil of a lot of hidings with his cane for your trouble. You're getting the hiding now. That's all, son. You'll get the book in the end. Stick it! Stick it! Show them that arranges our jolly little lives for us that you're a man. Now you go an' get a bit of food, look chirpy, and get along to yer cinema. I'll have a think. We'll be all right."

When Johnny had gone, old Mossy went upstairs. "Angelina, my gel. You lie quiet and rest. I'm goin' out. I'll send Mrs. Porter in ter you. She'll come and talk. Bli'me if you and I and Johnny won't be feeding off oysters and meat-patties, with a sluice of champagne before long. Don't you fear, dearie."

But the smile crept away from his face as he went down to the

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shop. He lifted his hat from a peg in the corner, patted Bingo on the head, searched in his waistcoat pocket for something, found it, then with a shameful expression in his eyes took a piece of brown paper and string, pulled out a small cage from a dark corner, and placed it on the counter. He seemed to hesitate then, shaking his head, fumbling with his fingers. His expression was furtive.

"A Judas, that's what I am," he whispered to himself. "A blooming Judas."

He crossed to the window, and with a sudden gesture of determination opened Bolingbroke's cage, seized him, carried him across and dropped him into the new cage. He covered the whole with the brown paper and fastened it securely with the string. This done he moved over to a larger cage fixed in the wall, groped with his fingers and brought forth another mouse, twisting and squirming. This he put in Bolingbroke's old home. With a firm and heavy step he passed out into the street, his hat crammed well down over his eyes and the brown paper parcel under his arm. He called at Mrs. Porter's and asked her to go across to Angelina.

"And 'ow is the pretty dear?" asked that motherly old soul.

"Fine," said Mossy. "And she'll be still better soon."

Mrs. Porter took this as a compliment. "Get along with you, you old villain," said she. "Where are you off to? On the razzle-dazzle?"

"Yus," said old Mossy. "Going to paint the town sky-blue green."

Twenty minutes later found him in Grosvenor Square. He mounted the steps of Number 92. A scratching and scrabbling from within the package nearly sent him stumbling back the way he had come.

"I want to see Mr. Joseph Prim," he told the footman.

"Hindeed," said that immaculate person. "And who be you?"

"Tell 'im I'm the fellow who's called with the mouse 'is son wanted. And," he added at the retreating back, "don't let yer boots split on the way!"

Mr. Prim came out into the hall where Mr. Moss stood, the package in one hand, his hat in the other. At the sight of him Mr. Moss's heart contracted. What a go if the bloke had changed his mind!

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"Ah," said Mr. Prim. "You have brought that little mouse my boy wanted."

"Yes, sir," Mr. Moss replied respectfully.

"And you're going to ask me the ludicrous sum of two pounds and ten shillings."

"I leave that to you, sir."

"Well." He pulled out a note-case. "Here's your money, my man. I'll warrant that's the highest sum ever paid for a miserable creature like that. Let me tell you too that Joseph Prim gets what he wants in this world. Gets what he wants! What's wrong with you, my fellow, is this sentimental business. But there you are, money talks. Fellows like you always come round in the end. Highfalutin and all that but just as greedy for the cash as us ordinary folk. Samson, take this parcel up to Master Timothy!"

"You'll look after him, sir?" faltered Mr. Moss. "'E don't like 'is cheese too new, and a little bit of bacon rind now and again — " And he was on the pavement once more, three crisp notes in his hand, the massive door tight-shut, and somewhere inside that barrack of a house Bolingbroke, alone. He was sure they kept cats. "Oh, bli'me, bli'me", he said, and shambled down the street as fast as he could.

But his travels were not completed. He turned towards Bayswater and eventually found Sanderson's flat. Weird, wailing sounds greeted him as he tramped up the stairs, the tapping of a drum, a piano. Sanderson, a tall, thin young man, met him at the door.

"Yes?"

"If you please, guv'nor, Johnny,— I mean Mister Bright,— asked me to come along and give you this. He says it's for a band or something, and he's sorry he couldn't call himself, and might he have a receipt?"

"Who? Oh, yes. Rather. Wait here." He returned in a few minutes with a note in his hand. "Give this to Mr. Bright, please."

And for the second time that afternoon a door slammed in his face.

Just before he reached home he called in at Abe Samuels and hired a dinner suit at the rate of seven-and-six for a fortnight. On his return he hid the parcel of clothes in the scullery.

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But his task became critically difficult that night when Johnny returned and he must make explanation to them both.

"I told yer it 'ud be all right," he announced with consummate art. "I knew it would. Just you keep quiet now, my dear, and don't get excited. I made a deal this afternoon."

"Oh, Mossy, how splendid!"

"Yus! I made a deal. No, never mind what it was. Oh, well, a couple of pups. And see here now, there's a suit downstairs — and — well — I sorter went round, knowing his address — and well, there . . ." He thrust the envelope into Johnny's hand and left them. At the doorway he paused. "You can pay me back when you're a millionaire. Oh, hop off!" and went to his room.

And at the end of the week Johnny came back with five pounds in his pocket, and his arm full of those absurd little clothes of which Angelina had dreamed. For them it had been a radiant week: three engagements for Johnny; less work; the other members of Sanderson's coöperative band "jolly good fellows"; a glimpse into decent society; pretty girls, decent men; and six pounds as Johnny's share.

But Mossy had found it hard, harder than he thought it would be, so hard that sometimes he wondered if he could still muster that Cheshire grin of his, if his quips weren't losing something of their sprightliness. Johnny now was with Angelina all day. Bolingbroke was gone. He knew they had cats in that house. He was lonely. He felt for the first time the heavy drag of the years, the acid touch of disappointment, and a fear fluttered in his mind that perhaps, after all, there was very little left. The little tricks of routine necessitated by Bolingbroke's small but ravenous stomach, the cleaning of his cage, his nosings and nibbles, scratchings and bites, left a void in his daily round. Those small things had filled up endless hours. Now he had no one to confess to: so much had he confided in Bolingbroke before. And he *knew* that house had cats!

His mind traveled backwards, exploring old half-remembered things. He began to wonder if he was old, and knew he was. The thought struck him that upstairs that new life was coming nearer, nearer every day to conscious being, one other creature to step along the adventurous road. Not so hard as mine has been, he thought. While downstairs his old life was slipping out of him;

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the spirit that had moved his limbs, made him eat, sleep, waken, was weakening. For so long had it lived on hope; so much by means of companionship. "And I sold my best pal," he said to himself one night. "I sold him, swapped him fer two pun' ten. An', Gawd, he was a pal, old Bolingbroke was! Oh, Gawd, 'e was a pal!"

Then one night Mrs. Porter said the time had come. She became complete mistress of the situation. The young doctor from down the road called at seven o'clock in the evening and said he would call again later. Johnny and Mossy sat downstairs in the shop. The light from the gas-jet barely illuminated the room. The animals were very quiet. Bingo sat on his haunches, ears pricked, muzzle quivering. Overhead sounded heavy footsteps. Mrs. Porter came to the top of the stairs and called for hot water. Mossy brought it half-way up the flight to her. He wanted to ask if Angelina was well, but his mouth was too dry to speak.

"We'll have to stay in," whispered Johnny, "in case the doctor's wanted."

"Yus."

They both seemed afraid to lift their voices. The house was full of whispers. The shadows swept like waves about their feet. Footsteps passing up and down the narrow street outside sounded thin and hollow. Once they heard a low plaintive moan. The two men stared anxiously at one another. The footsteps recommenced overhead. Johnny took his violin from its case.

"I must," he said.

"Yus."

So he played, swaying tall and black in the shadows, the light reflecting off his violin, his long fingers curved around the bow, his chin pressed low, his eyes dark with fear and wonder. The strings vibrated, pouring out the passion of his brain, so that the whisperings left the house, the animals stirred drowsily in sleep, the room and stairway became filled with his message to Angelina; and she hearing those sweet sounds knew their meaning, all those things Johnny could never have said in words, all those things so utterly better said this way. And in such a fashion he made his message unceasingly till Mrs. Porter, calling from the room, sent him speeding down the street for the doctor. There-

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after all was rush and hurry. Johnny stumbling over Mossy, fetching, carrying; no time for thought or word till Mrs. Porter blundered into the room, all smiles and common-sense.

"You can go up soon," she said, surveying them, her hands on her hips, her bodice strained to bursting-point, wisps of hair in her eyes. "He's fine," she added proudly.

"He?"

"Yes, young fellar, me lad. A fine boy! Seven pounds he was I'll be sure. And I ought ter know."

And later Johnny put his head out and called for Mossy. The old man climbed the stairs one at a time. The room was brightly lit. A faint smell of ether was in the air. He hesitated.

"Come in, Mossy dear."

He stood awkwardly beside the bed, full of embarrassment and a queer joy.

"Show him, Johnny." And Johnny very carefully pulled down the coverlet a few inches.

"Bless my heart," said the old man scratching his ear. "Bless my blooming heart."

A tiny, hand with curled minute fingers, fumbled at Angelina's soft throat. A round head, with tight shut eyes and little moving lips, twisted from side to side.

"And, Mossy dear." How sweet her face, flushed and happy, looking up at him. "Mossy, his first name is going to be Jack, but his second, Mossy dear, is going to be — *Bolingbroke!* You see, we thought you'd like him to be called that. It — it sort of gives you a share in him, doesn't it?"

Bless my heart! Bless my heart! He'd make a darned great fool of hisself if he didn't go downstairs quick!

But in the shop, his foolish face wreathed with a grin more splendid than it had ever worn before, he opened the cage in the window, and with a gnarled finger, for the first time since Bolingbroke had gone, stroked the usurper, tickling the little mouse's back and sides, grinning awhile and saying, "Going ter call 'im Bolingbroke. Bless my 'eart. It's a grand name. Bolingbroke. Bolingbroke."

And suddenly he felt amazingly glad and woke Bingo up to rub his ears, to let Bingo, everyone, all the world share some little of his great share of joy.

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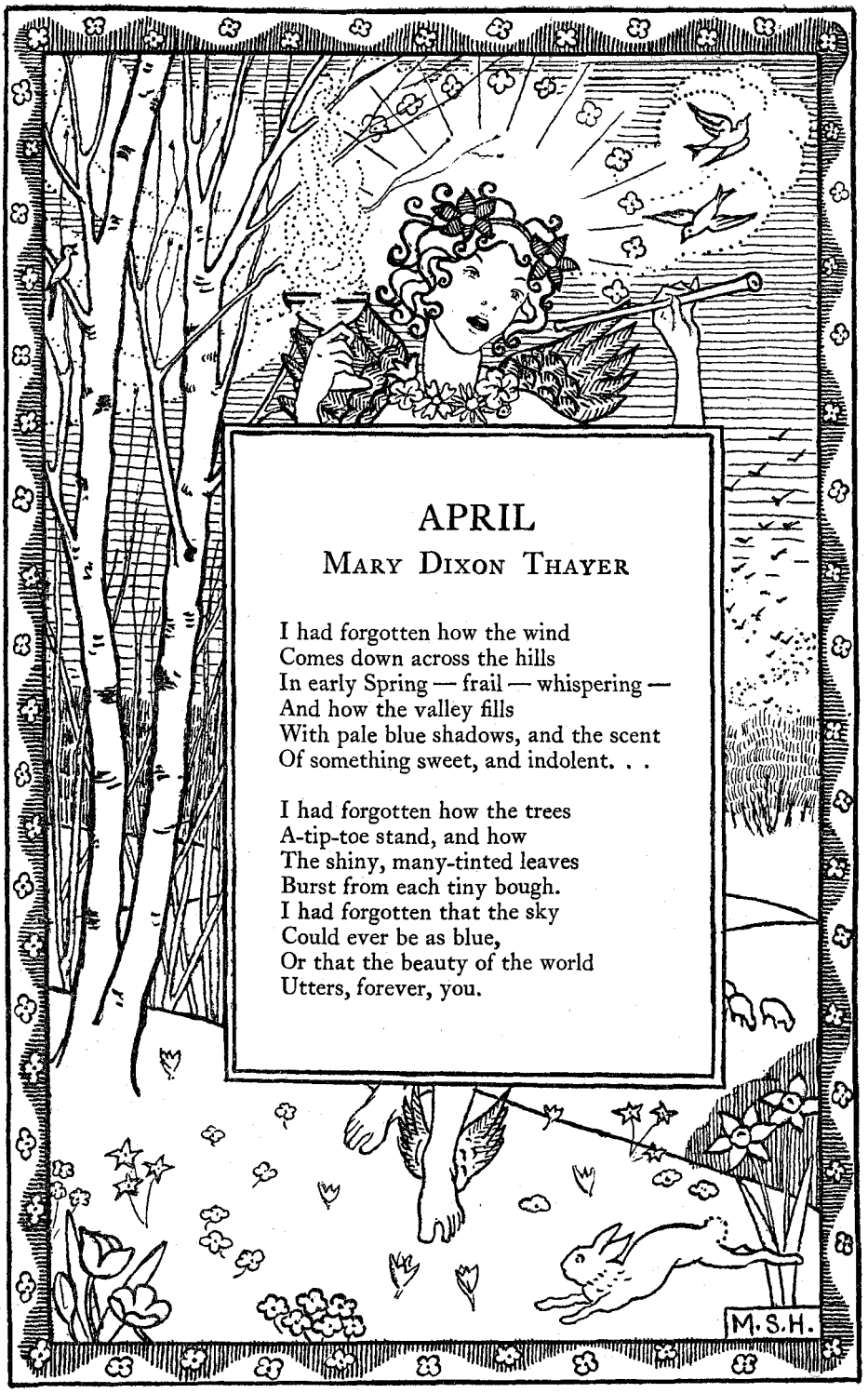

APRIL

Mary Dixon Thayer

I had forgotten how the wind
Comes down across the hills
In early Spring — frail — whispering —
And how the valley fills
With pale blue shadows, and the scent
Of something sweet, and indolent. . .

I had forgotten how the trees
A-tip-toe stand, and how
The shiny, many-tinted leaves
Burst from each tiny bough.
I had forgotten that the sky
Could ever be as blue,
Or that the beauty of the world
Utters, forever, you.

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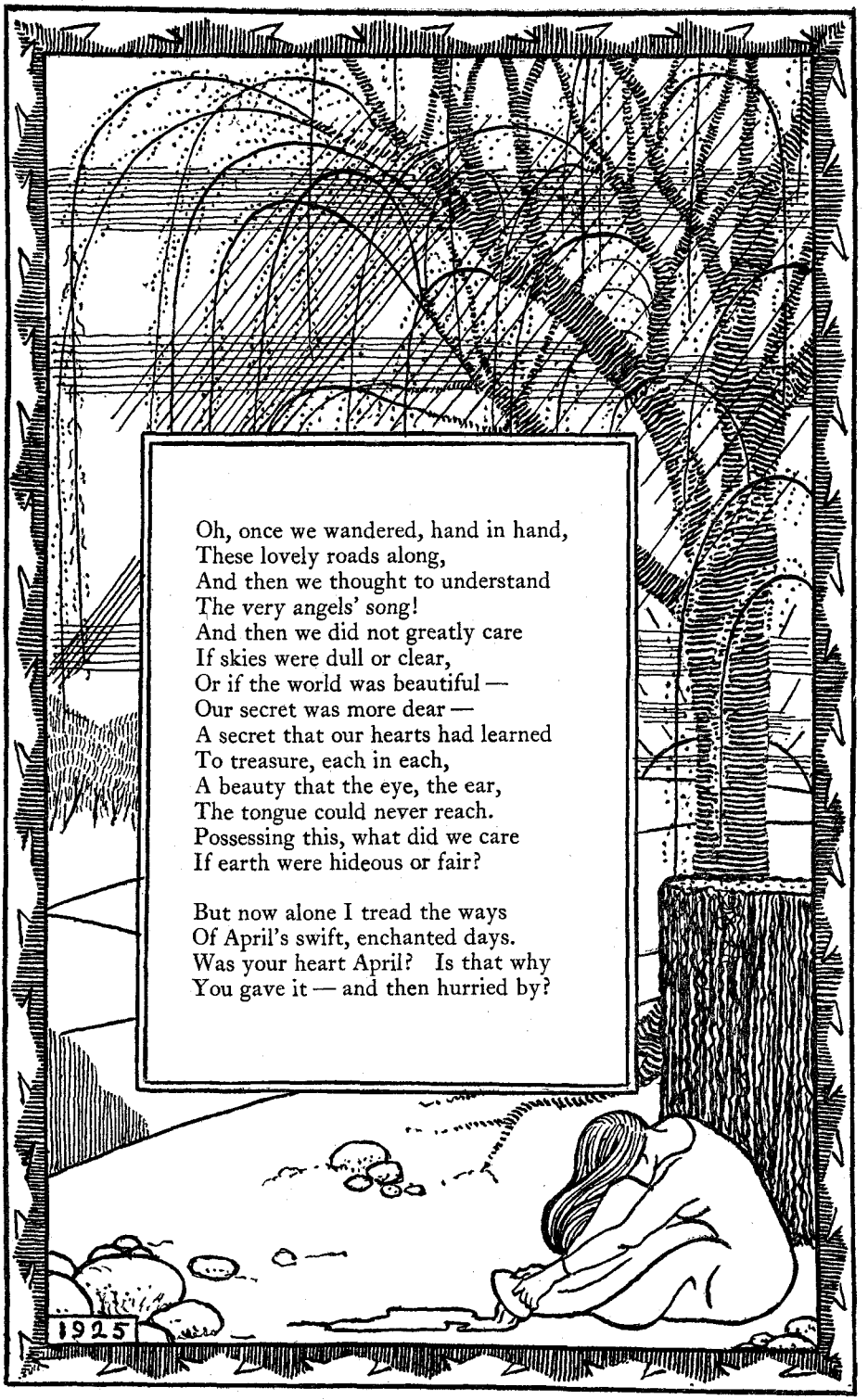
Oh, once we wandered, hand in hand,
These lovely roads along,
And then we thought to understand
The very angels' song!
And then we did not greatly care
If skies were dull or clear,
Or if the world was beautiful —
Our secret was more dear —
A secret that our hearts had learned
To treasure, each in each,
A beauty that the eye, the ear,
The tongue could never reach.
Possessing this, what did we care
If earth were hideous or fair?
But now alone I tread the ways
Of April's swift, enchanted days.
Was your heart April? Is that why
You gave it — and then hurried by?
1925

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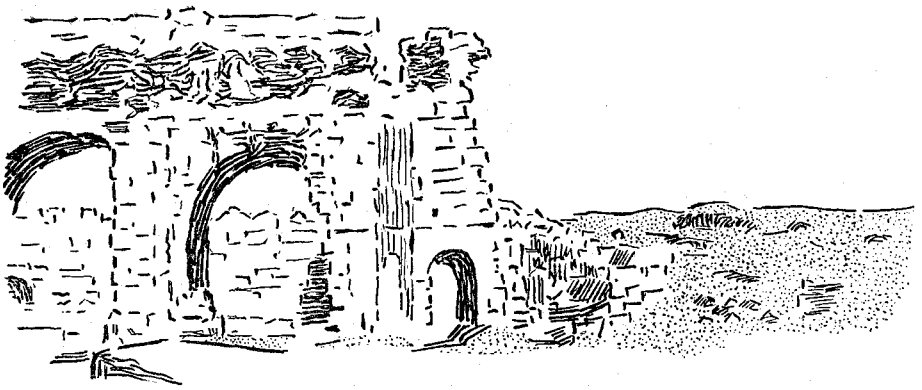

OLAF·BJORKMAN

RESURRECTING A FORGOTTEN CITY

BRUNO ROSELLI

FOR more than fifteen hundred years Leptis Magna, birthplace of Emperor Septimius Severus, haven of rest for the wandering Apuleius, and at one time the most populous city in Roman Africa, had been napping under the sands of Libya, when the irrepressible New Italy discovered her. Leptis Magna is now Italian territory; and slumbers of such duration are out of keeping with a restless modern Italy. "Live dangerously!" thunders out the great Benito (without apologies to Nietzsche); and the Rooseveltian gospel of strenuousness preached by the greatest psychologist among Premiers since the days of Disraeli, — another Italian, by the way, — did reach, *horribile dictu*, even those Italian archæological sanctums which have so successfully guarded the slumbers of Herculaneum. A young and learned enthusiast, Dr. Renato Bartoccini of the Department of Fine Arts, left the soft shades of the Pincio for the fiery wastes of Leptis Magna, and is carrying on rapidly and efficiently, with the help of two hundred Arab prisoners of war, the Herculean task of separating the murderous sand from the city which it murdered and over which it lay, barren and forbidding, during the last fifty generations of men.

This latest of ancient cities to see again the light of day,

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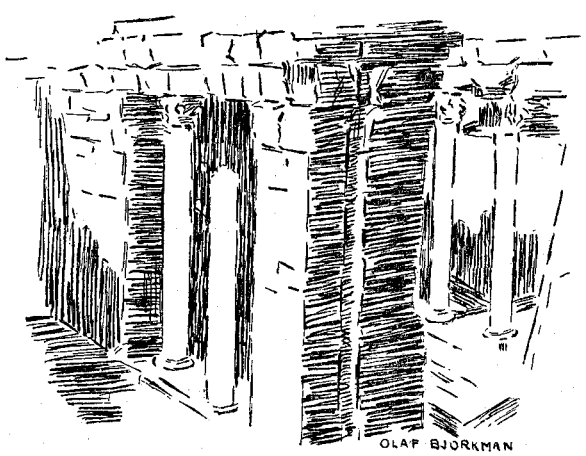
while not buried alive like Pompeii, was not, on the other hand, mercifully inhumed after death. Leptis Magna, when overcome by her enemy, although in a state of stupor and distraction, was still alive.

Phœnician in origin and increasingly Greek in population, she dramatically cast her lot with Rome, — and lost. Septimius Severus, her greatest son, after beautifying and thoroughly "spoiling" her until she forgot how to live in humility, had died in far off Britain; his unworthy children cared not for the ancestral home whence their father had come; over-confident engineers had built a technically faulty port, which clogged the mouth of the local stream and made it stagnant and malarial; Christianity was advancing from North and East to destroy the pagan sanctity of the Roman State, to bring down from Olympus to the level of a sin-stained humanity those Emperors whom Leptis had so faithfully served and adored; finally, the *limes Tripolitanus*, a sort of Chinese Wall for which the city was to act both as lighthouse keeper and as military defender, yielded repeatedly to the inroad of barbaric tribes, who looted and awkwardly tried to destroy the city with the inadequate means at their command. At any rate, they did make a howling wilderness of the surrounding countryside, which had been the granary of the Empire and was now becoming indistinguishable from the contiguous desert. When the *ghibli* or hot Saharan wind, which every Libyan community knows and dreads, blew with unusual intensity cloud upon cloud of impalpable sand upon buildings which an earthquake had just made tottering and unsafe, the population, robbed, jeopardized, and discouraged, must have felt that the fight against everybody and everything was not worth continuing, and dribbled away hither and thither, leaving time and the elements



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to do the rest. We hear of their last bishop in 462; and when Justinian, early in the sixth century, tried to put life again into a city which had been too great to be allowed to die without a decisive fight, he had to rebuild a little settlement on a distant site which had been an unimportant suburb: the metropolis of the Golden Days lay buried under too colossal a mountain of sand. But we have always heard that faith moves mountains; and now Bartoccini is proving it to us.

"To-morrow you will see something which you will never forget," said Colonel Pizzolato, the genial aide-de-camp to the Governor of Libya, to whom I presented my credentials. "I know all of North Africa; I have visited all the Roman ruins of Morocco, Algeria, Tunisia, Tripolitania, and Cyrenaica, and I never saw anything like Leptis Magna. To appreciate the visit to other Roman sites you have to bring books; here you have only to bring your eyes."

Granted the required permission, and, what was even more appreciated, the Governor's own *Fiat "15-Ter" Camion*, — an amphibious devil consisting of a huge armchair with springs eternal, secured to the midst of a truck driven by an engine which refused to stop even when obvious physical laws *ought* to have made it stop, — I started when the night was young; and the next afternoon I thanked God that I had "my eyes to bring".

I beheld unbroken columns twenty-eight feet high; precious marbles imported from every known quarry in Italy, Greece, and Egypt; a perfectly preserved Roman port not changed in the least from the days when the galleys of Rome were moored there, and, in fact, so new as to make one wonder whether those inner quays so beautifully built were ever laden with the wheat grown in what is now a fringe of the Libyan Desert; enormous and comfortable *Thermae*, with *tepidaria*, *caldaria*, and *frigidaria* still tempting to the weary visitor; a quantity of statues; a vast mass of architectural ornaments, enough inscriptions to form the happiness or the despair of students of Punic, Roman, Greek, and Early Christian epigraphy; a theatre; a circus; triumphal arches; city gates, city walls; a lighthouse; two jetties; Byzantine structures dangerously perched on the sand which had then already begun to engulf the city; and, last but by no means least, an Imperial Palace still bearing on its architrave the proud

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inscription of the Leptitan boy who had sat on the throne of the Caesars:

IMPERATOR · CAESAR · AUGUSTUS · LUCIUS · SEPTIMIUS · SEVERUS

And here the question passes, irresistibly, from one's mind to one's lips: "Why had not Leptis Magna been excavated before?"

This has been asked of me every time I have lectured on the subject, so I suppose I must give many archæologists their due. But first I must ask my readers to bear in mind the fact that excavations in general, while they lead primarily to archæological discoveries, have been always influenced far less by archæology than by other instrumentalities. History, politics, economics, even national traits are to be taken into consideration. Thus the English, eager to feel that they are the heirs of Rome, put all the tremendous force of their advertizing ability to the service of the unprepossessing scraps of Roman art to be found in Britain; whereas the French, who own in Provence a superb artistic and archæological mine, do as little as possible for its exploitation, treating their entire *Midi*, — with the exception of the profitable Riviera and the rich city of Marseilles, — with a contempt which only enhances its charm in the eyes of the foreign visitor.

It is also fair to admit that the prospect of being made a slave of the Moslems in the Barbary States, last citadel of organized and lawful slavery in North Africa, was not over-enticing; and Christian slaves are neither a novelty nor a rarity there. Desert heat, malaria, the danger of trachoma from Arab workmen may be advanced as general explanations, while others are individual: thus Richardson reached the site too ill to work, and Captain Smyth, who had begun extensive operations, was made to stop and investigate instead the possibility of an "all Red" Leptis-to-Nigeria line.

But I fear I must touch also upon the one-sidedness of archæological excavators, who take a strictly *literary* view of subterranean finds, and delve to uncover the site of "the celebrated place about which so-and-so wrote" instead of aiming directly at locations which are sure to yield substantial results, although unhonored and unsung. Leptis Magna would fare badly at such hands, since the period of her greatest prosperity (late second

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century A. D.) had no stars of the first magnitude in the firmament of Roman literature. What of it? Her architectural grandeur will finally show us what imposing Roman cities looked like, — those cities we now painfully visualize from plaster models; and Heaven knows (as well as every classical teacher) how sorely needed that is in the sad state of practically every Roman group of buildings. I never had much patience with the man who, armed with the knowledge that a city or a building was razed to the ground according to a famous author, spends his own time and some rich friend's money proving how sadly true that was, instead of bringing to the light something fit to inspire a *new* author to sing its praise.

If archæologists had not deemed it below their scholarly dignity to read a little travel literature, — books written, with little thought of style perhaps, by those daring African travelers who made it possible for the Dark Continent to become the greatest political adventure of the last fifty years, — they would have found Leptis Magna prominent in the fond recollections of such pioneers, and would have known that an attempt on that site would be no wild goose chase. Non-scholars knew it so well! Merchants knew it: the Jewish community of Tripoli paid a certain amount every year for the privilege of digging for gems and coins among the ruins. Statesmen knew it: France in 1693 entered into an agreement with the Sublime Porte for the right of removing blocks of marble and stone from the district. Plain, untrained, war-weary, and homesick American sailors knew it: in 1806, when the crew of the American frigate *Philadelphia* was released after three years of captivity, the Pasha of Tripoli granted some of the "foreigners", under the guidance of the American consul, the privilege of visiting the site of Leptis Magna, just to see the few columns and arches still sticking out of the sand. The United States Government, in fact, sent a special sloop for the purpose; and the Americans reverently inspected the ruins until the Captain sighted game; all of which left our worthy chronicler, the French Consul at Tripoli who accompanied the expedition, ready to have his way with the ruins. He saw a priceless bilingual inscription but did not ask his hosts to remove it, because "it would be more convenient for France to have it, if she thinks it good enough for the *Musée Napoleon.*" I

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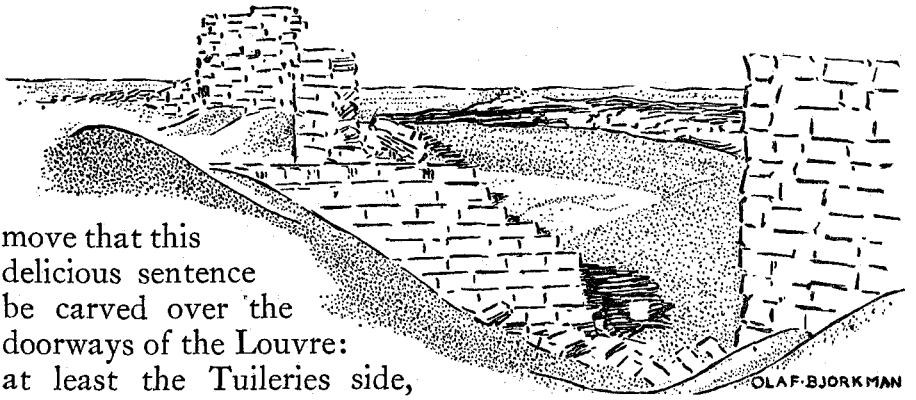

move that this delicious sentence be carved over the doorways of the Louvre: at least the Tuileries side, through which Americans enter.

Over a century has elapsed since that time, but the nibbling at the marbles which has taken place meanwhile has not seriously impaired the archæological value of the site. For one thing, the vandals never stayed long among the ruins. One unexpected reason for it is mentioned by Beechey, who was there several years after the Americans: the highest mound had been chosen as a place of retreat by a local *marabut* or holy man, who threatened to eat alive any man who would dare tarry in the vicinity; "and," he adds, "a slave assured us that he was perfectly able to carry out his threat, because he had already rehearsed the procedure on a few Jews."

This tale of cannibalism in sight of the ancient Mediterranean may sound incredible to some; but one must bear in mind that Libya, although so close to civilization, is the least known part of all Africa, a problem serious for map-makers even to this day, when the Sahara and the Congo can be easily mapped. Being fanatically Moslem, missionaries let it alone; being hopelessly poor, Britain did likewise. Constantinople was allowed to keep a feeble hold on it until 1911, when Italy, looking for colonial scraps fallen from rich men's tables, found it, quarreled over it with Turkey, and, as happens in such cases, annexed it. But the World War came before much headway could be made; and until less than two years ago the colony was but little more than nominally held. The site of Leptis Magna, for instance, was avowedly in the hands of openly rebellious Arabs still under the influence of the Germans who had maintained wireless communication with Berlin and kept submarine bases along the coast from 1915 to

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1918. Coming from the sea under cover of naval guns, Italian infantry recovered the site only last year, the legionaries of modern Rome shedding much blood over the ruins of the city which their ancestors made great; and with them could be seen a young scholar who, whenever a bullet flattened its nose against an ancient column, felt as miserable as if it had pierced his living flesh. If an infantryman made a shelter for himself behind an old block of marble (the Arabs had no artillery) the young man saw to it that not the inscription or the decoration, but the flat side faced the enemy; and when a little improvised fort had to be built of such material, Dr. Bartoccini, — you had, of course, guessed his name, — took exact notes showing whence they were removed. Thus the devotion of this man and the supreme sacrifice of many others made it possible for the Italians to begin excavations here while fertile oases and important caravan routes were still in the hands of the rebels.

I had just heard the story when I turned to my Sallust for his description of the city, and I read in chapter LXXIX of *De Bello Jugurtino:* "Since the affairs of Leptis have led me into these regions, it will be fitting to relate the noble act of the brothers Philaeni . . ." I remembered well, from old school days: Carthage and Cyrene had a boundary dispute. It was agreed that on a certain day two deputies would start from each city; the boundary would be where they met. But the Cyrenians were overtaken by a *ghibli*, and they were still within the territory unquestionably their own when the Philaeni appeared in sight. "We shall all start again, under equal climatic conditions," said the Cyrenians; "or, if you insist that this be the boundary, your own bodies shall mark it." Let Sallust conclude, tersely: "The Philaeni chose the latter course; and Carthage raised an altar on the hallowed spot."

My eyes ran to the little military cemetery across the hill, to the stray Roman votive column which a colonel, who had never read Sallust, erected to his brave boys, who had left brownish spots on the white sand. Where wert thou, O Apuleius of Leptis Magna, who didst show such supreme understanding of elusive symbolism in thy deathless story of Cupid and Psyche?

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SOUTHERN GATES TO THE SEA

EDWARD HENDRIE SHAFFER

IN 1777 Charleston, South Carolina, was a greater port than Boston. A hundred years later her commerce and shipping were gone, her wharves rotting and silent. The Civil War and the "Reconstruction" period had intervened, and from their blighting effects the Southern seaports did not begin to recover until the World War made them once more necessary to the nation. The service they rendered in war they are now equipped to render in peace,—the furnishing of ice-free gateways for the Middle West.

WHEN after four years the war clouds lifted, the South found her agricultural fabric broken, her few railway lines torn up, her entire economic system in ruins. Before she could take stock of her loss or even plan to clear away the débris there came upon her, as an aftermath of war, the blight of alien rule, and for eight more years the energies of her people were employed in winning back the right to govern their own land. Vast debts were then piled up from which no permanent improvements resulted, as for instance in North Carolina, where the State was burdened with fourteen million dollars of railway bonds for which not a single rail was ever laid. Finally, in 1878, the Southern people came once more into possession of their impoverished country, but for the next twenty years the various States and communities were too busily engaged with local problems of reconstruction to unite for distant commercial enterprise or to recall a dream of their fathers that had ended in the passes of the Blue Ridge mountains.

Turning back for the purpose of gaining a clearer understanding of present conditions, one finds that during the first half century of its existence the tendency in this country seems to have been toward an ultimate, normal enjoyment of all its many harbors, but in those early years commerce moved in smaller orbits, and so the development of ports was then more the result of local activity and industry than of any flow from the interior, — America, as a commercial unit, had not yet evolved.

Boston, for example, in the year 1800 had a population of only 25,000, having increased but 2000 in twenty years. With the turn of the century it gained more rapidly; however, this was a result of New England's development, there being little effect yet at the seaboard of the settlement of the inland regions.

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Then, the chief South Atlantic port, Charleston, seemed destined to occupy a leading place among future American maritime cities; its population was nearly equal to that of Boston, while in wealth and commerce it seems to have far outstripped the New England town. Yet one sees here but another effect of local enterprise; the harbor was crowded with outgoing vessels, but all loaded with furs and timber from the vast forests of the Carolinas or with indigo and other products of the rich plantations that bordered the tidal rivers. Incoming ships filled the warehouses with the goods of Europe imported for the luxury and convenience of the adjacent land-owning aristocracy. Writing of this city in 1777, Josiah Quincy says, "In grandeur, splendor of buildings, decorations, equipment, numbers of commerce, and in almost everything it far surpasses all I ever saw or expect to see in America; and the number of its shipping surpasses all I have seen in Boston."

Such was Charleston at the close of the first century of its existence. Now think of the city after the passing of another hundred years, and one visions the pathetic Charleston of 1877 looking out over the same splendid harbor but with the commerce and the shipping gone, the wharves rotting and silent, the long rows of warehouses vacant, and no vessel in sight save an occasional tramp or coasting craft. Surely potent factors must have combined thus to throttle the Southern ports and crowd the expanding commerce of the nation through the narrow funnel of a compact group of harbors lying north of Baltimore.

The South was, from the very beginning, agricultural, and agricultural peoples do not as a rule concentrate in cities nor develop dense areas of population, — these are things that follow in the wake of trade and intensive industrialism. The few early industrial efforts in the South were but a part of that semi-domestic industry then common to the whole country, or else they were due to the efforts of men planted here and there from other sections, or to the clear vision of a small group of Southern-born men, like William Gregg of South Carolina, who had caught the spirit of the dawning industrial age but who were, like him, discredited by their fellow-countrymen. Gregg has aptly been called a missionary who preached an unaccepted faith, — one crying in the wilderness, — and yet to-day, in the calm after-judgment of

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a Southern historian, "William Gregg stood head and shoulders above other Southerners of his time."

In a pamphlet published in 1845, *A Plea for Domestic Industry*, Gregg besought his neighbors to abandon their all-agricultural program, to diversify their activities by building factories, and so catch step with an industrial world. His ideas were opposed by Calhoun and other popular leaders of Southern thought, their position being summed up in the words of Langdon Cheves of South Carolina, "Manufacturing should be the last resort of any country, as it can serve no interest but that of the capitalists who control it."

But one must bear in mind that while the non-industrial genius of the Old South did place a social stigma upon those who ventured to engage in retail trade and discouraged the mills that would have created a class of white laborers and artisans, the greatest encouragement was given to efforts to develop commerce or to promote the handling of commodities on a large scale. While the non-industrial traditions of the dominant class did retard the density of population and prevent the growth of large cities, their predilection for commercial enterprise, if allowed full swing throughout the latter half of the nineteenth century, would, I believe, have won for the South Atlantic and Gulf ports a much larger share in the commerce of the Middle-West than they were destined to enjoy. Evidence of this trend of the Old South toward commercial conquest abounds. As early as 1821 the plan of a steam railway from Charleston into the interior was seriously discussed in the Charleston "Gazette". By 1833 the line was completed as far as Hamburg opposite Augusta, — its length of 136 miles making it the longest railway in the world at that time.

Three years later the Louisville, Cincinnati, and Charleston Railway was begun, which was to be the first link between the seaboard and the Great West. Robert Y. Hayne, governor of South Carolina, who promoted this road, said that New York and Boston were moving to gain what was offered to Charleston should she hasten to complete her road, and that for her to pause or remain inactive would be to lose the great prize — the Western commerce. Calhoun who favored this project said, "I believe that Charleston has more advantages in her position for the Western

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trade than any other city on the Atlantic, but to fully develop it we must look even further West than Cincinnati."

To-day, amid the forest-covered slopes of the Blue Ridge above the city of Greenville, one is astonished to see high embankments and deep cuts overgrown with trees and to find dark tunnels that almost pierce the last wall between the eastern declivities and the valley of the French Broad whose waters flow west. These are the memorials of the early efforts of the South Atlantic ports to tap the trade reservoir of the Middle-West. But living rock yet divides the tunnels, and only owls and bats disturb their silence. Almost at the moment of completion came the call to arms, and the Southern workmen marched away, — never to return.

From 1869, when the first transcontinental line, the Union-Pacific, was opened, down to 1889 may be considered the great era of American railway construction. During these two decades practically all those systems that were to become the arteries from the heart of the country to the sea were built, and also during this time there were established certain rules and preferences of rate, which for a generation were to stand unquestioned and determine the flow of commerce. Yet this was the period when Southern ports and their hinterland were almost entirely eliminated, — prevented by political and economic handicaps from even getting into the game. Then, when recently, as part of a common country, they asked for a hearing and their place in the sun, they were told that they could stand little chance as the "natural flow" of export trade was elsewhere.

As a result of the advantage that the North Atlantic ports gained, — first as a by-product of success in war, then through the completion of trunk lines east and west while their natural competitors were still out of the running, — they were able to establish a system of freight rates that as completely shut the South Atlantic ports off from Western business as though no connecting roads had ever been built. The rates from a given interior point to Savannah or Charleston, for instance, were figured as though goods for export had first been carried to New York and then down the coast by rail to the Southern port. Hence these ports were limited in their business to commodities originating in their own vicinity, such as cotton or naval-stores, or to imports for local consumption, like jute bagging and fer-

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tilizer ingredients. In short, their field of activity was as restricted as in the days before Daniel Boone had blazed a path across the Alleghanies.

Then came the World-War, with the absolute necessity for an efficient functioning of the country as a unit. The crucial problem now was the mass movement of men and of munitions from the great producing interior to the sea. False barriers, old, unjust advantages, ancient complexes from by-gone conflicts all went down before necessity like a house of cards. When Northern harbors became clogged by traffic jams or by storms and ice, the opportunities for shorter hauls and quicker movement through South Atlantic and Gulf ports was not long overlooked. The armies were trained largely in Southern camps because of longer open seasons, and then, as there were not sufficient docks or modern terminals, had to be transported a thousand miles to Northern ports while right at hand lay the ample harbors of Dixie. To remedy such a handicap millions were poured out in building great warehouses and terminals at Charleston and adjacent cities, and soon the pressure was relieved, and the power of the inland States flowed to the ships and to victory through the natural gateways of the sea.

Right here was where the wide-awake business men of the New South saw at last a great light. If, they reasoned, our ports are needed and our wharves and harbors crowded for the winning of a great war, have we not also a place in the winning of the peaceful victories of trade and commerce upon which, after all, depends the lasting prosperity of the whole nation? A meeting of the five chief ports was urged so that they might discuss mutual interests and possibly hit upon some plan of securing a portion of the peace-time tonnage for those cities that had shared so generously in the war-time tonnage. All agreed that some such step must be taken, yet so traditionally individualistic were these people, so unused to modern commercial team-work and pooling of interests that no four would agree to meet in a fifth for fear that the convention city might put something over on the visitors. Finally a conference had to be arranged in the neutral, inland city of Columbia, South Carolina.

Here, on November 5, 1918, the business men of the South Atlantic ports first met and found their interests and their problems

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identical. The various representatives became acquainted and determined to work together. They formed there an export company, the South Atlantic Maritime Corporation, the first joint commercial enterprise ever undertaken by the five cities of Wilmington (North Carolina), Charleston, Savannah, Brunswick, and Jacksonville. About a month later, at a much larger meeting held in Savannah, the South Atlantic Ports Association was formed. This organization, often called the Five Ports League, holds annual meetings and functions as a common Chamber of Commerce for the shipping interests of the group. Having at last found that there is strength in union and suspecting that greater strength might result from a larger union, a triple alliance was next made between the South Atlantic ports, the Gulf ports, and several powerful farm organizations of the Middle-West. As a direct result of a hearing before the Railway Administration in July, 1919, of representatives of this impressive triumvirate, equal rail rates were at last granted exporters through the Southern ports taking effect in December of that year.

The following summer, in order to acquaint producers and shippers of the interior with tidings that all doors to the sea were at last open, a trade pilgrimage was made through the Central States by the business men of the Southern ports. Their message everywhere was the same, — spacious ice-free harbors, improved and deepened with the money of the whole nation, continuous lines of rail connecting them with the wheat fields, shorter hauls, and all rate barriers at last broken down. Their message met a responsive hearing, and more than one hundred Chambers of Commerce in the West formed a league to promote the utilization of Southern ports.

This commercial friendship between South and Middle-West may easily prove the prologue of new and startling political line-ups. Political alliances are, after all, but popular reactions to long-continued identity of interests. So the economic affiliation of these two sections may very soon become a stronger bond than old party alignments.

An interesting evidence of Charleston's confidence that as a Southern port she is a natural outlet for the West is seen in her keen interest in the proposed tidal water route through the St Lawrence. Her Chamber of Commerce recently petitioned the

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State of South Carolina asking it to join the Great Lakes-St Lawrence Tidewater Association. If the seaboard can be drawn back into the heart of the wheat-fields by making ocean ports of Duluth and Chicago, then our grain States can better compete with the great grain nations of South America and Europe which are located adjacent to deep water. This would mean for the Middle-West greater prosperity and eventually, as the St Lawrence route would be ice-bound nearly half the year, prosperity for Southern cities as winter grain ports.

Many advantages to the country as a whole from the free use of all our harbors appear at a glance. The more mobile shifting of peace-time tonnage is no less essential than was the efficient transportation of war material which, as we have observed, required high pressure employment of the Southern ports. Again, a problem in the transportation of American freight has always been the matter of maintaining a supply of rolling-stocksufficient to handle peak-loads and yet keeping this vast number of cars constantly at work. Hauling long trains of empties is always lost motion. Now from Middle-West to North Atlantic ports the heavy loads move east, and this vexing question of empties comes on the return haul. From Middle-West to Southern ports exactly the reverse is true, as here the loaded cars carry local agricultural products and Caribbean imports, and the empties make the eastern trip. Clearly then another benefit that would follow the larger use of these ports as points of export would be a better balanced railway traffic.

But it is hard to change old currents that have worn deep channels through several generations, and so it is that the shifting of an equitable portion of our export trade to Southern ports will prove a far greater task than merely ironing out rate inequalities. Granting that the allied commercial and political factors now awake to the situation will, in the end, win the battle for full equalization of export rates from the interior through Southern ports both on land and sea, much must still be undone and much rebuilt from the foundations before the commerce of the nation can move in well-proportioned streams through the gates of the North and South.

The ill-balanced industrial development of the country prior to 1860 gave birth to two schools of political economy representing

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two sections with violently conflicting economic interests, and, there being no common ground, came war. The shadows of these early differences projected into the material reconstruction of the nation during the post-war generation still seriously handicap Southern business men in their efforts to obtain for their section that industrial and commercial importance to which it seems entitled by virtue both of natural resources and geographical position.

The antagonism of the rulers of the Old South toward trade and industrialism stunted the growth among the people of that industrial tradition upon which rests the superstructure of modern commercial strength. But in all the hinterland of the North Atlantic ports industrial tradition and the dignity of trade existed from the beginning, and as a consequence came concentration of wealth and the growth of a powerful, toiling middle-class. It is in such a land that one finds those vast centres of finance with banking facilities that are so vital in the terms and credits usual in foreign trade. They are probably hardly possible in purely agricultural regions because of the difference between the annual turnover of the farmer and the ceaseless turnover of the manufacturer.

But to-day in the South, everywhere, one finds the leaven of modernism at work. Where industrialism has gained a foothold times are good, jobs are plentiful, land values are increasing, and towns are springing into cities. Where men still cling to the old agricultural gods, save where some fortunate community has been able to capitalize climate or tradition and so gather exotic gold, trade is stagnant, and the population is drifting away. In the face of these object lessons old inhibitions will tend to vanish more rapidly, and soon modern industrialism will become the dominant note. In proportion to this change, and as the effects transform the mental processes of the people, will dawn the day when the long-delayed commercial union of Southern harbors and Western fields will bear full fruit.

In the end, by the full employment of all its many gates to the sea, the United States will derive a strength for war and a power in peace that it cannot attain until commerce, — the life-blood of a nation, — moves naturally, unhindered by State lines or by sectional thought.

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GLIMPSES OF GREAT PEOPLE

A Series of Imaginary Dialogues

GAMALIEL BRADFORD

I

Aaron Burr and Napoleon, in the Tuileries, in 1811

NAPOLEON: What can I do for you, Mr. Burr? My time is valuable.

BURR: So is mine, Sire. There is a delicious little seamstress waiting for me in the Rue Vivienne.

NAPOLEON: A seamstress? You are that sort of man, are you?

BURR: Are not all men that sort of man?

NAPOLEON: Very true. I am that sort of man myself. But not when I am dreaming of empire, as I understand you are.

BURR: Perhaps that is the distinction between us. I have never been able to see the difference between a seamstress and an empire. Probably that is why I didn't get one, — and why your majesty did.

NAPOLEON: There may be other distinctions. And so you dreamed of empire. Anything particular?

BURR: Only western and southern America, an empire five times as large as your majesty's.

NAPOLEON: But with fewer seamstresses.

BURR: There would have been enough, — even for me. I rarely sigh, Sire, but when I do, it is over the limits of our capacity for enjoyment. Nature has provided vastly more than we can consume.

NAPOLEON: You are a philosopher — and a lover — and an emperor. I have hardly managed to be one of the three. You want my assistance?

BURR: Only for a consideration. I know something of human nature.

NAPOLEON: Emperors as well as seamstresses? Am I to have half?

BURR: You shall have what your magnanimity demands. Only help.

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NAPOLEON: I will think of it, and inquire further. But you know what England is: I have to conquer England first.

BURR: Really? Sire, my little seamstress in the Rue Vivienne is waiting: I must take my leave.

II

The shades of Aaron Burr and John Randolph, perambulating amicably the large meadows by the sluggish Roanoke

BURR: Ah, John, if you had it to live over, wouldn't you live it differently?

RANDOLPH: I couldn't have lived it worse.

BURR: Nor I better, I think, on the whole.

RANDOLPH: Fancy! And it was all in the mind. What I did with myself, Aaron, what I did with myself! I had everything, money, brains, position, friends, and I threw it all away and made myself wretched.

BURR: And I had nothing, at least for long years I had nothing, and, my God, how I did enjoy myself! To be sure, I had the love of woman, lots of it.

RANDOLPH: The love of woman, — how does it taste?

BURR: Strange, delicious, exquisite, always the same, yet always different. They say the same words, they think the same thoughts, oh, direfully the same thoughts, and such a few thoughts. To you and me, those thoughts range widely, the limits would seem damnable. Yet, when you taste it, there is such a sweet, incomparable savor, such a wide and tempting and delicate and inexhaustible delight. There was a little peasant girl in the Rhine country. She was dainty as a star, John.

RANDOLPH: And you ruined her?

BURR: Ruined her? No. I wouldn't have hurt a hair of her head. I looked at her — for hours, and chatted with her, and heard her laugh: it was like the drops falling into a fountain at night. And once I kissed her. Surely, that couldn't hurt her, John. Then I went away. That was all.

RANDOLPH: You did know how to enjoy, didn't you? How did you learn?

BURR: I didn't learn. Has one to learn? It was born in me.

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III

Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr, standing together on the Heights of Weehawken

BURR: There's no denying it, Alex, I made a mistake when I shot you.

HAMILTON: Don't apologize, Aaron: it was all so long ago. And then, so far as I am concerned, I am not at all sure that it was a mistake.

BURR: Really?

HAMILTON: Of course I felt sore at the time. But what has happened? I have gone down a martyr and an idol in the eyes of ever-increasing millions of my fellow-countrymen, and my reputation has waxed mightily at the expense of yours. If I had lived, I might have gone the way poor Jefferson did.

BURR: He was poor Jefferson, wasn't he? If I had only shot him!

HAMILTON: Why shoot anybody? Certainly not those who do not deserve it. And those who do, generally provide for themselves, like Jefferson. But it might have been a mistake for you, Aaron: I am inclined to think it was. Though, to be sure, if I had lived and had been president in Jefferson's place, I should surely have hanged you for treason. I wouldn't have let you escape as he did.

BURR: I believe you. No doubt it was a premonition of something of the sort that prompted me. All the same, it was a mistake. From the day I shot you, there was nothing left of me. And, oh, Alex! what a team we should have made together!

HAMILTON: Couldn't have been done, Aaron. I had moral scruples.

BURR: Did they pay?

HAMILTON: On the whole, I think so. Look where they have landed me, — and where the lack of them has landed you. Yes, Aaron, on the whole, I think they paid.

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IV

Aaron Burr and Theodosia Alston, sitting together in a lovely bower on Blennerhasset's Island

THEODOSIA: Ah, why do we ever think of anything but this?

BURR: To be sure, why? But we do, don't we? There is Mexico.

THEODOSIA: Where is it?

BURR: I am rather vague on the subject myself. But it sounds tempting.

THEODOSIA: You know, I sometimes wonder how you can live at once so much in the present and so much also in your imagination.

BURR: I wonder myself, when I think about it. But I find the two most delightfully compatible.

THEODOSIA: The days drift on so dreamily in the company of these good people. Should we, or they, be happier, if we were emperors?

BURR: There is a prejudice in that direction. Ah, think, my child, of all that vast region lying open before us, millions of miles and millions of people, all waiting for us to rule over them.

THEODOSIA: Ah, yes, you are capable of it. You could rule anybody. But how should I be? Poor, weak, frail creature that I am!

BURR: As you are quite well aware, you are the strong one of us two. You can rule yourself, a task that I have never been able to accomplish.

THEODOSIA: You have never tried.

BURR: That's true: it is so much easier and so much more agreeable to rule other people. But you can do both.

THEODOSIA: Do I wish to?

BURR: I wonder at you. You have been the life of the whole idea, have urged me on from the beginning, — and now you droop.

THEODOSIA: But this sky is soft, and these flowers are so sweet, and these people are so gentle, and it seems so cruel to disturb the world.

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V

Sarah Hildreth (Butler), twelve years old, meets Aaron Burr, nearly eighty, in New York

BURR: They tell me, my child, that you are fond of Shakespeare.

SARAH: Aren't you?

BURR: Bless me, yes, of course. But I don't read him so often as I might. And they say you want to act, to go on the stage.

SARAH: I think of it day and night, when I eat and when I sleep, when I work and when I play.

BURR: Bless me, again! To think that there are that kind of people. But it is natural you should want to be an actress. All women want to be actresses, when they are young and simple. When they grow up, and all become so, they forget the inclination. But the stage is a bad business, my dear: it is too terribly real, compared with the charming unreality of life.

SARAH: Did you ever act, Mr. Burr?

BURR: I never did anything else.

SARAH: What parts?

BURR: All parts that are possible to man: the lover, the soldier, the lunatic, the monarch, the gambler, the statesman, the rioter, the ruffian. I have played them all. The truth is, my dear, that there is but one being in the universe who is not an actor, that is God. He plays the whole. That is why the rest of us speak of playing parts. But it is just because we all act every day with such fury that the stage as a profession is so contemptible.

SARAH: Did you feel the same way when you were young, Mr. Burr?

BURR: The fierce cruelty of youth! Of course I didn't. But I advise you to keep away from Shakespeare, — and I am sure Shakespeare's advice to you would be the same.

SARAH: Thank you, Mr. Burr. I shall not take your advice, — or Shakespeare's. Good-bye.

BURR: Good-bye. A very, very charming little girl. Pity!

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VI

Emily Dickinson and Aaron Burr, strolling together in the quiet garden at Amherst

BURR: I know you must regard me with horror, must be thoroughly shocked at me, especially after the picture he has drawn.

EMILY: Really, Colonel, you flatter yourself. I shocked at you? My friend, I am not shocked at God. After that, even you will admit that you have no chance.

BURR: Why — why —

EMILY: Can it be that I have shocked you? But then, the grandson of Jonathan Edwards, of course.

BURR: Now don't bring Jonathan into it.

EMILY: I didn't. You did — and God.

BURR: But why talk so much about — about God? Ladies didn't in my day.

EMILY: I thank Him I wasn't a lady in your day. Though, for the matter of that, my day is all days, just plain eternity. You never thought about eternity, did you, Colonel?

BURR, *determined not to let any woman get the better of him:* Well, madam, if you will have it, the most exquisite approach to eternity that I ever found was in the arms of a lovely woman.

EMILY: Was it? Really? Now, from all I have heard — and read — my complaint of that experience would be that it was so short.

BURR: My God, madam, you astonish me.

EMILY: I thought I should. The truth is, Colonel, there was always something of the child about you, as he has so well pointed out, and that is why you loved them.

BURR: *He!* That abominable he! Some day I shall fight him, we shall all fight him.

EMILY: And by doing so prove that he was entirely right as to all of you. O, Colonel, you were all children, beside him and me. You see, he and God and I understand you, — you never understood yourselves, — that was your tragedy, — and your charm.

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VII

Aaron Burr and Ben Butler, in hell

BURR: What, Ben? So you've got here at last.

BUTLER: Who in hell are you? Aaron Burr? I don't belong with you.

BURR: No, it's true; but they're not so very particular about those little distinctions.

BUTLER: Who got me here? Does West Point have its way, even in hell?

BURR: O, Ben, you know you might drop that sort of thing with me: we understand each other.

BUTLER: We may understand each other, but we don't consort together, not if I know it. What could put me in your class?

BURR: Well, if I'm not critical, I don't think you need to be.

BUTLER: Confound your impudence! Who shot Hamilton?

BURR: Is that it? Between ourselves, I think it's better to shoot men cleanly than to put knives in their backs and poison in their hearts, to play mean, low tricks on them, and then to laugh at it.

BUTLER: I never played mean tricks except upon my enemies.

BURR: And I never shot my friends.

BUTLER: And then women —

BURR: Now, Ben, don't begin upon women. That poor wife of yours, I've read all your letters, and I pity her: you could never appreciate her. I could have.

BUTLER: Yes, appreciated her, and then deserted her.

BURR: I never deserted my wife.

BUTLER: No, she died: it was damned considerate of her.

BURR: Benjamin, do you remember the little house, No. 1020 Canal Street, that Admiral Porter tells about?

BUTLER: Damn that Porter, how he would lie!

BURR: Very likely. Do you remember the little house on Canal Street?

BUTLER: Damn the little house on Canal Street!

BURR: I thought so: there's not a pin to choose between us, Ben.

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HAS AMERICA A NATIONAL STYLE?

JOHAN BULL

A NORWEGIAN artist, who has spent some time in this country, and contributed a number of drawings to THE FORUM, *sees cheerful signs that America, although it still borrows extensively from abroad, is beginning to develop a style of its own in many different fields.*

BEING through with the decay of taste which culminated in the latter part of the nineteenth century, our generation has witnessed a remarkable and fast-growing appreciation of artistic furniture. We have got rid of the pseudo-Turkish multicolored and mottled plush-covered chairs and sofas and the degenerated *Jugend*-style with its qualming curves.

But have we a style of our own? Hardly. We still "borrow" from Chippendale and Sheraton, we copy the Dutch Renaissance cupboards, the baroque chairs, and the *Louis Seize* types. We are under the spell of the solemn, dignified empire, and we admire Hepplewhite, while we are waiting for the style that belongs to our age exclusively. There have evidently been too many novelties, we have been distracted by all the new inventions, and we have had no time to follow them up. To quote John Galsworthy: "Men are, in fact, quite unable to control their own inventions: at best they develop adaptability to the new conditions these inventions create."

Still, there are signs indicating that we will yet have our own style, a style that will tell something about us, just as the rococo, with its frivolous lines, gives us a picture of the graceful, thoughtless life in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Let us consider the motor-car, an invention of our own age. The first ones were just plain horseless carriages provided with motors. They retained the lines of a horse-drawn wagon with its arched body and its heavy appearance, a remnant of an age when time was not as precious as it is now. By and by the lines were straightened, the body lowered, the superfluous ornaments left out, and we thus got the car of to-day with its speedy look. This car is our own; its simplified lines make it look practical. At a

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glance we distinguish between the speedster and the touring-car. The racer with its torpedo-like appearance is no doubt graceful, though it was built for speed only, no effort having been made to make it look beautiful. And we conceive at once that the solid, reliable looking touring-car is comfortable. Both of them meet the conditions they were designed for, which is the essential thing. That is why they are good-looking. A locomotive is made heavy, powerful, and speedy, all these features being very conspicuous. And is not a locomotive a fascinating sight? And a railway bridge, with its elegant lines and cobweb-like construction, — light and strong, — how well it blends with the landscape. Both the locomotive and the bridge are above all practical, — made for a distinct purpose.

Our great master, Nature, teaches us the same thing. Look at the breastbone of the grouse, an ornament in itself: its proportions and lines make it look rather fragile, but try to break it. It is pleasant to look at because its construction is the very best for the purpose. A race-horse looks the personification of speed, and is, perhaps, the most beautiful animal on earth. But a heavy farm horse is also an attractive sight. Imagining the latter running on a race-track, or the race-horse pulling a heavy truck is less attractive, — almost like seeing a hammock in an elegant *Louis Seize* parlor, or a Greek temple in Wall Street. They don't belong there.

The phonograph is a child of our century. The manufacturers have long been striving to find a fitting encasing for it but have not succeeded as yet. Nevertheless, its looks have greatly improved since the first ugly box with its monstrous megaphone was put on the market. Take any other instrument, the harp, the violin, the grand piano, all of them are graceful. We owe the future generations a stylish encasing for the phonograph.

Any one wandering about in the marvelous *Palazzo Ducale* in Venice, where the Italian geniuses of the Renaissance made their masterpieces of decorations and architecture, has to admire the accomplished harmony from ceiling to floor. Candlesticks, wall-rings for the torches, framings of windows and doors, everything is the work of artists. One might wish that electric light had been invented at that time. Perhaps the universal genius, Michelangelo, had found the "spirit", so to say, of the electric light.

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Ever since the first electric bulb was made the problem has been to find an adequate way of arranging it. The first thing we did was to put the bulbs in our old oil lamps and equip the chandeliers, hanging down from the ceiling, with porcelain candles carrying diminutive bulbs. It wasn't successful. It was an imitation. Besides, the chandeliers and lamps had been arranged in a certain way. They had been kept away from the walls and the ceilings in our effort to avoid burning them; but now, with chandeliers and lamps with bulbs it became ridiculous. Then we got the well-known new models, which were not satisfactory either. Now we try to hide the bulbs by using reflected light.

So far, so good, but don't we miss something? Are there no other possibilities? Who knows, perhaps the old wizard Leonardo da Vinci would have solved the problem. We would not have had the disadvantage of passing through the age of oil lamps anyway. It is remarkable how often the old masters found the right thing at once. Our time has brought us the electric light and we owe it to our descendants to put it "in style", to find its "spirit".

American architects have created the skyscraper, which is the most practical building in a congested metropolis; and it is therefore becoming for a modern city. The American architects have developed a new style. The huge Fisk building in New York, for instance, is worthy of eternal life. With its red brick-walls and square outlines, it is a criterion of the taste of the present age. Let everything be genuine is the slogan of to-day. There are few materials that have no charming qualities of their own. Bricks are bricks and do not need any plaster; an iron fence becomes ridiculous when painted to look like gold; and pine counterfeited as oak in that greasy-looking, dirty manner, *en vogue* some time ago, is awful.

Still we miss the furniture style of to-day, but with the skyscraper, the modern car, and the correct appreciation of the materials as an accomplished fact, we have a right to be confident and to expect the new style's birth in America.

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THE SUBMARINE MENACE

GEORGE WHEELER HINMAN, JR.

NOW that there is more than a possibility of another Arms Conference, it becomes interesting to recall the signal failure of the first one held in Washington in 1922 to dispose of the submarine menace. Contrary to popular belief at the time, the submarine emerged triumphant from that conference. Despite the efforts of the British and American delegations, the weapon that nearly encompassed the downfall of the Allies stands ready to repeat its assaults upon commerce and noncombatants in the next great war.

WITHIN the last few days it has been divulged *via* the circuitous route of a cable dispatch from London, that the State Department is sounding out the European governments on the advisability of calling another Arms Conference. At this writing the purpose of the proposed conference has not been definitely stated, but it can be safely assumed that among other things it will take up and attempt to tie up the loose ends left by the Washington Conference on the Limitation of Armament. Chief among these loose ends is certainly the future status of the submarine. The man in the street gathered the impression that at the Washington Arms Conference the submarine had been definitely "outlawed". Gradually, however, it has come to light that nothing of the sort was actually accomplished. During the long debates in the French Parliament leading up to a tardy ratification of the treaty, a certain "qualifying reservation" was proposed to the submarine clauses. This reservation says in part that the treaty "should not be interpreted as modifying rules previously established between the Signatory Powers concerning surface ships or as imposing upon submarines navigating in conformity with such rules, a régime other than that which applies to surface ships."

This reservation, studied in connection with the minutes of the Arms Conference reveals the fact that the status of the submarine is unchanged by the treaty, that submarine warfare remains "unhumanized", and that, given the same conditions, the next conflict will bring with it a submarine controversy identical with the one which featured the hostilities of 1914–1918.

The revelation is not a pleasant one. It does not cheer idealists reluctant to face the facts of national antagonism. How disconcerting is the realization that the Allied Powers which so assailed

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the menacing submarine of the World War have so far failed to eliminate the terror from future conflicts.

The text of the submarine clauses of the treaty as finally signed at Washington is as follows:

> The Signatory Powers declare that among the rules adopted by civilized nations for the protection of the lives of neutrals and non-combatants at sea in time of war, the following are to be deemed an established part of international law:
>
> (1) A merchant vessel must be ordered to submit to visit and search to determine its character before it can be seized.
>
> A merchant vessel must not be attacked unless it refuse to submit to visit and search after warning, or to proceed as directed after seizure.
>
> A merchant vessel must not be destroyed unless the crew and passengers have first been placed in safety.
>
> (2) Belligerent submarines are not under any circumstances exempt from the universal rules above stated; and if a submarine cannot capture a merchant vessel in conformity with these rules the existing law of nations requires it to desist from attack and from seizure and to permit the merchant vessel to proceed unmolested.
>
> The Signatory Powers invite all other civilized Powers to express their assent to the foregoing statement of established law so that there may be a clear public understanding throughout the world of the standards of conduct by which the world is to pass judgment upon future belligerents.
>
> The Signatory Powers, desiring to insure the enforcement of the humane rules of existing law declared by them with respect to attacks upon and the seizure and destruction of merchant ships, further declare that any person in the service of any Power who shall violate any of those rules, whether or not such person is under orders of a governmental superior, shall be deemed to have violated the laws of war and shall be liable to trial and punishment as if for an act of piracy and may be brought to trial before the civil or military authorities of any power within the jurisdiction of which he may be found.
>
> The Signatory Powers recognize the practical impossibility of using submarines as commerce destroyers without violating, as they were violated in the recent war of 1914–1918, the requirements universally accepted by civilized nations for the protection of the lives of neutrals and non-combatants, and to the end that the prohibition of the use of submarines as commerce destroyers shall be universally accepted as a part of the law of nations they now accept that prohibition as henceforth binding as between themselves and they invite all other nations to adhere thereto.

The French reservation, according to the pronouncement submitted to Parliament over the signature of President Millerand, Premier Poincaré, and others of that Ministry, was "designed to prevent errors in the interpretation" of these clauses just quoted.

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To comprehend the full significance of this reservation, reference must be had to the detailed discussion and successive proposals which featured the deliberations of the delegates. Without knowledge of what transpired at the Conference, the public may continue under the misapprehension which prevailed immediately following the announcement of the agreement to "outlaw the submarines."

When the agreement was first reached by the Conference Committee on Limitation of Armament, Secretary of State Hughes, head of the American Delegation and chairman of the Committee, suggested to the delegates that "the committee might not care to have all these discussions that had taken place over various legal and other questions appear in the *communiqué*" given the public.

"Possibly," Mr. Hughes suggested, "it would be sufficient to say that these Resolutions, now numbering three, were presented, discussed, and adopted."

So the public was not told of the vital discussions which dealt even with individual words in the proposed resolutions and which resulted in important changes in the original draft prepared by Mr. Root with the assistance of the British delegation. It was not revealed that France and Italy fought step by step the efforts of Great Britain, seconded by the American delegates, to eliminate the submarine.

Now the French reservation emphasizes the importance of these discussions and directs attention to the fact that they fail to substantiate the popular belief that the submarine has been banished as a weapon for use in operations against merchant ships. It reveals the true significance of the failure of Mr. Root and the British to persuade the delegates to accept a wording for "the prohibition of the use of submarines in operations against merchant vessels."

After the delegates had recorded the signal failure of being unable to agree upon limiting the tonnage of submarines and other auxiliary war vessels, Mr. Root presented the resolutions relative to the use of submarines. He admitted frankly that, "made between diplomats or foreign offices or governments, these resolutions would be ineffective, but, if they were adopted by the Conference and met with the approval (as was sure to be the case)

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of the great mass of the people, the power of the public opinion of the world would enforce them."

As originally presented, the Root resolutions were three in number:

First, a statement of already recognized rules of international law;

Second, an attempt to amend and improve international law in the sense that submarines should not be used at all as destroyers of commerce;

Third, a declaration that violators "of the humane rules with respect to the prohibition of the use of submarines in warfare" were punishable as pirates.

Lord Balfour immediately proposed an amendment whereby the five Powers represented, — the United States, Great Britain, France, Italy, and Japan, — would agree to accept the inhibition against the use of submarines as destroyers of commerce.

The first of the Root resolutions was accepted by the five Powers and referred to a drafting committee; but the second and third encountered delay while the delegates asked their home government for instructions. There was some discussion, including sharp exchanges between the French and British delegations, but six days passed before the committee was ready to proceed with the actual consideration of the resolutions themselves. Then the drafting sub-committee reported the first resolution in two sections.

The first section stated existing rules of international law covering visit and search, and declared that submarines must deal with merchant ships in accordance with these rules.

The second section invited "all other civilized Powers" to adhere to the declaration of the first.

In reporting the resolutions, Mr. Root, on behalf of the sub-committee announced that Italy had requested the recording in the minutes of entries the true significance of which is now apparent. One entry was to the effect that "submarines have the same obligations and the same rights as surface craft." The other entry insisted on the distinction "between the deliberate destruction of a merchant vessel and the destruction which may result from a lawful attack." Included in this second entry was the statement that, if a war vessel "lawfully attacks a merchant

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vessel, it cannot be held that the war vessel, before attacking, should put the crew and passengers of the merchant vessel in safety."

And then Senator Schanzer (Italy) himself "stated in addition that the Italian delegation understood the term 'merchant vessel' in the resolution to refer to unarmed merchant vessels." In the course of the argument, he asserted in so many words that "a merchant ship with guns was a war vessel."

This last declaration by the Italians precipitated considerable discussion, the British bringing up the old rule relative to the so-called "defensive arming" of merchant ships; but the Italian Senator adhered to his statement. Especially significant was the request by M. Sarraut of the French delegation, who asked that Senator Schanzer's statements "be recorded in the minutes."

The committee then proceeded with the consideration of the Root resolution which proposed to prohibit the use of submarines for the destruction of commerce. The French asked that, in recognizing "the practical impossibility of using submarines as commerce destroyers," specific reference be made to the conduct of the Germans in the World War.

Lord Balfour immediately scented an attempt to nullify the purpose which Great Britain sought to accomplish by this resolution as modified by his amendment. He asked "whether it was not possible to twist the phrase so that the article would apply only to German methods."

"The ingenuity of man for wrong-doing is very great," he said, and asked if it were "not unfortunate that the wrong-doers should be hampered only by the methods adopted by the Germans." Would it not be possible, he inquired, for the wrong-doers to say: "It is true that we have used our submarines as commerce destroyers, but we have not used them as the Germans did, and consequently we are not violating this resolution."

The draft of the resolution then was re-amended to meet in this regard the desires of both the British and the French. The British, however, patently feared that they were not obtaining the security they sought. Lord Lee objected to forbidding only "the use of submarines as commerce destroyers," and suggested a modification prohibiting their use "for seizure or attacks on commerce." Sir Auckland Geddes of the British delegation sup-

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plemented his colleague's suggestion with the recommendation that the use of submarines in "operations against commerce" be forbidden.

Mr. Root and Senator Lodge of the American delegation appeared to regard these anxieties as unwarranted; but Secretary Hughes proposed that the desires of the British be met by a statement of the prohibition as applying "to the use of submarines in operations against merchant vessels."

In response to a question from the Japanese delegate, Mr. Root stated plainly that he thought "the prohibition would apply to submarines attacking or seizing or destroying merchant vessels under any circumstances, so long as the vessel remained a merchant vessel. Only such an application," he explained, "would make the prohibition effective."

Mr. Root's exposition immediately provoked an objection from Italy. Senator Schanzer declined to accept the interpretation, and declared his willingness to approve only the original resolution as first amended by Lord Balfour and M. Sarraut.

So was the idea of prohibiting "the use of submarines in operations against merchant vessels" definitely and specifically rejected; and the five Great Powers were able to agree unanimously on a wording which, according to the expressed British opinion, was inadequate.

Many were the compliments exchanged between the delegates after this agreement finally was reached; but Secretary Hughes apparently recognized the fact that "the committee might not care to have all this discussion that had taken place" made known to the public. The committee agreed with him that "it would be sufficient to say that these resolutions, now numbering three, were presented, discussed, and adopted;" and so it was proclaimed to the world that the abhorred submarine had been "outlawed".

On what a shifting bed of international sands is builded this fanciful illusion that the submarine has been eliminated as an effective weapon against sea-borne commerce! How false is the popular faith that never again will the world have to suffer the horrors of unrestricted submarine warfare!

The French reservation states plainly that the submarine clauses of the treaty signed at Washington make no change in the rules that prevailed prior to the meeting of the Arms Conference

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and that submarines are subject only to the regulations applying also to surface craft.

So, in the next great conflict, will the world be face to face with the controversy which made a horror of sea warfare in the last. The successive developments in prospect are all too plain.

One nation begins the use of submarines in operations against merchant vessels, a practise which the Washington Conference could not agree to prohibit. The rules of visit and search are duly observed; but the submarine, like a small surface craft, cannot take aboard large numbers of prisoners. It, therefore, makes certain provisions for the safety of the crew and passengers and then sinks the captured merchant vessel.

Immediately, protest is made that the provisions for the safety of the crew and passengers were inadequate and that international law has been grossly violated. The protesting nation forthwith "arms merchantmen defensively against such illegal practises."

Hark back a moment to the declaration of the Italian delegate at the Washington Conference: "A merchant ship with guns is a war vessel."

All know that a "defensively armed" merchantman is offensively armed so far as the defensively weak submarine is concerned. A submarine rises to give warning of visit and search, and is fired upon, perhaps sunk, by the "defensively armed" merchant vessel.

There is no need further to trace the course of events in prospect. One act leads to another, retaliation to retaliation, reprisal to reprisal; and unrestricted submarine warfare, with all its universally dreaded attendant horrors, is again in full swing.

Wisely did Lord Balfour warn the Washington delegates that "the ingenuity of man for wrong-doing was very great."

With the memory of the World War still fresh in our minds, with the record of the Conference before us, with the realization that the status of the submarine remains unchanged by the widely heralded Root resolutions, well may we ask, somewhat as Lord Balfour asked:

Who doubts that, when submarines are once let loose to deal with merchantmen, their powers will not, in the stress of war, be abused as grossly in the future as they have been in the past?

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NEW TRENDS IN THE THEATRE

VI — *Spain*

IRVING BROWN

THE present-day tendencies of Spanish literature are typical both of the general trend in other countries at the moment and of the age-old literary tradition of Spain itself: an oscillation between close-to-the-soil observation and high flights of fancy. In most countries this is a matter of transition, a swing from one extreme to the other; in Spain it is a matter of temperament. The terms classicism, romanticism, realism, modernism, and futurism are all imported and have little meaning in Spanish literature save in the case of works produced under the influence of foreign schools.

Instead of alternating schools of realism and idealism, the two tendencies form parallel currents in the history of Spanish art. The same age that produced the picaresque novel also produced the mystic writings of Santa Teresa and Fray Luis de Leon. The stronger and more characteristic of these two currents is realism; but they have always existed side by side in harmony, and not infrequently have blended in a single work as in *Don Quixote* and in the paintings of El Greco. The Spaniard is an individualist, and at the same time a traditionalist. He likes to be let alone, to be allowed to create according to his character and training, rather than according to theory.

While the rest of the world is suffering from acute theoritis, the Peninsula has remained fairly immune. Personally, I believe it is fortunate, since literary styles force the writer into molds that may not suit his temperament. The average dramatist, novelist, or painter, as the average human being, is apt to alternate between moods of realism and fancy, with the former predominating.

The individualism of the Spaniard, which has been disastrous politically for the last three hundred years, has been advantageous artistically. There are few cities where the life of the spirit is as intense as it is in Madrid. Drama depends on the public more than any of the other arts, and the theatre-going public of

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Madrid would be unique were it more favorably disposed toward the classics and toward dramatic experiments and innovations. The demands it makes on the actors, directors, and authors of half a dozen theatres would seem excessive in any other country. These theatres combine the advantages of a stock company system with the short-run plan of the New York Theatre Guild. There are two performances daily of two or more plays. Every few weeks a new play is produced. If it is very successful, it remains in the repertory.

Quality is not sacrificed to quantity, save occasionally on the part of the playwright; but over-production is by no means confined to the drama nor to the present day. Exuberance and fertility have always been distinctive of the creative imagination in Spain: Lope de Vega and Zorilla writing plays in twenty-four hours, Sorolla painting a large canvas in an hour, Blasco Ibañez finishing a novel at white heat, scarcely taking time to sleep or eat.

A given theatre supports a given company in most cases, such as the famous Mendoza-Guerrero troupe at the *Princesa*, or the Díaz-Ortiga company at the *Español*, which are more or less family affairs, the two sons of Mendoza and María Guerrero playing important rôles with their parents. Each theatre specializes in certain authors and certain types of plays. Last season the *Español*, a municipal playhouse, gave dramas by Benavente, while the *Princesa* produced those of Marquina and Linares Rivas, and the *Lara* plays by the Quintero Brothers.

Linares Rivas is a playwright who is now in his fifties, and who represents the current of realism, which still flows vigorously. He has been described as a satirist and a reformer, or rather a demolisher, of society, a sort of Beaumarchais, undermining the social régime of which he forms a part. The son of a powerful politician, and a politician himself, a senator affiliated with the wealthy conservatives, Linares Rivas is simply one of the writers whose imagination is limited to what he sees and knows. He is a born dramatist, whose observations take the form of spirited dialogue and living characters. He has no intention of attacking; but since his vision is clear and his instincts normal, he cannot help laughing at the frivolities that give pleasure to the aristocracy of wealth and family and being stirred by the evils that are destroying it.

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As in *Aire de Fuera* (*Stifling*), *La Garra* (*The Claw*), *María Victoria*, and *La Jaula de la Leona* (*The Cage of the Lioness*), the situation is that of domestic unhappiness, all too common among certain classes in Spain. If these plays, which are typical of his best work, depend too much on social conventions for their interest, at least they contain women characters that are appealing. *The Cage of the Lioness*, played in 1924, gave María Guerrero a chance to show much of her former power and passion.

Linares Rivas has been accused of imitating Benavente, and both have been accused of imitating the French. The fact is that both the Spaniards write realistic society dramas, as do Capus, Donnay, and other dramatists in France, and the wealthy bourgeoisie of Madrid is more or less cosmopolitan, not to say Gallicized.

Of the two Madrileños, Benavente is by far the greater, as he not only penetrates deeper through the crust of custom into human motive, but he is also much more varied in his satirizations. He alone reflects all the contemporary tendencies and points the way to the future. In spite of the fact that most of his plays, unlike those of Linares Rivas, are almost actionless, he is a master of technique, and can use all the tricks of the well-made plot when he so desires.

Although Benavente does not write in verse like most of the recent dramatists, he has written plays that possess a fine lyrical and imaginative quality. A keen mind and a capacity for mental dissection he certainly has; but he has also warm senses, well under control to be sure, and strong emotions, rather deeply suppressed. His pessimism is partially that of the person who sees too clearly and pierces all illusions; but it is also that of the person who wears it as a sort of armor to preserve his sensibilities. It is subjective and traceable to early experiences.

The real Benavente, minus his coat of mail, is seen in a youthful book of poetry, *Verses*, which is interesting chiefly from a biographical viewpoint. Here we find half-revealed an incident, like that depicted in *Fata Morgana* by the Hungarian playwright, a cruel trifling with the ideals and passion of the youthful poet. Moreover, one cannot help feeling that he takes a certain masochistic pleasure in his disillusionment. Like all pessimists, he is a disappointed optimist, and nurses his disappointment.

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Lecciones de Buen Amor, admirably presented at the *Español*, expresses a deep capacity for love on the part of a man whose profound mistrust of sex is finally overcome through his tenderness for a child.

The Benavente that will live, and will serve as a model for the coming generations, is not the cold skeptic performing surgical operations on society or smiling sardonically at its pettiness; it is the creator of *La Malquerida* (*The Passion Flower*), and *The Bonds of Interest*. If the latter play was not successful in New York, the fault lay with the public and not with the author, who put into it all his rich and complex personality.

The Quintero Brothers share with Benavente the honors of burying the exaggerated, artificial, declamatory type of play which predominated until the beginning of the twentieth century. They represent the contemporary brand of realism in all its virtue and all its poverty. Their most typical works are their *sainetes*, — pictures, or rather, sketches of local customs. Their finely spun thread of feeling sometimes becomes sentimentality; but their dialogue is a perfect blend of vivacity and naturalness, and their observation of amusing and appealing types most faithful. At their worst they are trivial; at their best they hold an untarnished mirror up to nature.

Their most successful play last season was *Concha la Limpia*, literally translated *Concha the Clean*. Like their *La Flor de la Vida* (*The Flower of Life*), it is a three act play with only two characters; but it is something more than a *tour de force*. The aim of these dramatists, — to make the audience forget they are in a theatre, — is fully attained. How much this was due to the exquisite art of Rosario Pino is a question. The actress merged herself so completely in the part that it was impossible to think that she was acting. But naturalness is only a means to an end. The play is good because it expresses adequately the emotion which the authors intended, and reflects an interesting and characteristic bit of life.

There is poetry in the plays of the Quinteros, the poetry of Andalusia, on its more obvious and external sides, perhaps; but with all the charm of a patio in Seville with its flowers, its marble fountains, and its blue skies.

A definite attempt to dramatize the beauty of Moorish Spain

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was made by the lyric poet, Villaespesa in *The Castle of Pearls*. Poetry is certainly the keynote of present-day tendencies.

Two of the most recent dramatists, Ramon Goy de Silva, with *The Kingdom of Silence* and the *Court of the White Crow*, and his friend, Jacinto Grau, the author of *Count Alareos*, aspire to a symbolic form of drama that will rival that of Shakespeare. But it is one thing to aspire and another to create. So far the public has refused to see anything in their works save an imitation of Rostand, Maeterlinck, and d'Annunzio, and a Byzantine conglomeration of pagan mysticism.

The dramatic fantasies of Valle Inclán have been taken more seriously, but have seldom been played. Whether they are closet dramas or truly dramatic is an open question. What is certain is that the author is the most artistic prose writer in Spain to-day, and that his brief novels, *The Sonatas*, will live, not only for the beauty of their style, but for their poetic and dramatic qualities.

Another writer of undisputed excellence who has attempted to renew the drama is Unamuno. In 1924 one of his plays, *Phaedra*, reached the public. It was an endeavor to incarnate in modern life and characters the theme of the ancient Greek tragedy of that name.

Martínez Sierra, who has tried every form of literature and pleased in all, is the author of *The Cradle Song*, a comedy of sentiment that was played a few years ago by a little theatre in New York. If the delicate lyric nature of the work is lacking in power, it is simply because joy is more fragile than sorrow, as pain is more intense than pleasure; but it is none the less legitimate and sincere, as is the feminine strain in his writings due to the collaboration of his wife.

At present Martínez Sierra is the director of the *Teatro Eslava* in Madrid. It is a significant and hopeful sign of the times that a poet has been chosen the director of this large and popular theatre. His policy is decidedly eclectic. Most of the plays he stages are novel and appeal to a cultivated audience. An interesting experiment at the *Eslava* last season was a Pirandellian fantasy that was highly amusing. The settings of the productions are extremely colorful and have the fine pictorial quality noticeable in those designed by not a few Americans who were painters and decorators before applying their art to the stage.

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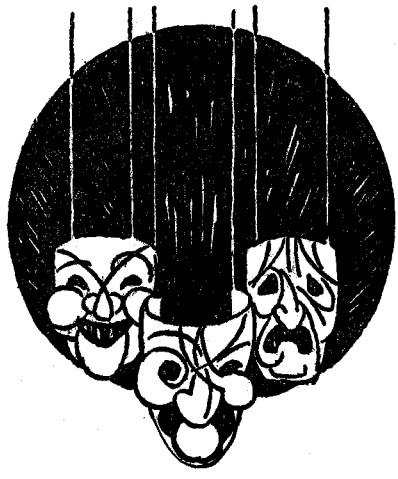
The most successful of all the poetic dramatists is Eduardo Marquina, who writes in verse. His plays are well constructed and powerful. They are dramatic and, alas, even theatrical at times. *El Pobrecito Carpintero* (*The Poor Carpenter*), produced last winter at the *Princesa*, ended in a manner that smacked of the popular melodrama, with its heroes, villains, and the eternal child, and yet the first two acts are beautiful. The characters are drawn with simplicity and strength; they are vital, and the deep capacity for feeling which the spectator senses in them rouses his own emotions. Marquina has no need of the tricks discarded by the best playwrights of the last generation.

The tendencies of contemporary drama in Spain are, on the whole, encouraging. Pure realism in drama is as dangerous as in sculpture. In these two arts perfect imitation of nature is wholly possible; but the latter is waxworks and the former is eavesdropping. Nevertheless, the realists have cleared the field of the conventional recipes for plays *à la* Scribe, of declamation, and of pseudo-romantic, melodramatic clap-trap. Already the step beyond realism has been taken. In Benavente himself, the chief of the realists, we have seen a trend toward something more than a surface view of life, toward drama that is imaginative, significant, poetic. In Spain the tendency goes by the vague label of Modernism; but it is similar to the world-wide movement generally termed Expressionism.



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BELLES LETTRES IN BALLOT BOXES

IV — Fox and the Era of Corruption

GEORGE HENRY PAYNE

EVERY writer I presume has one faithful critic who reads or assumes to follow with meticulous care the outpourings of his friend. The faithful one in this instance had been reading in the papers that New York State was about to substitute the voting machine for the ballot box, and professed to believe that such an improvement would bring to an untimely end a series of articles described as these are.

I refused to be dismayed by this threatened catastrophe for while I could understand that the editor and the public might say that "Belles Lettres in Voting Machines" was a clumsy title, headlines after all are not important. Moreover I pointed out that literary statesmen have their own machine. Woodrow Wilson carried his typewriting machine into Buckingham Palace on the occasion of his visit to King George and alarmed His Majesty's servants into believing that the Palace was to be blown up when they heard our President clicking off a little piece in the stillness of the night. In fact some day the familiar debate will take the form, "Is the Typewriter mightier than the Polling Machine?"

The ballot box will outlast many of its critics, for its possibilities as a means of manipulation are too appealing. When it does go it will probably leave behind a name synonymous with corruption, only partly deserved. It will be forgotten that it did away with great corruption of another kind just as we are apt to forget that the very fascinating eighteenth century, which we touched on last month, and which some are disposed to regard as another Augustan era, was the last word in political corruption.

Of that period the most interesting part is perhaps that covered by the life of Charles James Fox, a portrait of whom came to light in New York the other day, giving the newspaper paragrapher an opportunity to explain that "he was a famous statesman of the eighteenth century and a friend of the American colonists." It isn't necessary to-day, even to newspaper readers

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to explain William Pitt, Fox's great antagonist, and yet had it not been for the jealousies of Fox and Lord Shelburne, the period in English politics which is marked by great corruption under the Tories might have been marked by great reform under the Whigs, with better feeling in America for England in the first days of our Republic, justice and liberty for Ireland, and less shame in India.

It is perhaps idle to speculate on how different history might have been if Fox, leading the Whigs with what we would call a liberal program, had been in power instead of Pitt in the long years following the American Revolution. Idle speculation is not popular, as many find who undertake it in connection with more modern times. I ventured it recently in connection with the late Theodore Roosevelt and the election of 1912, hazarding the opinion that if he had been in the White House when William Hohenzollern went mad in 1914 the world would have heard a different story.

What Fox and Burke and their associates did do, assisted by the American Revolutionists, was to bestir the English people to the insufferable conditions under which they were living. The use of money in elections in these days and in this country is still a flagrant evil, too lightly and too easily covered up, or ignored as an impolitic and impolite subject of discussion. But our virtue is amazing when we consider that in one county of England in the election of 1768, one hundred thousand pounds was spent for two parliamentary seats in a contest between the interests of the Duke of Portland and the Earl of Lonsdale. George the Third, himself, in the election of 1780, wrote Lord North that he was willing to pay three thousand pounds for one seat at Arundel, and a week later he sent John Robinson, — known in that day as the Patronage Secretary but in our time as the "bagman", — fourteen thousand pounds *in banknotes* to be used where it would do the most good. How Boies Penrose would have got along with George the Third!

The enormous sums of money spent must be considered in connection with the small number of voters who elected the members of Parliament. Thomas Oldfield, a contemporary of Fox and one of the first of muckrakers, published an analysis of the political conditions in England of that time in which he

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showed that many members of Parliament were returned by less than a hundred votes, in one county a dozen and in another two, while towns like Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, and Sheffield had no representative.

Never in the history of politics were "jobs" so plentiful. Not only was every purchasable member of Parliament on the pay-roll, but sons, daughters, wives, and in-laws had a foot in the trough. New York City has recently been agitated because one of its officials, Mr. Murray Hurlbert, has been disqualified from office because he had accepted from the State of New York an honorary office paying no salary. Compare this with the case of the member (taken from the official lists of the Patronage Secretary) whose record reads:

"A Privy Councillor; Commissioner of Customs; a large living to his brother; and made a Taster of Wines with a thousand pounds per annum in addition. Discontented that his brother, who is under age, could not be made a Bishop."

Imagine what American comment would have been if it had been revealed that one of our Congressmen, in addition to his regular office, had had himself made Collector of the Port of New York, Prohibition Director, and then demanded that his brother be made Bishop of New York.

That the political social life of the time was a drunken orgy is the statement of more than one historian, — a fact that also must be considered. Fox himself went from his all-night gambling and carousing to the House; and Pitt rose to speak visibly under the influence of the quantities of port that he was always drinking. Horace Walpole says it was not infrequent for men to lose five, ten, and fifteen thousand pounds gambling in one night at Brooks.

Big with vice, it was also an era big with possibilities. In some ways one doesn't wonder that Dr. Johnson was inclined to view his age with content and the times as the best possible in the best possible of worlds. But those who come generations after cannot help but speculate, — idle and unpopular though it may be, — if only Fox, and Burke, and Richmond had had their way and paid part of the moral debt of their own generation.

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FOOTPATH AND HIGHWAY

By The Pedestrian

BULLS, BEARS, AND BEES

ABOUT the best thing Dan Chaucer ever wrote was the line which tells what he was accustomed to do when the month of May was come —

"*Farewel my boke and my devocion.*"

Only I should have gone him one better and have put *April* for *May* — hang the meter! He evidently felt much as I do, witness the famous lines at the beginning of his *Canterbury Tales*, but I suppose he did not have modern facilities for hanging meter.

April sets the blood tingling. Bears, organ-grinders, crocuses, and such things come out of their winter quarters. Bees cease the aimless flying that any warm day in winter puts them up to and begin to fly with a purpose and to hum a new tune. Bulls patrol the upland pastures. Civilization with its steam heat and artificial sunshine cannot wean us from the strange stirrings that transfigure man and beast and root at this magic season. The feet of the young men must be moving now, — and woe to him who turns back to double over his crabbed book. Within, he must have recourse to potent spells to keep his spirits up; but if he goes forth, "the implements of bliss are few", — a pair of stout shoes and the high heart of youth.

As for the three signs which I have chosen, in my title, as significant of Spring, I confess to a rather extensive experience of bees and bulls. Bears I should hardly have included if the financial columns had not got me into the way of thinking that they were the inevitable reverse-picture of bulls. That is, a bull seen after a bad night is a bear, or a bear looked at between your legs becomes a bull. In the stock market the association of these two creatures, I am told, is of ancient origin; and the most credible explanation seems to be that bulls toss things up with their horns whereas bears pull things down with their paws. But the two beasts, as they roam about on 'change, have ac-

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quired far more distinctive characteristics than this. The "bear" is crafty, with a kind of worldly-wise grouch. The "bull," on the other hand, is an optimistic, enthusiastic creature; though your professional "bull" is of course playing a part, — artfully pretending optimism so that you may catch the contagion and continue sick after he gets well.

No comparison with the real animals could be more inept, unless that which long ago wished Satanic character upon the poor serpent or in later times invented the "venomous" toad. From what naturalist friends tell me, I should say bears were good-natured as a rule, much given to drowsiness, savage at times, but not grouchy, and almost the least crafty of beasts. And I know that the bull is everything his prototype of the stock exchange is not.

The outstanding trait of your bull is sullenness. He may rage and imagine you a vain thing, but he bears *you* no particular grudge; he rages, not because of you, but because of his pervasive sullenness, his predetermined will to rage. Could you be miraculously removed from his course and another vile body substituted in your stead, he would still charge sullenly on. Your wayside dog is various and always interesting, whether as friend or foe. There is variety even in skunks. But the only difference I have been able to discern in bulls is the degree of their sullenness.

A bull or a bear in the stock market is an absurdity, when you come to think of it. Not all animals have been so grossly transmogrified in our imaginations. The favorites of beast epic and fable still run true to form, — the crafty but suspicious fox, the self-sufficient cat, the friendly but carnivorous dog, the vain and uxorious cock. But thanks to dear old Isaac Watts and Maurice Maeterlinck, we are pretty well committed to a false picture of the bee.

Not that the bee is not busy — at times. Barring such incredible places as Southern California, where the bee works overtime while the humans do the heavy looking-on, it is busy more or less through six months of the year; and for a few weeks during the "honey-flow" it is so deliriously busy that the New York Subway at rush hour, by comparison, seems as leisurely as an Old Man's Home. But the bee born in early summer never gets as far as the honey-flow of the following June. It putters about the

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place, gets a touch of work-fever when goldenrod is in bloom, and usually perishes with the early frosts. And the fellow (euphemism for lady-worker) born in the late summer has only played at working before the cold shuts down; then she huddles through the winter and spends her old age, in the Spring, nursing the young athletes who are to riot in the clover fields. It may be all right for a bee, this life, but what should we think of our neighbors if they huddled for six months or if their young folk worked themselves to death in a few weeks?

Now I am quite aware that I am flying in the face of entrenched superstition. But any bee-keeper knows, or can know, if he takes the trouble to watch his bees closely, that a lot of flying and buzzing isn't work, that some bees work harder than others, and that colonies vary enormously in their capacity for labor. Once I sprinkled flour on a bee and watched its comings and goings. For the first couple of hours of a fine May morning it didn't go anywhere; it just flew about, lighted, went in and chatted in the hall with its friends, came out again and took the air, and then did it all over again. When it did get started, it stayed away for some time on each trip. I suppose it worked, for it came back laden and spent several minutes inside disposing of its load. This it kept up till about sundown, when it resumed the porch-gossip manner. A fair day's work, but rather less than a farmer has to put in at the same season.

Then there's that fellow Maeterlinck, who tells us enthusiastically of the perfect organization of the colony, — every one in her proper place working for the good of the whole, each worn-out worker going off to die when her work is done so that there is no need of undertakers; idle, noisy drones told exactly where they get off; all lady-workers loyal, dedicated, indefatigable. It's a pretty picture; but there is a touch of dull uniformity, of self-sufficiency, and of inhospitality (not to say of stark Feminism) which is not even romantic when conceived in human terms. If we must have romance about bees, I favor the Pliny variety, — for example: "When foraging bees are overtaken in their expeditions by nightfall, they place themselves on their backs on the ground, to protect their wings from the dew, thus lying and watching until the first sign of dawn."

Far be it from me to shock the nature-lovers. But I don't

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mind shocking the nature-fakers. Nature, to my way of thinking, is more interesting and instructive if we take her as she is.

We can certainly learn a lot from the bee. Not indeed the too obvious combination of Wall Street and Palm Beach, a combination of frenzied busyness and downright idleness which that old reprobate Watts translated into improvement of each shining hour; nor do we really find a model of social and civil perfection in the merciless, self-contained, cutthroat communities idealized by Maeterlinck. Imitating them is not our cue, any more than it is a happy thought to emulate the bull or the bear or the uxorious cock.

> "*It is not growing like a tree*
> *In bulk, doth make man better be.*"

No, what virtue we derive from flora and fauna springs not from imitation of them (one seems to remember cabbage-headed delvers), but rather from quickened senses and steady ways of living. If you can't flutter at gardening, much less can you do so in the apiary. Perhaps the best thing Maeterlinck said in his *Life of the Bee* was that the bee-keeper should use "slow, large motions." Not, indeed, because the bee does, but rather because it doesn't.

I recall the first time I learned the virtue of slow, large motions, — from an old bee-keeper who was initiating me into the mysteries of apiculture. He was a sentimental old cove, called his queen bee "Prosperina," and had got hold of most of the superstitions, including the model community idea. But he also believed and preached the doctrine of slow, large motions; and they had so far become second-nature with him that an incredible tranquillity rested upon him. Looking into his eyes, you would have said he had not been angry for forty years.

At first I was a good deal alarmed by the buzzing (several thousand bees can make a tremendous noise); but he rebuked me gently, told me I must learn to distinguish this joyous hum from the snarl of angry bees.

"If I should inadvertently crush one with my thumb," he went on, "its cry of pain would immediately disturb the whole colony. *Then* you would hear them snarl!" He said this almost gleefully; then added: "If that should happen, remember to go

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slowly; don't run and wave your arms. Go certainly, but go slowly."

Before long the gentle old soul must have "crushed one with his thumb," for suddenly, in place of the "joyous hum," arose a new noise, multitudinous, menacing, an indubitable snarl. Before you could say Jack Robinson, a young privateer, her decks cleared for action, boarded my cheek and drove me from the bucolic scene.

The gentle apiarist put the frame back, closed the hive, and walked unscathed through a cloud of bees till he found me peeking out from behind a tree.

"You went certainly," he said gently, "but you know you didn't go slowly."

NIGHT RAIN

LOUIS GINSBERG

When rain has pelted on the city square,
What bands of gnomes and jinns have shattered there
Phials and jars of fluid fantasies
And flagons gorged with dreams? . . . Till all of these
Have spilled out imageries in tangled flood,
Where sea-green grapples with emblazoned blood, —
Have spurted sorceries, whose colors splashed
Visions that burst to dripping bloom and flashed, —
Have poured profusely out a smoky sheet:
Rainbows exploding noiseless in the street
And smouldering with such exotic dyes,
They burned like big and burnished peacock's eyes! . . .

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POETRY

Edited by Walter S. Hinchman

THE REBEL

WINIFRED M. LETTS

One night I dreamt I saw a man
  Standing before God's shining throne,
A very angry little man,
  And God and he were all alone.
God's knee seemed like a mountain wall,
  Up which the man, fly-like, might crawl.
But there he stood and shook his fists
  And cursed the Universal plan.
I saw his impotent small wrists,
  His eyes too furious for fear;
He did not bow his head nor kneel;
  He shouted loud that God might hear.
God might have crushed him with His heel,
  Instead He bent a listening ear.

Then he began,
  That speck of dust, that fly-like man,
To tell his grievances to God
  Who never moved by stir nor nod.
Just so an insect might have raved
  Defiance at Mount Everest,
Snowpeaked, cloud-turbaned at the crest.
  He said that he had never craved
Mercy of God but just a sign
  That there was method and design,
A scheme benign,
  Hidden within this tangled skein
Of futile effort, useless pain;
  Of good endeavor turned to ill
Of evil crowned and potent still.

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He asked what master would employ
A man who made so poor a toy,
And what mechanic but would not
Have seen the flaws and scrapped the lot.
And yet with sob and shriek and curse
The world rolls on from bad to worse.
Was this divine — to make from dust
A creature torn by every lust,
But fretted by the sight of stars
Shining beyond his prison bars;
Swine, racked by dreams of holy things,
Apes with the rudiments of wings?
Was God, he clamored, still content
And heedless of the innocent
Whose blood and tears fall day by day
On every tyrant's rose-strewn way
While God looks down — Omnipotent?

He laughed at his own irony,
That little man! I held my breath.
I knew some instant flaming death
Must end his panting blasphemy.
But this I saw — God stretched His hand
Down to the man that he might stand
Upon the palm. Poised there in space
He met his Master face to face
And heard God's whisper without fear.
I could not hear
The words that passed, but Heaven's grace
Clothed that small man. God took his part
Because his angry rebel's heart
Had yearned for justice, sought for good,
And turned in wrath from compromise;
When man condemned, God understood
A soul who seeks a Paradise
Where every wrong shall be redressed;
And better than all good — the best
To him whose just soul had defied
An unjust God — God justified.

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GUINEA FOWL

WINIFRED M. LETTS

The guinea fowl shout "Go back! Go back!
  You had better go back than stray
Where the pixies dance round the apple trees
  And the orchard grass is gray
With dew
  And you
Might just be caught and put in the pack
  Of the gipsy man, for he's near the stack,
Hiding where the shadow is black,
  So you'd better go back! Go back! Go back!"

The speckledy hump-backed guinea fowl say
  "Go back, little boy, go back!
If you go to the fairy ring to play
  When the moon shines overhead,
You'll vanish from sight and leave no track,
  And your mother may weep, Alas! Alack!
  Because you wouldn't go back, go back
  As the wise old guinea fowl said."
That's why they shout at the close of day,
  "Go back! Go back! Go back!"

RIDERS OF THE SKY

GARRETA HELEN BUSEY

You were not always grave and white,
But long ago your heart beat high
When on a spring-bewildered night
We rode the horses of the sky,
With flying manes of smoky gray,
Across the circle of the moon!
We rode the black and silver way!
We sang the wind's tempestuous tune!

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We followed where the wind rides free
Up to the purple edge of day,
And there rose up the mighty sea
To wash us with his shining spray.

Listen! The wind sings 'round the moon!
And we who read by shaded light
Once sang its wild tempestuous tune
And rode the horses of the night.

FRAGMENTS

MARY BRENT WHITESIDE

How little words that I have loved go shod
In fragments of the loveliness of God!
  And men have dared the pinnacles of art,
Who hold one vanished gesture of a saint,
In stateliness of marble, or in paint,
  Whose source is deep within the Infinite heart.

Marble is cold, and paint is all too thin
To shape the body of God's beauty in;
  We dare a brow, and reach a garment's hem,
To touch it lightly, as the trees will hold
In late October, miracles of gold,
  Before the spendthrift winds sweep over them.

These winds have scattered us about earth's feet,
Like colored leaves that whisper in the street
  Outside a high and royal garden close.
We are ourselves but fragments; passionate stuff
That shapes one dream of God; it is enough.
  We are spent leaves, but we have touched a rose.

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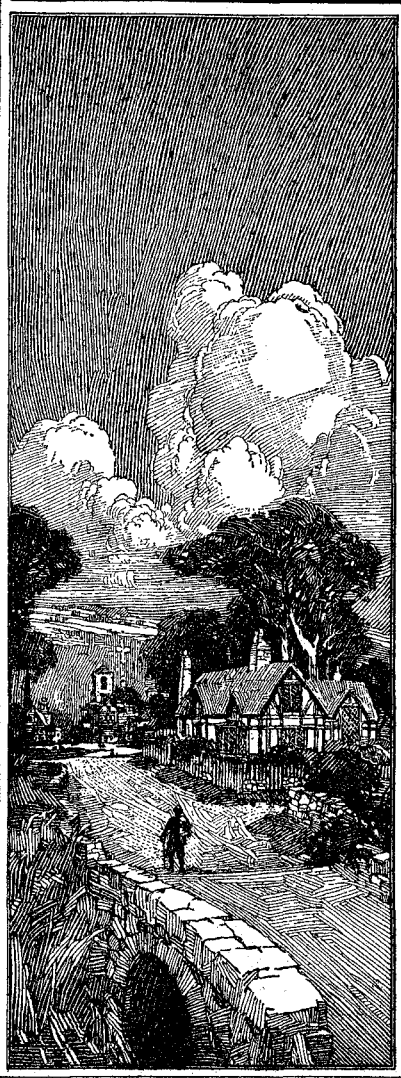
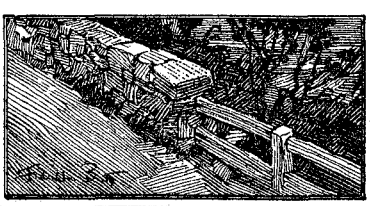
SOUNDINGS

BY A. HAMILTON GIBBS



In previous instalments we saw the charming Nancy Hawthorne, a motherless English girl, meet and repulse her first contact with the "cyclone" of sex; saw her awaken to love with Bob Whittaker; participated in her desolation when he renounced her; followed her groping toward freedom through her work as an artist; then heard the cry of her heart for her woman's heritage, — for the right to create with her body no less than with her paint brush; and finally we saw her caught up in the maelstrom of the Great War. Here we find her determined to take from life what it has hitherto denied her.



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PART FOUR — CHAPTER IV

Continued

The world had shifted beneath her feet, rolled over suddenly. At dawn she would wake with a start to the sound of a bugle and presently hear the heavy tramp of men marching through the village. Then at the bottom of the meadow there would sound the whinnyings of horses, squeals, kickings, and men cursing as they led them to water at the stream. From the porch now they looked out upon endless groups of soldiers, horses, wagons, guns, enormous marquees, — the effect of which was confusion changing momentarily to purpose and always breaking up again into confusion. By day Brimble spoke with a new voice. Its lazy, quiescent hum had become raucous with this invasion of new life, new purpose, and ceaseless activity. Even by night the change was startling. In place of the great stillness of high summer, ruffled only by the whisper of trees, the night was filled now with the vague rumor of standing horses, — deep blowings, sudden outbreaks of bad temper and stamping, groans as they laid down; and then, sharp and terrifying, a challenge, "'Alt! Oo goes there?"

And Nancy, wide awake in bed, made the discovery that it was not the voice in the night that was terrifying, but the idea behind it. That soldier out there was nothing but a country boy dressed up in costume and being trained to kill as many other country boys as he could before he found death in any one of several horrible ways. She got up and looked out of her window over the sleeping camp, picked out in the moonlight in sharp lines of black and white, — tents, horses, and guns aligned with the exactness of a geometrical problem. Potential corpses, her father had called them. The phrase came back to her, appalling in its suggestion, yet borne out by the interminable daily lists of casualties.

"I wonder how many other women," thought Nancy, "are looking out of their windows to-night, English and French and Russian, German and Austrian, wondering about their men? Why do they ever let them go? Do they *want* to have their hearts broken? Why don't they stop it? The fools! The weak-minded fools! . . . Oh, God!"

She turned abruptly with a short, sneering laugh. Its implication was obvious.

. . . . . .

Through the long, muddy winter, Nancy's "bit" consisted of driving an ambulance to and from the station and Wendlesbury Court, the vast country house which had been presented to the government by the Earl of Wendlesbury and converted into a permanent hospital. The way back from Wendlesbury Court was a footpath across the fields. It skirted the beech woods, climbed out of the grassy hollows, wound along the ridge, and dropped gradually until eventually it led on to the golf course.

By day bodies of mounted men exercised their horses there, some dropping guns in a ragged row and driving off, while others fell upon the slim tubes of death, wrenched them into position and, in obedience to the shouting of orders, began loading and firing imaginary shells into the blue. Whenever possible Nancy avoided them. She didn't like the half-heard remarks, the suggestive laughs, the kissing noises that were inevitably flung at her if there were no officer immediately present. Frequently she would swing out in a wide half circle in order to escape this appraisal.

It was better on the way home. The troops were all gone then, and the only men she was likely to meet were an officer or two out for a ride, or a noisy party of them snatching a few holes of golf befort the light gave out. Sometimes one of these would salute and say "Good evening", but there was always a note of flippancy that made her merely nod and hurry on. Ever since the occupation of Brimble by what the press grandiloquently called "the great citizen army of heroes", "the saviors of their country", there had been borne in upon Nancy the great gulf that lies between theory and practise. It was one thing, in the exquisite security of a summer night, alone with the stars, to lay down a rule of conduct and declare herself a coward unless she carried it out. It was quite another, however, in the light of her months of contact with men in the mass, even to think of their theory without horrified repugnance. Either individually or in groups these heroes were alarmingly animal. There was scarcely one

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of them, officer or man, in whose eyes there was not an unspoken challenge to her sex, in greater or less degree. It was different to anything she had known before the war, — as if some spiritual barrier had been lowered, some age-long restraint loosened, as a result of the new way of living that had come upon the world. The frankness of it drove Nancy away from herself. By way of self-protection she assumed an iciness guaranteed to chill the warmth of any approach. As she went about her job in the canteen and at the hospital she appeared aloof, unattainable, immune.

But by a process of unconscious elimination she was turning all the while, not definitely and specifically, but in what might be called a thought-crescendo, to Lloyd. Without her being fully aware of it, he had begun to stand out as something different, something finer. It was a kind of spiritual *rapprochment*, elusive, shadowy, a thin thread that reached out without conscious purpose. All she would admit to herself was that she was glad he was coming. It was a little ray of light on which she could fasten her eyes through the dark days.

And as the routine of militarism settled upon the countryside, Jim Hawthorne watched it all from the imprisonment of his chair. He saw and heard the chafings at the endless monotony of training, the boastings of what they would do to the Hun when they went overseas. He marked the swift blossoming of greed in the faces of the villagers, into whose lives no such opportunity of money had ever come before and might ever come again. He noted that both the men and the young officers soon began to cast around for "a bit of fluff", as the phrase went, — a none too difficult attainment judging by the severity with which the disease of patriotism had stricken the women of Brimble and Friar's Icknield. The old-time village life was dead. One distilled drop of war had fallen upon it, and generations must elapse before the poison could be worked out of its system.

Jim Hawthorne multiplied this by a million, and the result seemed to point inevitably to disintegration and corruption, to the complete breakdown of all that had made for good, and the flourishing of all that spelled evil. In the leading dailies and weeklies, which he read from cover to cover, the one outstanding fact that was screamed from their pages was that man had reverted to Neanderthal mentality. Fear, hatred, and blind superstition, naked and unashamed, seemed to Jim to underlie every reported speech and action. All his inherent cynicism was roused. He had stood aside for so long that he was proof against the emotional whirlwind that swept most people away. To him the war was a highly discreditable social phenomenon, the failure of man to cope with his self-created complexities.

One evening after dinner, in the middle of one of their usual discussions, when they had agreed that the root of the war lay in competitive industrialism, Jim broke up a pause by saying, "Looking back on his crucifixion now, do you suppose Christ still thinks we were worth it?"

"Heavens!" said Nancy. "I don't know." She was tired. It had been a hard day. She had let her head fall back against the deck chair and was gazing up at the stars. "The staggering thing to me," she continued, "is the way these hundreds of thousands of men go out and die, quite simply, almost as a matter of course, without even knowing what they are dying for. It's as if they were obeying some law of nature and couldn't help themselves."

"Granting that," said Jim, "it's hardly a compliment to our much-vaunted civilization, is it? It still leaves us on the level of the amoeba, or, at best, equivalent to salmon in spawning time! It's urge and not intellect! . . . No, to me the most significant fact to-day is that every nation is loud in its protestations of not being the aggressor. It may mean nothing more than that war has entered upon a new plane of social valuation, but I should like to believe that it is the seed of future peace, of that remote period, as yet purely conjectural, when war will be utterly discredited. It's the only possible thing to hope for. Meanwhile we've done nothing better in nineteen hundred years than evolve a dog-eat-dog philosophy which looks like wiping out about three generations. Do you realize that the chances of survival of any one of those men down there are about a thousand to one against?"

Nancy bit her lip. Was there no dodging that? For months now, start where they would, every conversation came back to it.

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"Oh don't, Dad!" she said. "I don't think I can bear it. I've seen what can happen to them, and sometimes it's worse than death! Let's try and forget it, for a little while at least. . . . I had a letter from Lloyd to-day."

Jim started. "Oh!" he said; and then, after a little pause, "Is he . . . is he coming over?"

"He *is* over," said Nancy. "He was sent, unfortunately, straight to France; but he says that he's due for leave pretty soon."

There was a frown on Jim's face. He was staring out over the tree-tops. "Did you happen to notice when the letter was written?" he asked.

"Yes, four days ago," said Nancy.

"Four days!" muttered Jim.

"Why?" said Nancy. "Do you think he might turn up here any day now?"

Jim cleared his throat. "A lot can happen in four days," he said. "You never know!"

Nancy went on quickly. "And what do you think? Lloyd said that the day war was declared, Cornelia, who was over in Paris again, staying with her sister, dashed down in a car to the cavalry barracks where Jean was and married him on the spot! Don't you call that a darned sporting thing to do? I think it was magnificent!"

There was a note of appeal and challenge in her voice. It was almost as if she had said in so many words, "Please agree with me. Don't black this out for me with your pessimism!"

But Jim was listening to something else. He shook his head. "Poor child! Poor child!" he said. "It's like marrying a man on his way to the guillotine."

Nancy jumped up from the porch chair. "Oh, Dad, you're perfectly hateful tonight! What's the matter with you? Surely to Heaven *someone's* going to survive!" She kicked a pebble into the garden.

A horse down in the lines gave a shrill squeal. It was followed by the muffled thumping of hoofs.

"I'm sorry, dear!" said Jim." I . . . " He looked at her as she stood outlined against the stars. His fingers began plucking at the straw of the chair. "I didn't mean to be so damned gloomy." He looked away, embarrassed, and when he spoke again it was as though he were feeling for his words. "It was . . . it was something that I saw in the evening papers before you came in. Nancy, darling, I . . ." He could feel her stiffen.

At the bottom of the lane the crunch of a man's boots could be heard.

Nancy turned slowly round. As soon as she looked at her father, she knew. "Do you mean — Lloyd?"

"I'm afraid so," said Jim.

Somewhere inside her a pulse began throbbing, sharp and staccato, like drumbeats. Presently she tried to moisten her lips and, after incalculable effort, succeeded in doing so. "Show me!" she said. It was like an order given to a stranger.

Jim took the paper from the rack of his chair. The pages rustled like dried leaves as he turned them and folded the paper open at the casualty lists. Nancy took it from him and held it in the ray of the lamp that streamed through the open French window on to the porch. The Canadian section seemed to jump out at her. . . . There! — "Evans, Lloyd. 2nd. Lieut. Flying Corps." . . . She stood staring at it. The words "killed in action" seared her eyes. They were written in flame across the entire sky. The little ray of light to which she had been clinging was extinguished. The paper dropped to the bricks. She was icy cold. Her teeth were chattering.

"He s-said he was coming! And now it has got him, — this thing that's getting them all! . . . I give it up! I don't understand! Our point of view is all wrong! What's the good of caring so much and letting oneself be torn inside out? They don't care! They don't go because they have to. They go because they love it, because it means more to them than anything else in the world. If they get killed, they don't care a damn! The game's worth it! Let them all get killed if they want to! I don't care! I don't care! I . . ." She broke off, gasping. Her face puckered up, and she crumpled on to her father's chair, sobbing violently, uttering incoherent words.

Jim slid his arm round her shoulder. "Oh, my dear! My dear!" he said. "Buck up, old lady! Buck up! . . . It's going to be all right! We . . . we've got to stick it out like the rest of them!"

And while he patted her and uttered

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would-be reassuring banalities, the crunch of those boots came steadily up the lane. They stopped suddenly, and Jim heard the latch of the gate click. He turned his head sharply and peered through the dim starlight, his arm tightening instinctively round Nancy as he made out a figure in uniform advancing along the brick walk.

"Curse the fellow!" thought Jim. "What the hell does he want?" He gave Nancy a warning shake and whispered, "There's someone coming!" Then he called out, brusquely, "Who is that?"

The figure halted. With a quick military salute and a slightly nervous clearing of the throat he said, "I beg your pardon, sir. I'm afraid I startled you. . . ." (Jim felt Nancy's head come up with a gasp.) . . . "I've been sent by the Colonel to ask if you could possibly billet an officer for a short while. The Manor's absolutely full up, and there's a draft coming down to-morrow."

At the sound of that voice Nancy pushed her father's arm away and rose to her feet. With her hair all rumpled and her face stained with drying tears, she stood staring at that vaguely outlined man, whose hands and face were merely luminous patches and down whose front ran a row of polished buttons which gleamed like the pale reflections of stars.

Jim's eyes were on Nancy, puzzled, wondering.

The officer cleared his throat again and shifted uneasily in the silence. When he spoke the assurance had gone out of his voice. It was as though, having delivered the message which had brought him, the military side of him had departed, and he had nothing further to lean on. "You . . . you've probably forgotten me," he said. "My name's Whittaker, Bob Whittaker?" There was a curious little upward inflection at the end of his statement, which gave it the nature of a searching question. With only the slightest pause he went on speaking. "I . . . I only came down here yesterday . . . from hospital. I shall be going back into the line soon. I wanted . . . I wondered if you . . ." His voice trailed off into silence.

One of Nancy's hands was pressed against her mouth. With the other she was clinging desperately to the back of Jim's chair. It seemed as if the whole firmament were rocking beneath her feet, as if she were suspended in space, miles and miles away from that patch of brick path where Bob Whittaker and Nancy Hawthorne stood face to face once more. . . . The moments lengthened into eternities. Jim, too, was waiting for a word from Nancy, *the* word that would set them all free of that mental anguish.

No word came.

And then suddenly Bob Whittaker stiffened up, hardened. He spoke again, through tight lips, abruptly, coldly. "I beg your pardon!" he said, saluted, swung round on his heel, and marched quickly to the gate. It banged behind him, and the crunch of his boots went down the lane. Jim heard another sound behind him, a sort of choking gasp. And as he turned he saw Nancy disappearing into the cottage.

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Chapter V

The slur of the stove lid, the thin treble of Mrs. Weeks singing "It's a long way to Tipperary", and the succulent smells of coffee and frying bacon greeted Nancy as she opened her door and came downstairs. There was a letter in her hand, and a look of great excitement in her eyes.

Jim was already pulled up at the table, reading the paper.

"Hullo!" he said. "Sleep well?"

Nancy shrugged her shoulders and kissed him. "Isn't it a gorgeous morning?" She went into the kitchen.

Mrs. Weeks stopped singing. "Morning, dearie!" she said.

"Good morning, Weeksie!" Nancy joined her at the stove. "Look here," she said urgently, "will you be a dear and put on your bonnet and take this to the Manor?" She held out the letter.

Mrs. Weeks blinked at it. "But breakfast ain't ready yet!"

"That doesn't matter," said Nancy. "This is awfully important. I'll get the breakfast!"

"Oh, all right!" Mrs. Weeks took the letter and held it near her good eye. She read the address aloud. "Robert Whittaker, Esq. . . . 'Oo's 'e?"

"Oh, he's . . . he's an officer who called last night," said Nancy. "Now look, I want you to hand that in at the Manor and say that you are going to wait for an answer."

Mrs. Weeks nodded, took off her

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apron, wiped her hands on it, hung it up on its accustomed peg, and then carefully arranged her bonnet in front of the mirror.

Nancy smiled at her exhibition of the eternal feminine. She gave her a hug. "Thanks most awfully, Weeksie!"

Mrs. Weeks blinked at her. "Is'e nice?" she said, and with a little cackle of laughter went out of the back door.

Breakfast was nearly over when the old lady returned. She came straight to the table and handed Nancy a note. With a smile of satisfaction she stood with her hands folded across her stomach while Nancy read it.

Jim raised an amused eyebrow. "We'd like a little more butter, Mrs. Weeks, please!" he said dryly.

Mrs. Weeks nodded. "In just a moment!" she said, and stood her ground.

Nancy looked up from the note and grasped the situation. She smiled. "Everything's all right, Weeksie," she said. "Thank you."

The old lady picked up the butter dish and, with a somewhat reproachful sniff at Nancy, went out into the kitchen.

Jim pushed his coffee cup across. "She's a human old codger," he said. "Curiosity dies hard."

Nancy filled his cup and pushed it back again, with a heightening of color that was a confession. "Perhaps that's why I sent word to Bob Whittaker!" she said. "Anyhow he's coming at half past eight tonight."

The coffee cup paused on its way to Jim's mouth. "Oh!" he said. And then, "Don't forget to arrange about the canteen, dear."

"No, I won't," said Nancy. "I'm going to telephone from the hospital. Someone will have to take my turn."

It was not altogether because she was late that she dashed out into the kitchen, — and Jim knew it. "The kid's nerves are all on edge," he said to himself. "And I don't wonder . . . mine are too!"

. . . . . .

The most important object in the room was the grandfather clock. First one and then the other kept glancing at it, furtively, unbelievingly, as though they felt that the thing was cheating. How could it keep on hammering like a blacksmith on an anvil and yet apparently remain stationary? It seemed a year while it crept from eight o'clock to half past eight.

Once it struck the half-hour Nancy, at least, ceased to hear it. It might have stopped suddenly as far as she was aware. Her attention shifted to the noises outside, any one of which might resolve itself into his coming. What would he do? Or say? Why had he come back? Was it just an accident, or had he come on purpose? What purpose? . . . Was that his step? Ostensibly Jim was reading. Each time he turned a page his eyes had reached the bottom of it, but his mind was trying to get inside Nancy's mind.

The gate clicked loudly, and footsteps sounded on the bricks. Jim put down his book. "We're queer creatures!" he thought. "Think of these sounds last night and to-night. What an amazing difference in their meaning!"

There came a tap on the front door. Jim looked at Nancy. She rose, as white as a sheet. For a moment she stood quite still. Then she walked firmly to the door and opened it.

Bob Whittaker stood framed in the doorway. He saluted. Nancy waited for him to say something. He remained silent, looking at her.

She moved a little. "Won't you — come in?" she said.

"Thank you!" said Bob. He took off his cap and stepped inside, closing the door for her.

From beside the fire Jim leaped into the breach. "How d'you do?" he said. "You'll excuse my not moving. It's rather a business in this chair." He held out his hand.

"Oh, please!" said Bob. He went over and shook hands.

"Pull up that armchair," said Jim. "You'll smoke, won't you? Cigar or cigarette?"

"I think I'll stick to cigarettes, thank you," said Bob.

Nancy left the door and perched on the arm of her father's chair. Bob accepted a cigarette from Jim, gave the armchair a hitch, and sat down.

"Well," said Jim, "what's the latest news? It isn't often we have the advantage of comparing notes with one of you fellows on the inside."

Bob smiled. "I think we really know less about it than anybody," he said. "Of course the camp's buzzing with rumors,

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and the latest is that we shall all be in France for the spring push. It's only cookhouse gossip, of course, but we're all hopeful!"

"Do you think we shall try and break through?" asked Jim.

"You haven't been reading Hilaire Belloc, sir!" said Bob. "He doesn't think there's a chance in the world of our doing so. They've got too much artillery."

"Then what's the program?" asked Jim.

At some length and with no little grasp of his subject, Bob proceeded to expound the theory of what this new form of warfare in trenches might develop into. Nancy, with heartfelt gratitude to her father for keeping everything impersonal, gradually began to feel less conscious of herself.

Bob's presence was disturbing, exciting. While her first inner tumult was dying down, she caught only an occasional phrase of their conversation. She was not listening to it, not even thinking. She couldn't think. Her mind, ousted from control by her emotions, was filled with incoherences. She hardly dared look at him. Her thoughts went reaching back to St Malo. As he talked, intonations, gestures, and attitudes came back to her. She began to remember little poignant details of those other days. They made her tremble. Presently she forced herself to look at him. It would help to steady her. She saw on his sleeve the three stars of a captain. Above them, — and she drew in her breath sharply, — was a wound stripe! Over the flap of his breast pocket ran the purple and white ribbon of the Military Cross. She felt a thrill at this. Then her eyes went to his face. . . .

It was Jim's intensely anxious scrutiny that marked the things that time had done to Bob. It was not that he had a moustache, nor that he was leaner and more angular. The change was in his whole expression. It was a different being who looked out of those steady eyes, — no longer the boy whom Nancy had known, intoxicated with his first draught of power and life, but a man, with an air of responsibility and decision. It came to him with a surge of relief that her youthful idealization was justified. If one could judge by the sterner chiseling of that face, he had come to be what she had once imagined him to be. But when Nancy looked at him she saw none of these things. As though she had expected to see someone else, some stranger, sitting in the armchair, her eyes widened, and with a gasp of surprise she said to herself, "Why — it's just *Bob!*"

Before she could go on further, her father's voice broke into her thoughts. ". . . and so the whole business of their landing on the east coast is pure myth! I've talked long enough. If you two will excuse me I'm going to leave you." He patted Nancy's hand with a smile, and then turned to Bob again. "I've got some very important letters to get off to-night, so I'll say good night in case you want to go before I've finished. Drop in again sometime."

"I'd like to very much," said Bob. "Your point of view is extraordinarily interesting."

Jim turned to Nancy. "When Mrs. Weeks brings in the ginger ale, tell her to fetch the whisky too. I don't think Captain Whittaker would object!" He nodded and set his chair in action.

Nancy closed the door behind him. Her heart was thumping more loudly than the grandfather clock. In her desire to conceal her nervousness from him, and from herself too, she hummed a tune as she came back to the sofa and sat down.

She found that she had to moisten her lips before she could speak. "Wouldn't you like to light your pipe?" she said.

"Thanks," said Bob. "I . . ." He hesitated for a moment and then returned to the armchair. He lit a cigarette and unexpectedly tossed it into the fire again. "Do you mind," he said, "if we don't indulge in any polite conversation? There's something I want particularly to say to you, and if I don't do it now I may never be able to."

Nancy kept her eyes on the fire. Her hands were locked tightly together round her knee. "Is that why you came last night?" she asked.

"Yes!" said Bob. "You see, I'm liable to stop something next time I go to France, and I'm ego maniac enough to want you to think a little more clearly of me than you do."

Nancy caught her breath. "What makes you think I . . ."

"Please let me go on," said Bob. "My

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coming here at all is rather extraordinary. Three months ago I hadn't the faintest idea that I should ever see you again. I was doing my damnedest to *strafe* the Hun. Then one day a shell got me. It killed three of my men. I was merely wounded. It wasn't enough to bother about really. I expected to be sent to some base hospital in France. They sent me to London. As soon as I was well I applied to rejoin my unit. I received the order to report, not to my unit, nor to Woolwich or Salisbury, but to Brimble, — here, of all places in the world! That isn't all. The Colonel made me adjutant right off the reel, and the very day after my arrival told me that the Hawthorne place was about the only chance we had of getting an extra billet and that I had better come and see your father about it!" He gave a short laugh and spread his hands.

Nancy nodded.

Bob went on. "Most people would label that coincidence! Perhaps that's all it is. I don't know. I should be inclined to think so myself if I had forgotten all about you. But as it happens I never did forget you."

The steady rise and fall of Nancy's breast ceased. There was an appreciable pause before it began again.

"My hurting you has been the skeleton in my cupboard," said Bob. "Not altogether because of you, — I'll be perfectly honest, — but because of myself, because it smashed my self-respect all to bits! You see, one of the things I'd clung to was that no decent man ever hurt a woman. I don't know where I got hold of that, but it has been with me ever since I was old enough to appreciate an idea. It was something one never talked about but which one held in front of one as a sort of guide. Until you came along I thought I was the salt of the earth. Life was simple. I had it all nicely plotted out in two colors, — black and white. They didn't even overlap! . . . It was easy to stick to my code, which had nothing to do with the fact that I was playing round with girls like that one at Oxford. That may sound like a contradiction in terms. It's not really, if you think it out. There was no question of hurting them. . . .

"Then you came. I found that I was rotten enough to have thought of you as I did of them. You know the rest. My little house of cards went sky-high. I hated myself! It hurt like the devil seeing oneself stripped naked. Especially at that age. I hadn't any self-respect left. I was bankrupt. I didn't forget you. I've carried the thought of you with me as a sort of punishment. I've taunted myself with you whenever I've been in danger of hurting anybody else. So it seemed to me, when I found myself down here, that I had been given a chance to tell you, a chance to clear myself with you. I didn't know whether you were married or not. It wouldn't have made any difference. I should have said this anyway. It was for my own soul's good, — if you like to call it that! I'm not going to ask you to forgive me, because that doesn't mean anything anyhow, and because whether you do or not has got nothing to do with it and won't change anything. It would be as absurd as if your father said he forgave the fellow who smashed him up. . . . The point is that from now on you're going to know that I'm desperately sorry I was such an egregious little cad in those days, without even the pluck to come and apologize. . . . That's all I've got to say."

He got up and stood for a moment looking down at her. Her head was bent. He couldn't see that she was crying. He reached for his cap.

"I'm awfully grateful to you for listening to me. I shan't bother you again. Goodbye!"

He crossed the room. The front door shut with a little click.

When Mrs. Weeks came in carrying a tray on which were ginger ale and three glasses, she saw Nancy sitting alone and stopped in the middle of the room. "Well, for 'eaven's sake!" she cried. "Do you mean ter say 'e's gorn? . . . Why, dearie!" She put the tray down and hurried to the armchair. "What is it?" She slid an arm round Nancy's shoulder. "Don't cry! Tell me all about it!"

"Oh, Weeksie!" said Nancy. "I want him to come back! I want him to come back!"

. . . . . .

For two days Nancy took soundings. Bob's coming, like the sudden crash of a hurricane, had swept her out of her course. Metaphorically speaking she cast the lead into the depths of her own being. For two

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days she was restless, moody, nervous. There were moments when Lloyd's death preyed on her mind, and she blamed herself most bitterly for it. Even though the facts were against her, she told herself that if she had not been in England he would not have joined up so soon and therefore would not have come over. It was the possibility of her saying yes that had drawn him like a magnet. . . . And now that he was dead why wasn't she sorrier? Why didn't it mean more to her? He was such a dear and so amazingly loyal! She felt most horribly callous, because in a curious sort of way she had deliberately to interrupt herself, to try and force herself to be sorry, to tell herself over and over again that she would have been sorry if only Bob hadn't come. The irony of it struck home. It had been the same thing while he was alive. Bob had pushed him out . . . and at that her mind swung away from Lloyd and thoughts of remorse, and, like a tongue constantly probing an aching tooth, came back to her own problem, to Bob.

She admitted to herself frankly that she loved him, that that same extraordinary attraction which had swept her off her feet in the old days had done so again. It didn't seem to matter that he had been, as he said, an egregious little cad, that he had left her all these years without a word or a sign. He had come back, and she loved him, and all the past was forgotten.

For two days she said to herself, "He will come back! He *must* come back!" and in the expectance of it she came hurrying home from the hospital as early as she could, — only to listen in vain for the sound of his coming through the long evenings, to lie awake for hours gazing at the group of stars framed in her window, trying to decide what this *impasse* meant. On the table beside her bed was the photograph of Bob which had lain buried in a drawer since that day at Oxford. It was a little faded, marked here and there by the action of the chemicals; but the smiling triumphant face was untouched. She picked it up this second night and studied it once more. "Why don't you come?" she cried, and a moment later smiled at the note of anger that had crept unconsciously into her voice.

Before turning out the lamp she glanced at her watch. It was half past two.

"Good night, my dear!" she whispered and turned over on her side.

From outside came the vague uneasy sound of the horse-lines, and presently the words of a song, thinned by the distance. It was the sentry, marching round the lines, trying to keep himself awake and warm. His voice was tainted with the peculiar whine of the cockney, recognizable in any corner of the globe.

"Oh, my! I don't want ter die!
I want ter go 'ome!"

In spite of herself Nancy smiled as she listened and followed the words of the lugubrious wail. They were so utterly incongruous in the mouth of a soldier, and yet so completely an expression of his real desires.

"Oh, my! I don't want ter die! . . ."

What was it Bob had said? The spring push! . . . With a jerk Nancy sat bolt upright. The spring push! Suppose they went to-morrow. . . . "I'm liable to stop something next time I go to France. . . ." He had said it so casually. . . . Curly had stopped something! Lloyd too! And already Bob had been wounded once!

"They shan't get him! They mustn't get him! Oh, God!" With twitching muscles, sweating like a frightened horse, she flung back the bedclothes and leaped out. They would send him to-morrow! This damnable war was reaching out for Bob! To-morrow he might be gone, and she would be too late! In a sort of frenzy she began to pull on her clothes. A warning thought pushed its way through, — "But it's half past two in the morning!"

"I don't care!" she said. "I don't care! I must catch him!"

Her plaited hair she piled up on top of her head and kept it in place with a hat. Then she put on a raincoat and buttoned it tight beneath her chin. With her shoes in her hand she stood for a moment. Finally she put the shoes down. The warning thought meant something, after all. She lit a candle and scrawled a note to Bob in pencil, caught up her shoes again, and crept downstairs.

The village was as silent as the tomb, and the echo of her footsteps came back and buffeted her. She felt as though everybody must wake and put their heads out of the window to see what was the matter. But only a cat went slinking across the

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street. The driveway that led to the Manor was edged with turf, and it was with a sigh of relief that she hurried along it, at last a part of the silence.

When she reached the Manor finally, she found it in total darkness. The open windows were like blind staring eyes. Well, at least they were not going to-night! The thought was a crumb of comfort to her as she stood there realizing that it was impossible to find Bob now. Silent as a bat she tiptoed up the front steps and dropped her letter into the mail box.

. . . . . .

Among the many expressions which the war has put into the language, one of the most significant is "over the top". The full flavor of it, the complete realization of its meaning down to the ultimate bitterness, belongs to those who have survived the ordeal. Only they know what goes on during those minutes which precede the signal to go, — the destitution of the mind which seems to shrivel to the size of a pin point in its desire to evade the truth; the sluggishness of any muscular response; the internal chemical reactions that make the green sickly smile of the man next to you no more green or sickly than your own; the nausea that hits the pit of the stomach; the bitter stale taste in the mouth which no amount of swallowing can relieve; the semi-paralysis of all one's faculties.

Something of that feeling was Nancy's as she stood at the bottom of the lane with three minutes to go before Bob was due. Seven years had gone to the making of this moment, and now that it had come she felt on the verge of collapse, — apparently an inescapable condition of the human animal when emotion is tuned to super-normal.

She saw him coming. It was like the signal to go to the waiting soldier. She took hold of herself and, by the time he reached her and saluted, was able to muster a smile and say, "It is awfully nice of you to come!" The utter futility of that habit-minded remark was reassuring. She felt as though she had found a hiding-place, a shell-hole in which she might drop for a moment.

"I was afraid I was going to keep you waiting," said Bob. "The Colonel wanted to rope me in for a game of golf."

"Oh, I hope I didn't get you into any difficulty!" said Nancy.

"Not at all," said Bob. "I wangled it all right. But I haven't got frightfully much time. . . ."

Nancy came out of her hiding-place. "What I've got to say won't take very long. I . . . I thought you might be going off to France to-day, any time. . . ."

"We shall probably be here for another month," said Bob.

"Oh!" Nancy looked quickly away so that he should not see the relief and gladness in her eyes. Then she said, "Would you mind walking up the hill with me? It's only a little way and I . . . we can talk better there."

"Certainly," said Bob.

The lane was narrow. It was impossible to walk side by side. Nancy was thankful. She led the way up, seeing nothing, conscious only of the heavy grind of his boots behind her, the silvery jingle of his spurs. She didn't turn her head as they passed the cottage, but when they reached the end of the lane and came out upon the turf she waited for him to come up to her.

"It's not much further now," she said.

"It's quite a climb," said Bob.

Nancy nodded and moved on again, not stopping until they came out at the top of the Cross. The sun was shining, and the first stirrings of spring had touched the valley. There was a suggestion of pink and green everywhere. Nancy took off her raincoat and spread it on the ground where the crumbling bank made a natural seat. She sat down.

"There's plenty of coat for you to sit on as well," she said, "and I wish you'd smoke!"

Bob looked round with a puzzled expression on his face. Then he shrugged his shoulders and sat down. "Thanks," he said. "Will you have a cigarette?" Nancy shook her head. "You don't mind a pipe?" asked Bob.

She shook her head again. Out of the corners of her eyes she watched him fill his pipe, fold up the pouch, and strike a match. It seemed to her as though the valley below them changed to a green and white sea with a Channel boat trailing a ribbon of smoke behind it. She turned to him as though expecting those hands of his to be exploring a piece of sea holly.

"Curious thing!" said Bob shortly.

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"I've got the feeling of having been here before."

With that vivid picture in her mind of their day on the headland, this remark was startling. Should she risk it and see if he would remember? She turned to him. "But there's no sea holly here," she said.

Bob looked at her. "Sea holly?"

He had forgotten. In spite of herself she was disappointed. She shook her head. "I was thinking of something else!" she said. And then, rolling her handkerchief into a tight little ball in her two hands, she took a deep breath and went on. "I . . . I mustn't keep you too long," she said. "I suppose you are wondering why I brought you up here?"

Bob nodded. "Yes!" he said.

"I'd like to ask you something first before I tell you," said Nancy. "Do you remember saying the other night that you . . . that you might stop a shell within twenty-four hours of landing in France?"

Bob's eyes narrowed. "Yes!" he said.

"Did you mean that?"

"Yes!"

"You mean . . . you mean that you don't think you're . . . coming through?"

Bob gave a short laugh. "Well," he said, "there aren't many people who would accuse me of being a pessimist, but if this show goes on I don't think anybody's chances are going to be very bright!"

Nancy shivered. "I had hoped you were going to tell me that you felt certain they weren't going to get you."

Bob blew out a great cloud of tobacco smoke. "I've heard lots of them say that," he said, "but they haven't lasted any longer." He glanced at her curiously. "Why did you hope I'd feel like that?"

It seemed to Nancy that all her nervousness left her. A great calm came over her. Her moment had arrived. She was indeed like a soldier who, having passed through all the stages of fear, finds himself strolling leisurely through an intense barrage. She met his eyes calmly and spoke with absolute simplicity.

"Because I want you to come through," she said. "Because if you were to get killed something of me would be killed with you. Do you understand that? Do you understand that when I told you I loved you, years ago, I was not a child? I meant it as a woman means it. I *was* a woman. You thought I was only a girl, that I'd forget you in a few weeks or months, and fall in love with someone else and get married. Several men have fallen in love with me and have asked me to marry them. Every time I've had to refuse, because I've had nothing to give them. I had given it all to you. . . . I didn't know it until you came back. I thought I had forgotten you. I thought I was absolutely free, that I was going on with life again as though you had completely gone out of it. I expected to meet a man some day who would make me feel as I had towards you. I never did. . . . Don't think I'm blaming you for it. I'm not. It was not your fault. It simply happened, like — like the war. But when you came back I found that you still had that part of me which I gave you at St Malo. . . . You found out then that you didn't want it, and I know that you don't want it now. All right! It's just rotten bad luck, that's all! But I want you to realize it, because I'm going to ask you to do something, — something pretty big. . . . You said the other night that you didn't know whether it were coincidence or not which brought you back here. Personally I don't care! The point is that you have been dumped here and that in spite of yourself you are going to have to put in a month of your life in this village. At the end of that time you will go away. Neither of us can tell whether you will ever come back. . . . I want to know if you will give me this month in return for the month I gave you at St Malo? I want to know if you will marry me — just for this month? . . . After you leave here I will never make any claim on you again. If you come safely through the war, you need never return unless you want to. I'll leave you absolutely free. . . . No, don't say anything! I've not done yet. . . . In the old days, I remember, you used to study human motives, to try and find out why people did things. I want to tell you why I've done this. Most human beings have a cherished dream of some sort, — a career, children, social success. Mine has always been for children. Its realization was bound up in you. For seven years I've had to make my work take its place. . . . I was not looking forward to the next seven. That's why I've asked you to marry me."

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She ended just as quietly as she had begun, her eyes on his face, her hands folded neatly in her lap.

She had watched his face while she spoke. She had seen it change from startled incredulity at her opening words to an expression of intensity that was almost pain. She had seen him twist and turn his pipe in both hands with a grip that made his knuckles white. As she waited now for his answer he was leaning forward with his chin on one hand, the other hand clenching and unclenching between his knees.

The thin notes of a bugle stole along the valley and floated up to them. Nancy hated it. It seemed to her like the threat of Nemesis. To counteract it she spoke again. "Have you decided, Bob?"

"Decided?" He rose to his feet and began walking up and down in his agitation. "Decided? Oh, my God! What can I say to you? It's not for me to decide! I warn you that you are wrong, that you are imagining in me something which, God knows, I haven't got! I'm not fit to be in the same world with you!"

Nancy got up too. "It's an amazingly difficult world to live in," she said, "but you've been trying just as hard as I have. We've had different things to compete with, that's all!"

Bob stopped, looking at her in wonder. Then he came and stood in front of her. "For a second time you make me very humble!" he said. "As a girl you jerked all the props from under me, knocked me off the pinnacle of my conceit, saved me from the degradation I was headed for! I had thought that you would utterly despise me, and instead you . . . you tell me something that is altogether unbelievable! I haven't ever known a woman like you. I feel as if you were offering me a second chance on earth!"

Nancy stretched out her hand. "And you'll take it?"

They stood looking at one another. In the moment's pause the far-away call of that bugle came again.

Then very quietly Bob took her hand. "If you will let me try!" he said.

There was a great light in Nancy's eyes, as though her whole being had been kindled and was ablaze.

. . . . . .

Chapter VI

A lark rocketed up from the golden corn through which the path lay, unwound like a green ribbon. The man stopped, listening. His eyes followed the bird into the blue with a look of ecstasy. Then they dropped to the rustling corn, where scarlet poppies flamed among the gold. The distant trees were in the fulness of their summer green. A little wind played, making the corn ripple and whisper. Unconsciously the man's arm went out in a broad gesture. He stood bareheaded, motionless, not thinking, — just feeling, absorbing. It was as though his arms were aerials, catching the rhythmic beat of nature. Never before had he known such intensity of perception. The song of the lark was the voice of all happiness; the color, the smell, and the soothing murmur answered every unuttered longing of man. His tunic was old and discolored. The rank of Major was on the sleeves which had been sewed with leather when the edges frayed. If the faded ribbons on his breast were not proof of the fact that he had penetrated to the ultimate meaning of war, his face was. Strain was stamped upon it. The puckered eyes spoke of sleeplessness, of super-human effort, of unending responsibility. It was like a mask of youth on which some sardonic artist had amused himself by painting in the lines of age. In the firing line he was Major Robert Whittaker, D. S. C., M. C., the commander of a field battery which seemed always to find itself a thousand yards nearer the enemy front line than the rest of the brigade.

He had come this way deliberately to avoid seeing the camp. Standing among the corn of this mellow, untouched, English countryside, he was Bob Whittaker again, no longer a hardened soldier, but a man and a husband and, what was more, as he knew by the thumbed and dirty letter in his pocket, a father. That letter had reached him after a time, not measurable in orderly terms of day and night, at Ypres. It had been a continued unconsciousness of food, sleep, time, of eternity. He had shrunk to a brain with a single awareness of guns that were fired endlessly, by his orders. The letter had seemed without meaning. A child born, — when the world was crumbling. It was silly.

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And yet, vaguely, beneath his numbed mind sprouted the germ of relief that it was not a boy. Then war had closed round him again.

Up the hill, though hidden from him by the woods, lay the village, — that lazy, sprawly, remembered place of friendly thatched cottages, whose doors stood always open, whose small gardens were a riot of color and gossip. Great beeches spread their arms over it protectingly. A murmur of small human noises pervaded it, and it was sweet with the smell of cows. Over all came the silvery notes of a little boy singing somewhere in the lane above.

Like a dry sponge, Bob Whittaker's war-shocked senses drank it in until he was saturated with the essential truth of it, its beauty and intense reality. For a space it would make him human again.

The hum of an aeroplane made him suddenly shiver. His arms dropped. "Nancy!" he said, and as he hurried on his mind fled in front of him, reaching out for the woman who, through the intensity of his experience, had become the focus point of his faith in mankind, in life itself. As he visualized her a smile touched his face. It was like a transfiguration.

He reached the end of the corn-field and stepped out into the lane, the gravel crunching beneath his boots. His thoughts were full of Nancy now, — of her getting his telegram from London, of her waiting for him on the porch. Unconsciously he quickened his pace, eager to see her, to hold her, and so to realize that all this was true.

He came to the beginning of the village. It was good to see, so quiet and so untouched. A forage wagon turned in at the gates of the Manor. The two soldiers on it saluted. Bob winced as he acknowledged the salute. Damn it! Wouldn't they let him forget it all for fourteen days? That was all he'd got, and then he would have to go back into that hell. . . . He clenched his teeth. "Oh, God!" he exclaimed. "Let me come through this show!"

Outside the inn two ancient men mumbled their clay pipes in the sun. They turned their rheumy eyes upon him as he passed, hurrying, impatient. He was so near to Nancy now! He rounded the arm of trees. There, tucked away on the ledge, was the cottage. The sight of it brought a great cry from him.

"Nancy! . . . Oh, Nancy!"

His cry was answered. As he reached the gate Nancy came out on to the porch. She made no move to meet him. She just stood there and looked until she couldn't see any more because her eyes and her heart were overflowing. The moment was almost too big. Then his arms went round her, and, with a cry, she clung to him, saying his name over and over again.

Thirty days after their marriage in the little church down in Friar's Icknield his division had marched away, and she had waved to him, — dry-eyed and smiling till he was out of sight, — with a feeling of death in her heart. For eighteen months her daily study had been the casualty lists; and when, in process of having her baby, she was too ill to read them herself, her father had read them for her.

Presently she leaned back in his arms and took his face in her two hands, — that tired face that looked so much older.

"Let me look at you," she said; and then, "Oh, Bob, my dear, they've hurt you!" and placed his head against her breast. "I don't think I can bear it if you go away again. I need you most desperately, — more now even than when you went away!"

"The only thing that has kept me sane in the shambles out there," said Bob, "has been the thought of you."

Nancy nodded. "I know what you mean! It's been the same with me. I don't think there has been a single hour of the day or night since you left that I've not kept you with me."

"Just to hear you say that," said Bob, "makes it all worth it."

Nancy's hand was on his hair. "Do you know what you've done to me? You've made me cease to be an individual. Ever since we were married, and all the time you've been out there, I've been living not for myself any more, but for both of us, or rather for all of us."

"All of us?"

Nancy nodded. "Yes, and absolutely in spite of myself, in a way. You see, Bob, I had trained myself to accept the fact that I should never be married, and therefore I was relying on my own ego to pull me through, once I had a child. I thought it wouldn't matter to me if you didn't come back. I was going to be self-sufficient, with my child!" She laughed softly,

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"Human nature isn't like that, is it? When one need is satisfied, another wakes up. I didn't know it until you'd gone to France, and then I found that my ego didn't exist any more. You had already become an inseparable part of it, like color and shading in a picture. And when the baby was born, it seemed to me that all the gaps had been filled up, that the essential trinity of life was complete, — or would be when you came back!"

Bob's arms were still round her. "You've gone farther than I have," he said. "I haven't got the idea of a child at all. I've been thinking entirely in terms of us two. It's a funny thing to say perhaps, but I don't believe I'm ready for this kid yet."

"Wait till you've seen her and touched her!" said Nancy.

Bob caught her to him, "Go easy on it, Nancy darling. Don't expect too much of me. I'll try hard, but it's you I want and no one but you!"

Nancy smiled up at him. "You're not afraid of yourself, are you, or of me?"

"No," said Bob. "But I . . . I don't want you to change."

"But of course I'm changed!" said Nancy. "And you're going to be too, my dear, so fundamentally that you'll hardly recognize yourself! Come and let me prove it to you."

She released herself from his arms, took his hand, and led him into the cottage.

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The editors will be glad to publish brief letters from readers relating to topics discussed by FORUM *contributors, or to any views expressed in these columns*

"Our Presidents"

In an editorial introduction to "Our Presidents" by Don Seitz in the February FORUM *we prophesied "an avalanche of indignant protests". Craters of volcanoes have ever intrigued us. Here is a spectacular view:*

"'Our Presidents' is the worst trash I have ever seen printed, bar none," declares Archibald Hopkins of Washington, D. C.

Other protestors are more explicit:

"As one of the nine million majority which elected President Coolidge, I do not fancy having him called a 'mean little Yankee'," writes Mrs. Ernest H. Pilsbury, Brooklyn, New York; while J. H. Robinson, Atlantic City, New Jersey, suggests that the article of Don Seitz on "America's unfortunate history needs a conclusive paragraph which would read like this: 'And inasmuch as this is also true of every other great man of every other great nation on earth, therefore it is now revealed what a very useless thing man is, — with the possible exception of the author of this paper.'"

"The Seitz article" is sound according to Thomas G. Patten, Hollywood, California. "Bryce and others make the same comment, and it is time that a qualified American disclosed the dread secret. I disagree with Seitz on the League. Wilson did not invent it but merely applied an old principle, and our adhesion would place us among the 'successful allies'. The warning as to its present potentiality is fine and timely. Ask Don to write an article about the actual operation of the Federal Reserve Act. He is full of real stuff and has the guts to write it."

But another correspondent does not regard Mr. Seitz as a "qualified American". Alice Day Bowen of Medford, Massachusetts, protesting against the "un-Americanism" of this article suspects that Don Seitz is "of the same nationality as our most recent enemy." Since the paternal and maternal branches of Mr. Seitz's family settled in Pennsylvania in 1764 and 1747, respectively, it may be safely maintained that he is American. As to his qualifications, one reader, Olney Newell, Denver, Colorado, feels that "there is such an air of dogmatic authority about 'Our Presidents' that one is moved to remark that when a writer presumes to tell his reader 'what's what', he should be historically correct. The 'Medicine man' brother to Tecumseh was not 'Elskstawata' but Elkswatawa; the Populist Candidate for President in 1892 was not 'John' B. Weaver, but General James B. Weaver. It was not 'Tim Campbell' but Timothy D. Sullivan who said: 'What is the Constitution between friends?' These errors justify a suspicion of the verity of his other declarations."

Another reader charitably believes that the "editor" must have been "on a week-end vacation when the Seitz article slipped in". He regards it as a small-boy-prank, a mere pandering to a desire to "explode firecrackers" to see conservatives jump.

Our banking institutions are commonly regarded as conservative strongholds. Yet, from a bank president's office comes the following: "The article on 'Our Presidents'

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is a better history of the United States than all the volumes that preceded it." M. I. McCreight continues, after some eulogies to THE FORUM which we shall modestly omit, "The United States is big enough now that we can afford to tell the truth about ourselves; it will do us good and should improve our standing with neighbor nations. We are rapidly becoming a hypocritical people, and hypocrisy among nations is no different from that of individuals."

But another reader refuses to take Mr. Seitz seriously.

"Has THE FORUM entered a new field, that of satire and humor, in company with 'Judge' and 'Life'?" asks A. B. Alexander, Rutherford, New Jersey. "If it was really intended to be of a serious nature, then the least we can do is to be gracious and infer that Don, while writing, was suffering from a case of acute indigestion or something worse, — possibly a poor golf score of the preceding day. But why take it out on all our dear, dead presidents? His article is so ridiculous that it is positively funny." To all those who "see no reason for the publication of such an article", THE FORUM may deferentially reply that to be "positively funny" is after all no negligible achievement. *Discors concordia!*

"Constitution Between Friends"

In an editorial introduction to the Child Labor debate in the January number, THE FORUM *made the statement that the amendment must be ratified by two-thirds of the States in order to become effective. "Two-thirds" should, of course, have read "three fourths". Mr. Daniel A. Cannaday of Tusculum College, Greenville, Tennessee, has called our attention to this error. In connection with the general ignorance of Constitutional matters, so regrettably prevalent, the following letter is interesting and significant:*

Editor of THE FORUM:

A choice bit of Hearst advertising, appearing in the "Chicago Evening American" reads:

> "The Constitution says 'Every man is born free and equal. . . .'"

I will give a house and lot to any man who will show me that statement in the Constitution of the United States.

"Every man is born free and equal. . . ." Equal to what? I wonder what that master of English, Thomas Jefferson, would have said had he seen his words in the Declaration of Independence so distorted.

When Jefferson wrote the words "All men are created equal. . . ." he undoubtedly had in mind the system of entail that had been in force in Virginia and other similar legislation, by which a few favored mortals were elevated to positions of great wealth and power regardless of their merit, while others were held in slavery. When the people of the Colonies adopted the Declaration of Independence they must have had in mind the same abuses. To them its meaning "equal before the law," must have been too apparent to need elaboration. But to a generation born to perfect equality before the law, further equality seems implied.

The Hearst papers may be ever so ignorant of the principles of American institutions and government, but their circulation proves that they have made a careful and fruitful study of "the Pepul". "What it takes to sell things, they have it." But what do "the pepul" know about the Constitution? Nothing! Then why should the Hearst papers take the trouble to know anything about it?

What the people are interested in, that also are the Hearst papers interested in. This egregious blunder of the "Chicago Evening American" is significant because the Hearst papers are no more ignorant of the principles of our government than is the vast majority of American citizens. This "ad" is a tragic commentary on the degree of ignorance that prevails among us concerning the fundamentals of our political organization. Just let us catch a glimpse of a bit of red, white, and blue, and we don't know whether it is right-side-up or up-side-down, whether it is striped or polka-dotted, whether it is star-spangled, sun-spangled, or moon-spangled. We say, "There goes a hundred per cent American," and go buy something from him. God bless us! We have some sort of feeling for those colors. Can't somebody devise a way to fan that dim, traditional spark of feeling into a bright light of understanding of American institutions and American principles of government?

RICHARD W. EDMONDS.

South Norwalk, Conn.

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At the Beck of the *Beccafichi*

Tartarin de Tarascon in Italy!

There is a certain beautiful land fringing the Mediterranean just opposite the North of Africa, the name of which I do not wish to give as I may one day be running for Sheriff or something and be in dire need of the Italian vote. In this sky-blue country one of the first things that the one hundred per cent Nordic Cook's tourist notices is the almost entire absence of birds. Nothing more ornithological than a few moth-eaten sparrows can be seen in a day's tramp. The inhabitants, with that complete thoroughness that characterizes the actions of a hungry populace in sight of what is edible, have slaughtered and eaten everything that had wings. Men in row-boats out in the middle of the turquoise bay that glorifies this land shoot seagulls for eating purposes. A fine chance any other kind of bird stands in the presence of such bold sportsmen. Often, for months at a time, the only visible feathers in the beauty spots of Italy are on the hats of gentle Iowan school-teachers on a tour. Making the birds' absence all the more terrible and vacuously conspicuous is the gorgeousness of the scenery. Now, strange to say, in spite of all this, wherever one goes along the country highways are forbidding signs stating in bold rugged lettering "*Caccia Riservata*", which translated reads "No Shooting Here". And the sign tells the strict truth, — although, perhaps, not in the way the lordly owner of the property intended. This is really why it seemed so strange when Il Signor Cavaliere Francisco Guglielmo first told me about the *Beccafichi*.

It was at dinner one night that I met the handsome young Cavaliere. After discussing everything from Tasso to aviation, the conversation turned on sport, and I remarked what a burning shame it was that one couldn't see a bird of any kind within twenty miles of Castellamare and that nothing wilder than a milch-goat was ever visible.

"But zat ees not so," exclaimed the Signor. "We 'ave plenty birds. I can take you to hunt some eef you like zat sort of ting."

"You *can?*" I replied. "What? When? Where? How?"

"Back of ze hills," he explained, "I have a leetle shooting box and eef you care to come wiz me, we can have some good sport wiz ze *Beccafichi*."

"With the what!" I exclaimed.

"Ze *Beccafichi*," he said.

"*Beccafichi*," I echoed haltingly. "*Beccafichi?* I've never heard of them. What are they like?"

"Oh! I don't know 'ow you say zem een Eenglish," he confessed smilingly.

"Well, are they anything like pheasants or partridges?" I inquired, mentioning the first things that came into my mind.

"Yes, I zink so," he answered without hesitation, "I zink ze partridges ees eet."

"Splendid!" I cried. "Where is this shooting box of yours?"

"Well — eet ees a long way off," he said, "and eet ees not possible to ride or drive. Eet ees oop, oop in ze hills and we must walk a long way."

"All right," I said. "I'm game."

Next day, I witnessed a gorgeous sunrise over the blue, blue waters of the bay and promptly at five I met my sporting friend. In the freshness of the early morning, we trudged our way to the rear of the town and commenced the ascent to the hills. We walked and walked and walked.

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Ever upward and onward. Trees became thicker and thicker as settlements became sparser and sparser. At last, exactly two hours and a half after we had started, we reached his shooting box. The Cavaliere left me. Soon, however, out he came bearing two guns, one an old-fashioned muzzle-loader and the other a double-barreled breech-loader which he courteously handed to me with a box of shells.

"And now where do we go?" I asked wonderingly.

"Just over zere by zat tree wiz ze red berries on eet," he said, pointing to a tree as big as a medium-sized elm. "Zey come zere to feed," he added.

"To feed," I gasped, "on what?"

"On ze berries," he explained. "Feegs are not in season yet, you know."

"Figs? What have figs to do with it?"

"Ze *Beccafichi* leev on zem in ze season; ssh! Zere comes one now," he whispered. "Zere on ze branch to ze left. Zere eet is; you get him," he added as the bird settled.

"Why, that looks like a sparrow," I said.

"No, no, it's one of ze *Beccafichi*. Get him," he said, nudging me.

Feeling like a stockyard slaughterer, I fired at the poor little thing, and down it dropped in pieces, almost too numerous to mention.

"Good shot," said my host, picking up what was left of the "game".

"And do you call *that* a *Beccafichi?*" I cried in disgust as he showed me something no bigger than a wren. "And you *shoot* them?"

"Certainly," said my friend, "if we get enough of zem zey make a fine pie!"

Later on I found out that *Beccafichi* means figpeckers, and if I had only known a little more Italian, I would have known that anything that pecked figs for a livelihood couldn't have any family resemblance to a partridge. It took much persuasion and several liras to get the cook at my hotel to broil my specimen of the *Beccafichi* family, but I wasn't going to have all my trouble to get that bird without tasting it. Nowadays, whenever any southern European friends ask me to go after anything in the way of sport, I always look up a dictionary first.

PERCY WAXMAN.

New York.

"Lady Bubs"

Editor of THE FORUM: —

Always attracted by the short unusual article with a dash of caustic humor I was naturally intrigued by the Pedestrian's discourse on "Bubs" in the February FORUM.

The lady bub whom the Pedestrian emphasized with such delicate restraint especially tickled my fancy. Of course, being a Pedestrian he would be less likely to encounter lady bubs, and that no doubt should excuse him for failing to be more explicit in regard to their special characteristics. Besides, I suspect that lady bubs do not bub so spontaneously for gentlemen as they do for other ladies.

I believe the first lady bub I ever experienced, and possibly the least harmful variety, was in the day-coach of a short line crossing a mid-western State. The train was crowded and I was obliged to share her seat. She had on a black alpaca skirt, a white shirtwaist of the old order, and a small black straw hat of indefinite vintage with a bunch of faded cotton violets anchored cruelly to one side. She moved over to make room for me, lifting the newspaper she was using for a table-

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cloth, and generously offering the household page, said between bites of hard-boiled egg and a super-pickle:

"Awful crowded, aint it? Are ye goin' fur?"

As I look back now, the next lady bub that came into my blameless life was the most vicious type of the species: a sales-lady in a Cloak-and-Suit house in New York City. She was plump and glossy and hard. Her smile went half-way up and stopped. These things I could have forgiven, but when she began to pat me all over with pudgy, bejewelled hands and call me "Dearie", with something like the inward terror of a sea-sick person rushing to the rail I grabbed my old coat and fled; mentally chalking that particular establishment with skull-and-cross-bones.

Since then, although not recognizing them as such, I have had unpleasant contacts with lady bubs on many occasions; in street-cars, beauty-shops, tea-rooms, and even in homes of unchallenged elegance. Once over the telephone when I had called a number to inquire about the rental of an apartment, the voice on the wire demanded harshly:

"How many *is* they of ye?"

I murmured an apology for existence, for the unpardonable economic crime of motherhood, and hung up, breathing a prayer of gratitude to the gods of chance who had saved me from a personal interview with that woman.

And so it goes! The Pedestrian, with all the firm conviction of the professional ground-gripper, isolates his poisons and indicates the noxious weeds that are sure to give us intellectual asthma, but in the end he has no cure. He must in the natural course of events shake the dust of the highway from his arch-preservers and leave us stricken; startled from the smug security of ignorance; doomed to carry about forever the conscious apprehension of one more bogey.

Such is the penalty of enlightenment.

IRMA THOMPSON IRELAND.

Jeffersonville, Ind.

From a Trollopian

Editor of THE FORUM:

As you say that you welcome brief letters from readers relating to topics discussed by Forum contributors, — I venture to write to congratulate you on having published Judge Crowe's admirable plea in support of capital punishment. It is a pleasure to follow his sound, sane, sober analysis of the situation. To me it is always amazing to note the smug complacency of the average citizen of the United States regarding our position in the world of nations, as considered from all points of view, while it is absolute fact that we are, as Judge Crowe quotes: "the most lawless nation claiming place among the civilized nations of the world." Judge Crowe says that he is not proud of this distinction, that he is, on the contrary, deeply ashamed of it; so are many of us laymen. It is intensely humiliating to contrast the legal procedure of England in criminal cases with that of our own courts.

I wish also to thank Mr. George Henry Payne for his discriminating and delightful appreciation of that great gentleman "Mr. Plantagenet Palliser", afterward "Duke of Omnium"; I may, indeed I do, flatly disagree with Mr. Payne's recorded judgment that *The Prime Minister* and *The Duke's Children* are "two of the best stories that Trollope ever wrote",— but what of that; the joy is to find myself in touch with an ardent Trollopian, and one who, evidently, loves the political novels even better than he does the more popular clerical series, though, for that matter, the two interlock.

And now, as I close my too-long letter, I wish to express my delight in Professor Osborn's splendid paper on Evolution, and also to ask him if he will tell his readers just where, in *Pickwick*, he finds the remark which he attributes to "Mr. Samuel Weller," — "A little widow is a dangerous thing."

ELIZABETH NICHOLS CASE.

Hartford, Conn.

Avoidance of a Challenge

Editor of THE FORUM:

"Youth By Radiation" is the attractive title of an article appearing in the last November number of THE FORUM; especially attractive to those past the meridian of life who anxiously watch for confirmation of announcements of the triumph of science in combatting maladies in the class of infirmities incidental to old age, like

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Bright's disease and diabetes. Certain regulars in the ranks of the medical profession and X-Ray practitioners having scouted assertions contained in the "Youth By Radiation" article, THE FORUM has communicated to me a challenge for any doctor competent to judge such matters to come forward and disprove those assertions.

An attempt to disprove an alleged fact of a scientific discovery, by arguments based on counter theories and array of fundamental principles, would be vain as any effort to prove a negative. And it is not to be expected that any skeptic will undertake to disprove the efficacy of treatment for ailments by means outlined in that article, in a practical way, by experimenting on patients. There is only one way in which to demonstrate the value, or lack of value in the asserted discovery, — viz, results from practise of those who may have enough faith in it to give it a trial. Failure of doctors to accept the challenge will not be a victory for the author of the article; whatever of healing virtue there may be in radiation will gain recognition by affirmative evidence. I am not a scientist and disclaim intention to condemn the article in assuming as a postulate that virtue in a humbug will not arise out of failure to disprove propaganda in which the humbug is put forth. By way of illustration, a smart young man in Seattle pretended to be discoverer of a sure cure for cancer; a number of men and women afflicted by that dreadful malady sought relief taking the remedy which he administered; soon afterwards he advertized their names with an emphatic statement given by each of them claiming to have been cured. There was no attempt to disprove those pretensions, but within the period of time required for cancer to run its course to a fatal termination every one of those who had thus enjoyed the felicity of supposed restoration to sound health occupied a grave in the cemetery. The most important effect of that incident was in its bearing upon the legislature, which enacted the State of Washington law regulating the practise of medicine and surgery, and prohibiting practise by unlicensed persons.

C. H. HANFORD.

Seattle, Wash.

Banns and Banshees

FORUM *articles are frequently controversial, and we expect blizzards and ghiblis of protest and praise. It is seldom that* FORUM *fiction, however, produces such storms of reaction as did Tod Robbins's story "A Bit of a Banshee". Several criticisms have already been published. This time friendly arbiters, and the author himself come forward to the rescue.*

Editor of THE FORUM:

When I finished reading Tod Robbins's "A Bit of a Banshee", I laughed, too, but I thought, "What a gift to be able to write so ridiculous and impossible a tale and give us something of idealism, something of real beauty in each character!" My impression of a Catholic Priest is that he will go as far as his conscience will allow to bring peace and comfort to a dying one. In the story we have the ideal Father in his earnest, sympathetic, and intimate relationship to his people at the time of great crises in their lives. What matter if the story is dressed in the ridiculous and impossible? If the story insults a priest, it insults a poet. For my own part, it has impressed me in just the opposite way.

GRACE E. PACKARD.

Windsor, Mass.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Having just read the two letters from the reverend Fathers Murphy and Dignam in the February issue of THE FORUM, I am too bursting with amusement and amazement to withhold my comment. If Irish or any other priests are intelligent and well-educated, they cannot fail to recognize a delightful fairy-tale when they read one nor to enjoy one so charmingly done in legendary style as "A Bit of a Banshee". Are priests then, all realists? And if so, how can they believe all the legendary lore they teach? Read it horizontally or vertically, — the illogical mind is too complicated for solution. Here's hoping Mr. Tod Robbins will commit another harmless offense very soon, though in this hope, I trust I am not shocking the reverend Fathers.

ISABEL GREGORY DEXTER.

Washington, D. C.

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And from the author himself comes a gentle reminder that fiction is truth arrayed in fancy, free from the incubus of facts.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Would you be kind enough to extend to Mr. Cook my congratulations on his work? It is a positive delight to have one's stories so ably illustrated. I feel that both "A Bit of a Banshee" and "The Child and the Man" have a charm in your magazine which they lacked before Mr. Cook allowed his fertile imagination to play with them. My sincere thanks go to him and the hope that some day we may again get together in the land of fantasy.

I was horrified to discover in the February FORUM that I had been guilty of "a low, vulgar tirade of blackguardism against Catholics and their creed". Assuredly, Father P. J. Murphy, I intended no such dastardly act. Although I am not a Catholic, I always admired the creed insomuch as I fancied it the most imaginative of all Christian religions. The mere sight of a priest stirred me. Dark robed custodians of darker secrets, they seem the very emblems of fantastic aspiration. Is it possible that I was wrong; that these men of mystery would not marry a banshee unless "the canonical fitness of the parties to the contract was first determined; the banns were published on three successive Sundays or Holy days; and finally, the ceremony itself took place in the bride's church"? Alas, I made Bridget Malone an honest woman without taking the necessary precautions. Perhaps I should unearth her again, as Sir Arthur Conan Doyle did so successfully with "Sherlock Holmes", and this time get the poor girl properly married.

But, if I do this, Father Austin B. Dignam, if I follow all your directions for a successful marriage, will you promise me that you won't creep into the story at the last moment and forbid the banns on the grounds of poor Bridget's Bansheeism which I am so sorry to learn does not walk hand in hand with your teachings? Alas, I'm afraid you would do just that, Father Austin B. Dignam, and that fantasy would slip out by the same door. With meticulous, materialistic fingers, you'd tear the howl out of the throat of my Banshee.

Paris, France. TOD ROBBINS.

"The Christianity of Christ"

Editor of THE FORUM:

The department "Our Rostrum" offers an invitation to your readers to submit criticisms of or reflections on articles that appear in your magazine. I beg the privilege of making a few comments on the article in the March number by J. St Loe Strachey on the "Christianity of Christ."

I will not challenge his estimate of George Fox or the Society of Friends, commonly known as Quakers, which he founded. I might say there is among intelligent Catholics a very appreciative and friendly feeling towards the members of this Society, for we see in their life probably the closest approach in Protestantism to what is almost a common-place in the Catholic Church, — the ideal of the Christian life as exemplified in the numerous religious communities. Had Mr. Strachey followed up his study of St Francis, the "noblest, purest, and best beloved of all the Saints," he might have found that in spite of some defections (and he admits there have been defections among the Quakers) there are thousands in the Order which he founded, who still faithfully walk in his footsteps, and would measure up almost equally to his own ideal of the true Christian.

But the point I want to bring out is this: Mr. Strachey, with all his literary ability and breadth of knowledge, shows himself in his article typical of a mode of thought or mental attitude which is all too common at the present day. In Quakerism he finds the "religion of Christ" lived. With a cock-sureness that leaves no room for doubt or controversy he declares that Fox "laid bare the truth" and rightfully "denounced the three idolatries, — Ritual, Dogma, and Exclusiveness" that apparently have been the cause of all the trouble.

It might be worthy of note that precisely those who to-day are most earnestly seeking the "religion of Christ" and a close, personal union with Him, are, for the most part, and at times at a very great earthly sacrifice, turning back to Dogma, Ritual, and Exclusiveness, and find therein the means of effecting most surely and most satisfyingly that direct and personal union.

But even Mr. Fox "was not always

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right." In fact he was "often very wrong." The statement is categorical as was Mr. Strachey's statement that the "religion of Christ" was the "rock" on which Fox based his own life and that of his Society. There is no room for doubt or questioning. He does not with a show of modesty even say, "I think," or "It is my opinion," or even "Many people think." No; Mr. Strachey is most positive and most certain. By what standard does he judge and render his decision? By the simple standard of Mr. Strachey. Practically all the Christianity of two thousand years has been essentially and fundamentally wrong. Mr. Fox and the Friends only are right, and even the latter are wrong when they disagree with the views of Mr. Strachey, who, by the way, is not a Quaker himself.

I am reminded of the words of Christ: "Unless you receive the kingdom of God as a little child, you shall not enter into it." Mr. Strachey's mentality is typical of the times.

Respectfully,

JOHN J. SWINT.
Bishop of Wheeling.

Wheeling, West Virginia.

On the other hand, from a well-known Protestant missionary, the author of "Where Christ Meets Buddha" in the December, 1924, FORUM, *comes the following letter of commendation.*

Editor of THE FORUM:

I want to let you know how much I like Strachey's article on "The Christianity of Christ". It is the most trenchant as well as the most winsome article against conventional Christianity that I ever read.

DWIGHT GODDARD.

Thetford, Vermont.

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They swayed upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus. — *Keats*

The reviews in this department are contributed by readers of THE FORUM *and are, with very few exceptions, unsolicited. Payment for all reviews accepted is at the rate of fifteen cents a line. On the manuscripts submitted please indicate price of volume discussed, as well as name of author and publisher. The Editors cannot promise to acknowledge or return manuscripts of all the reviews found unavailable for publication. Only manuscripts which are typewritten will be read. Reviews must not be over 300 words in length, and those of 200 words are especially desired.*

Bingo!

Who invented the famous old saying, "Going from bad to worse?" His name, now forgotten, should have been handed down through the ages out of gratitude for the opportunity which the phrase affords us for defining such books as the second attempt of the author of *Uncensored Recollections* to be rushed into print. His first one was unsavory enough, but the second, THINGS I SHOULDN'T TELL (Lippincott, $4.50), which we must all fervently hope will close the literary career of the unknown personage, would deserve, in order to be properly qualified, words we prefer not to use. The whole work is not only untrue in many respects, uncharitable in the extreme, and disgusting in the license with which its anecdotes are handled, but it is not even well written, and last, but not least, it is extremely dull. It does not relate one single fact or story which was not known before in the social circles of which it is supposed to describe the peculiarities. The only amusing lines in it are contained in the "Author's Notes" which serve as an Introduction; especially when the writer says that he "has endeavored to be lenient and generous in his appreciations". Such modesty is well calculated to make one smile, and thus overlook at times the nasty, unclean sides of a tale that most certainly ought never to have been told.

It is impossible to review such a book because, by awarding it any degree of earnest attention, one would only dirty one's mind and sully one's pen. It was a wise precaution on the part of its author to hide his name and his personality under the veil of anonymity. At the same time it exposes the pusillanimity of his character. Were one to look for a single redeeming feature in a publication of this kind, it would be found only in the fact that the person offering it to the public as truth had been brave enough to reveal his or her identity, thus striking in the open, instead of stabbing in the dark. It is, however, evident that the man or the woman who concocted *Things I Shouldn't Tell* does not believe in being fair and aboveboard, but surely it ought to be permitted to those who judge this work, to regret that such is not the case.

C. RADZIWILL.

New York City.

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Another Soul Laid Bare

There is a virtue in newness to-day. No orthodox reviewer would think of turning his attention to a book some years old in preparing his copy. So many, many new books like a hungry pack of hounds barking at his heels, that if he indulged in this dilatory practise of looking into the past, where would he be? He must read avidly, write quickly, and hasten on to the freshly published. It is fortunate for the world of criticism that there are such men as Gamaliel Bradford. In the preface to his book, THE SOUL OF SAMUEL PEPYS (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50) he confesses that for thirty years, he has lived intimately with Pepys' *Diary*. Thirty years with one book! Some respectable critics consider a second or third reading undue caution to take before pronouncing their verdict.

Bradford knows Pepys, knows him better, perhaps, than the man's own contemporaries knew him. His book will make new friends for the great document that is Pepys' legacy to humanity, and will revive the interest of the book's delightful whimsicality and common-sense philosophy. Chaotic though it may be, Pepys' *Diary* reveals the whole man, with all his faults and virtues. Bradford's interpretation brings order out of the chaos: he carefully classifies the *Diary* under the chapter headings, such as "Pepys and His Wife", "Pepys and His Office", "Pepys and His God". With the zeal of a true scholar he has verified his assertions with copious quotations, definitely located by the notes at the end of the book. After reading *The Soul of Samuel Pepys*, I think those who are not acquainted with the *Diary* will hardly be able to resist going to the original pages to make discoveries of their own.

Bradford's portrait of Pepys is no dry, critical dissertation; the reader inevitably absorbs the writer's unflagging enthusiasm for his subject. This enthusiasm Bradford proves will be almost universal, since in Pepys' portrait we find ourselves. Those who follow with interest this author's studies of personalities will find *The Soul of Samuel Pepys* quite up to his usual standard.

JENNETTE EDWARDS.
Nashville, Tennessee.

The Glory that was Greece

The appreciation of Greek culture is not at nearly so low ebb as is sometimes imagined; and in the last decade there have been encouraging signs that Greek as a literature, if not as a syntax, is undergoing a renaissance. Such hopeful tendencies should receive new stimulus in the publication of GREEK LITERATURE IN TRANSLATION, edited by G. Howe and G. A. Harrer (Harper, $4.00).

Substantial in appearance, but not formidable, this volume gives a wide range of selection from Homer to Lucian. Brief biographic-historic introductions serve as a guide to the reader, but there is none of the elaborate impedimenta of notes which too often are "something between a hindrance and a help." The translations are always adequate and scholarly; some have in themselves literary value, as Bryant's Homer, Jowett's Plato, and lyrics which in the hands of Symonds, Moore, and Rossetti have kept much of their almost evanescent charm, even in an alien tongue.

The chronological arrangement, with its headings, interprets the development of the Greek mind. "Patriarchal Society: the Epic", "Aristocratic Society: the Lyric" are among the suggestive rubrics that appear in the table of contents. With all the standard selections, hallowed by long experience, there are refreshing innovations, for example the mock-epic *Battle of the Frogs and Mice*, pleasant precursor of the *Rape of the Lock*. Epic, lyric, prose-history are well represented. The four tragedies, *Agamemnon*, *Œdipus*, *Medea*, and *Alcestis* are admirably calculated to suggest the intensity of Greek tragedy.

One loves to imagine a quite unspoiled, unsophisticated reader turned loose for the first time upon such a book as this, witnessing the parting of Hector and Andromache, meeting radiant Nausicaä washing by the sparkling river, or discovering in the crystal clarity of Sappho the very lyric notes that throb in Sara Teasdale and Edna St Vincent Millay in their happiest moments. Or picture the invigoration that would come from the first contact with the tingling, bracing atmosphere of Socrates's home-spun personality, or the thrill of first knowing Euripides, — the Ibsen, Shaw, Galsworthy of his own day,

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— but how much more! And after the stress of too much emotion there would be the soft autumnal music of Theocritus, with his elegy which has enriched our own tongue.

But merely to record these names is a colorless performance. To read the works, even through the paler medium of translation, is to exclaim with Dryden, "Here is God's plenty"; and it is also to reconstruct in fancy that fair Greek world, and through the winged words, as through the gleaming columns of the Parthenon, to have for a moment a vision of the glory, the eternal loveliness that was Greece.

CHARLOTTE F. BABCOCK.

Boston, Massachusetts.

Forty Years an Editor

The inside operation of the editorial department of "The Century Magazine" is being given the public in large doses, — so large, in fact, that it will not be long before everything that can be said about the editing of this particular magazine will have been said.

About a year ago a ponderous volume of some seven hundred pages from the pen of Robert Underwood Johnson, a former Century editor, was published; and now comes THE JOYS AND TRIBULATIONS OF AN EDITOR by L. Frank Tooker (Century, $4.00), not so long, and in some respects more interesting than its predecessor.

For forty years, Mr. Tooker has been connected with the editorial department of "The Century", which in its beginning was "Scribner's Magazine". He entered the offices when its first editors were still in their chairs, and he has had an unusual opportunity to watch new men come into power, and the changes in the magazine that were wrought with their coming. Even better than this, Mr. Tooker has been in a position where he could watch the vacillating taste of a great reading public, and little wonder that he can write in such an entertaining manner of the various things which within the past forty, years, have constituted "features" in our magazines.

Possessing a lucid style and having many things of interest to say, the associate editor of "The Century" has put together a good book. As a chronicle of the last forty years, it has historic worth; and as the purveyor of delightful stories of the people who make magazines and the people who visit magazine offices, it is an inviting book of reminiscence.

JOHN E. DREWRY.

Athens, Georgia.

A Yankee Soldier of Fortune

What more satisfactory opening for a book than to find one's self mentally accompanying a nineteen-year old cabin boy on board of an American clipper ship with a brutal, black-whiskered mate? And when Gus, the cabin boy, deserts and swims through shark-infested waters to the shore of Australia, we may be assured that adventures in plenty will follow.

There are convicts, remittance men, bushrangers, miners, and Murrumbidgee "Blacks" galore in KNOCKING ABOUT: Some Adventures of Augustus Baker Pierce in Australia, edited by Mrs. Albert T. Leatherbee (Yale University Press, $3.00). Gus Baker knew them all and tells quaint stories of them with dry Yankee humor. Across the picturesque background is woven the thread of the career of a man who was kin to Kipling's Tramp; "from job to job I've moved along" to "go observing matters."

Miner, actor with Joe Jefferson, baker, itinerant vendor of patent medicine, sheepherder, the cabin boy tried them all, and had his proud moment when he donned a captain's uniform. Jack of all trades, master of many, he was a Yankee soldier of fortune.

Not the least attractive feature of the book is the abundance of clever sketches from life done by Gus Baker himself . . . thumbnail portraits of famous and infamous celebrities of the old days, bits of wild Australian scenery, and interesting drawings of the wooly-headed "blacks".

Knocking About deals with an era that has just passed over the horizon. Although graybeards are still alive who can verify the accuracy of the picture, the scenes have changed beyond recognition. Thus *Knocking About* is more than an interesting account of lively adventures. It is a treasure trove for historians delving for facts, novelists in search of a plot, and everyday readers avid for vicarious romance.

DOROTHY G. WAYMAN.

Dedham, Massachusetts.

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Cape Horn

Driven by an impulse which he describes as "profounder than consciousness and more powerful than reason," Rockwell Kent set out for Cape Horn. The same urge that inspired the journey also demanded that he write and illustrate a book about the odyssey. VOYAGING SOUTHWARD FROM THE STRAITS OF MAGELLAN (Putnam's, $7.50) is the result. With a happy casualness, Mr. Kent's prose leads south and the forceful woodcuts point the milestones. Tierra del Fuego and the adjacent islands lose some of the austerity that is commonly attributed to them, and the people, assuming a real individuality, are either to be pitied or to be loved.

As the tale progresses the *Kathleen* is abandoned, the author and Ole Ytterrock set out on foot, they hunt guanacos, they sample the hospitality of the natives, and all the time dim Cape "Horn" beckons in the distance. One of the great charms of the book is that the Horn is kept so far away. Instead of bulking large in the foreground it merely serves as a plausible excuse for much high adventuring along the way. Suddenly we realize that it is not the land and its people that dominate the book, but the author himself; yet those woodcuts drag us back to that storied region. Perhaps the real picture we get is that of a true explorer with Tierra del Fuego as a background. That the "Horn" was seen, though not attained, leaves us no tinge of regret as we wander through this truly remarkable book.

ARCHIBALD MACINTOSH.
Haverford, Pennsylvania.

He Who Laughs Last . . .

Ever since "E. E. Cummings" began to appear under what seemed to be merely bizarre typographical patterns, he has held an unquestionably enigmatic place in contemporary letters. Some laughed and called him a belated imagist. Others declared they were trying to solve his crossword puzzles. A very few dared to admit that they understood one or two lines. But with the appearance of TULIPS AND CHIMNEYS (Seltzer, $2.00) Cummings's work was clearly presented to the poetry reading public, a body which Louis Untermeyer has estimated at one tenth of one per cent of the whole population.

As was to be expected, Cummings has been hailed as the fourteenth wonder, the beauty of his work and his unquestionable poetic genius being more or less appreciated. Literary smugs, "rationally minded readers", poetasters, and not a few of the *literati* have always looked upon anything so drastic as Cummings's typographical puzzle-patterns, with a superior, ultra-sober eye. And their reaction, — "He wants to attract attention by being different!" — is quite typical of the torpid state of their intellects. Thus it must be a crushing blow for them to discover that Cummings handles rhyme and meter even more fluently than do some of our accepted lyricists. *Of Nicolette* is one of the most charming, exquisite lyrics of many years, with its dreamy, haunting beauty. And *Epithalamion* and *Puella Mea*, in which he has not been so consistently successful, illustrate conclusively his remarkable technical dexterity. But when the doubters come upon the delightful *Chansons Innocentes* and *Orientale* with no rhyme and with apparently little reason and yet poetry which is the work of genius, they will be dumbfounded. Possibly when they encounter some of the perfect snatches of the *Sonnets* they may wonder if they were not a little hasty in their condemnation. And if after finishing the volume they are honest enough to cry out, "This is a great book!", perhaps it may convince them that even idiotic apathy, — nothing more than sheer intellectual laziness, — is not strong enough to kill the roots of genius . . . How Cummings must laugh at them!

STANLEY A. BURNSHAW.
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Green Thursday

With a rare understanding, possible only to one having long association and deep affection for the Negro, Julia Peterkin has revealed in GREEN THURSDAY (Knopf, $2.50) the simple life of a small Negro farm community. The tale from which the book draws its title deals with an old superstition of the Negro that, no matter how green the grass may be in his crop, to toil on Ascension Day — Green Thursday — is a deadly sin, inviting terrible wrath from above. This innate gullibility, which has always been one of the Negro's great-

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est drawbacks in coping with life, runs through the whole book. Though threaded by a gentle humor, the stories are written in a sober mood, and are only for those who are interested in the Negro and the varied phases of his life.

Green Thursday is distinctly of a past day, for in his great struggle to make a living through the growing of cotton, *Kildee*, the main character, fights grass, but never the boll weevil, and it has now been ravaging the cotton crop for many years. The book is a true study of the illiterate southern Negro, as he existed up to say ten years ago, accurately presenting his dialect, religion, reasoning, and method of living, and it is valuable in preserving his history. Happily, he is rapidly seeing the light of a different life.

MARY LEWIS.

Cornelia, Georgia.

Cowboys

In cowboy language, a real cowboy has written a dandy book about cowboys and illustrated it with spirited pen and ink sketches picturing all phases of the life he knows so well. This book is COWBOYS NORTH AND SOUTH by Will James (Scribner's, $3.50).

The author says in his Preface:—"What I've wrote in this book its without the help of the dictionary or any course in story writing." Whether due to his thus giving himself free rein or what, he has produced a decidedly interesting and unique collection of loose essays. Forceful and clear, humorous and pathetic, written in a personal, friendly tone, the eight chapters into which the volume is divided present to the reader a true, healthy picture of "puncher" life. Such entertaining subjects as cowboy dances, "necktie parties", chinooks, and mustangs are taken up in a wholesome manner. Chapter headings include "Bucking Horses and Bucking-Horse Riders", "Cattle Rustlers", and "The Longhorns".

The Best of all, Mr. James knows what he is writing about. He has seen and taken part in the various activities mentioned. He has been "bronco-buster" and has "bulldogged" steers in Canada, the United States, and Mexico. When he says "horses have a heap more brains than some folks would like to give 'em credit for, and if they want to be mean they know how. The same if they want to be good", you feel that he is giving out the "straight dope".

If you like cowboys, love horses, crave excitement, and want real information, do not miss this book.

TED ROBINS.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

An American Sees Us

There is nothing more delightful than having some of our pet prejudices completely undermined. Take for instance the assumption that somehow youth is the best bearer of good literature. We have come to hail the "first novel" of a young man or of a Daisy Ashford as the symbol of divine inspiration. A young poet who publishes a volume before he is twenty is never permitted to grow any older. So that it is with a sense of relief that we find a man of before-or-after the fifties with the courage and the imagination to let all his business failures and his dislike of trade play him a good trick and convert him into a delightful novelist. Such is the case of William E. Woodward, author of *Bunk* and of LOTTERY (Harpers, $2.00). Mr. Woodward has taken to fiction with the zest of the boy in his teens. He "flunked" in the sober and the practical, and has had the sense of humor to recognize it in time. He is not even perturbed by the fact that he has borne away with him from all those trials and tribulations the appearance of business success, the air of the self-satisfied ward-heeler. In fact, it somehow becomes him well, and makes one read all he has to say with a sense of security. Such a man ought to know just how people in that mysterious world of business act!

Lottery, like *Bunk*, is an attempt of an American to see himself as others see him. Woodward, in spite of all his sarcasm and his bitter jibes at our American life rather likes himself for all that. Raw, uncouth, crude though his types may be, they have been dipped and enamelled and "simonized". But they are not too definitely guaranteed. That is poor business these days. However, one thing seems certain; they have been properly standardized. Like parts to a Ford car, one can pick them up anywhere along the road of life and replace the broken ones. Go into any in-

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dustrial centre and you will find *Jerry Garrisons* and *Lulu Bozemans*. That does not in itself make them worthy characters for fiction. So far as holding the mirror up to nature is concerned, it disqualifies them. We would not recognize them, because we refuse to see ourselves in them. Nevertheless, his characters are both real enough and fictitious enough to make a suitable combination.

Lottery is the story of a young man who takes a chance. Of course, he wins his millions. Of course, he enlarges his thousands by the aid of advertising. But he himself has no special qualities except that he is sufficiently detached from life to be able to move freely with the wheels of chance. Where others have failed either through sober earnestness and through striving and speculation and holding tight, he succeeds because he lacks these clutching traits. He is an airy creature, leading an airy life, submitting to its refining processes, jovially; to its restraining influences, indifferently.

The book is humorous without any very great wit; it is different without any remarkable originality. It is pleasing with the charm that emanates from the pen of the expert advertising writer. It will rub thousands the wrong way, because it is not a serious "uplift" story, and people want to be taken out of themselves, not into themselves. It is not a great novel, but is infinitely worth while. The author has all the virtues of the young man, and all the naïveté of the elderly, disillusioned man. He introduces a new fiction technique, yet tells his story easily. If his hero is not very unique, his heroine certainly is. Rarely is the earnest, intelligent, sober, faithful, sensible working girl handled more humanely, more genuinely, more justly than is *Lulu Bozeman*, the wife of the hero.

And so with this simple formula, — the power of wealth, plus the new medium of success, advertising, or the power of suggestion, — Mr. Woodward approaches H. G. Wells in that best of Wellsian stories *Tono-Bungay*. The book is a healthful sign of American intellectual recuperation after the war. Self-criticism is the way out of maudlin chauvinism and prejudice.

SIDNEY GREENBIE.

Holyoke, Mass.

A Fascinating Rogue

There have been worse rogues than Stephen Burroughs, whose escapades were the talk of every tavern and fireside in the first years of American independence, but one must go far in the annals of rascality to find a life more interesting than his or a character more baffling. His memoirs were very popular in the early part of the last century, when they went through several editions, but for many years Burroughs's autobiography has been lost to the general reader. It has now been made available again in the edition just published by Lincoln MacVeagh (The Dial Press, $4.00) under the title, MEMOIRS OF THE NOTORIOUS STEPHEN BURROUGHS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Robert Frost, through whose agency the book was brought to light again, contributes an introduction in which he characterizes Burroughs as a "naïve hypocrite." Certainly it will not suffice to dismiss him as an unqualifiedly hypocritical rascal. Burroughs deceived many persons in his time, but against none was his hypocrisy directed as much as it was against himself. He was by his own confession an imposter, a thief, a counterfeiter, a jailbreaker, a seducer, — yet he was forever expounding moral principles in reproach to himself and in defense of his actions. He lived to become truly penitent, but even before he definitely abandoned his rascalities, he had to his credit periods in which he had been a useful citizen and an earnest provider for his family.

He was the son of a New Hampshire clergyman who was also a trustee of Dartmouth College, from which Burroughs was expelled after two troublous years. He had been, he tells us in the memoirs, "the worst boy in town", but his boyhood seems not to have been marked by anything worse than an infinite capacity for mischief. He was soon to develop, however, a strain of audacity which made people ready to believe the most impossible tales about him. He was only seventeen when he shipped as surgeon on board a packet bound for France, though there had been nothing in his training to fit him for such a post. "After obtaining the assistance, advice, and direction of an old practitioner in physics", he tells us, "I thought myself tolerably well qualified to perform the of-

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fice of physician on board the ship." We are not surprised then, to find him a year or so later, representing himself as a clergyman in a Massachusetts town, preaching occasionally from a bundle of his father's sermons which he had carried away from home, but under necessity, quite capable of delivering a solid moral discourse of his own composition. Not long afterward he was sent to jail for his part in a counterfeiting scheme, and Burroughs's account of his numerous jail-breaking exploits, his picture of the prison cruelties of the time, and especially of his most audacious exploit, — the attempt to capture the military garrison at Castle Island prison in Boston Harbor, makes fascinating reading.

The memoirs are eminently worth reading for two reasons: for their illumination of a most interesting period in American development, and for their revelation, — even though it be in contradictory flashes, — of a highly complex character. The power and acuteness of Burroughs's mind are soon sensed by the reader of his memoirs. A little varying of the ingredients in his temperament, and he might be remembered for very different reasons than he is.

J. Donald Adams.

Flushing, New York.

"The Most Unique Horse Thief"

Sordid though criminology is, the subject has a fascination. Even the most righteous church deacon feels a certain thrill of admiration for the thieves who had the nerve to rob the safe at Sing Sing Prison of $400 in War Savings Stamps. Especially when George C. Henderson adds, in his Keys to Crookdom (Appleton, $3.00) that "the prison authorities assert that it was an 'outside' job."

Who wouldn't want to learn more about criminal psychology after reading about "the most unique horse thief in the world"? According to Henderson, the man is now in San Quentin Prison. "He is a five-time loser and each time he was sent over for stealing the same horse, a draft amimal named Dexter."

This book is the most complete account yet published concerning the methods of criminals. Bunco men, card sharks, murderers, automobile thieves, fake spiritualists, dishonest bookmakers, stock swindlers, dope sellers, bootleggers, — all these, and others, are psycho-analyzed and their methods exposed. Little-known facts concerning the police are given, with explanations of the devices that science has contributed toward criminal identification and detection. The back pages are devoted to a useful dictionary of criminal slang.

The author writes in an informal manner, and the book is one of popular, rather than technical, appeal. In spite of the seriousness of the subject, there is an abundance of humor.

Ralph Anderson Parker.

Berkeley, California.

A Columnist's Play

Calvary has long been a favorite theme in fictional and dramatic fields, therefore the question confronts one, "Wherein is a new presentation of the sublime tragedy different, — if it is different, — from those that have gone before?" The Dark Hours, by Don Marquis (Doubleday, Page, $2.00) seems to be unique largely because of Jesus's non-appearance in the drama of which he is the central figure. His voice is heard on occasion, his influence is felt, but throughout the entire play the story is really told through the reactions of the men and women with whom he was associated, — the disciples, churchly and military authorities, the blind, suffering, and restored. This method serves to sharpen the dramatic effect wonderfully. Little of original material is introduced, but in the few instances where the author has allowed his imagination a little lee-way, he has succeeded by subtle, deft touches in humanizing such vital characters as Peter, Judas, and Mary Magdalene. One of the best bits in the book is that dealing with Malchus, servant of the high-priest. *The Dark Hours* is reverent throughout, beautifully written, and will appeal to orthodox and heterodox alike.

May Emery Hall.

New York City.

Notice—*For the present all unsolicited reviews must not exceed 300 words in length. Well pointed reviews about 200 words long will be especially welcome.*

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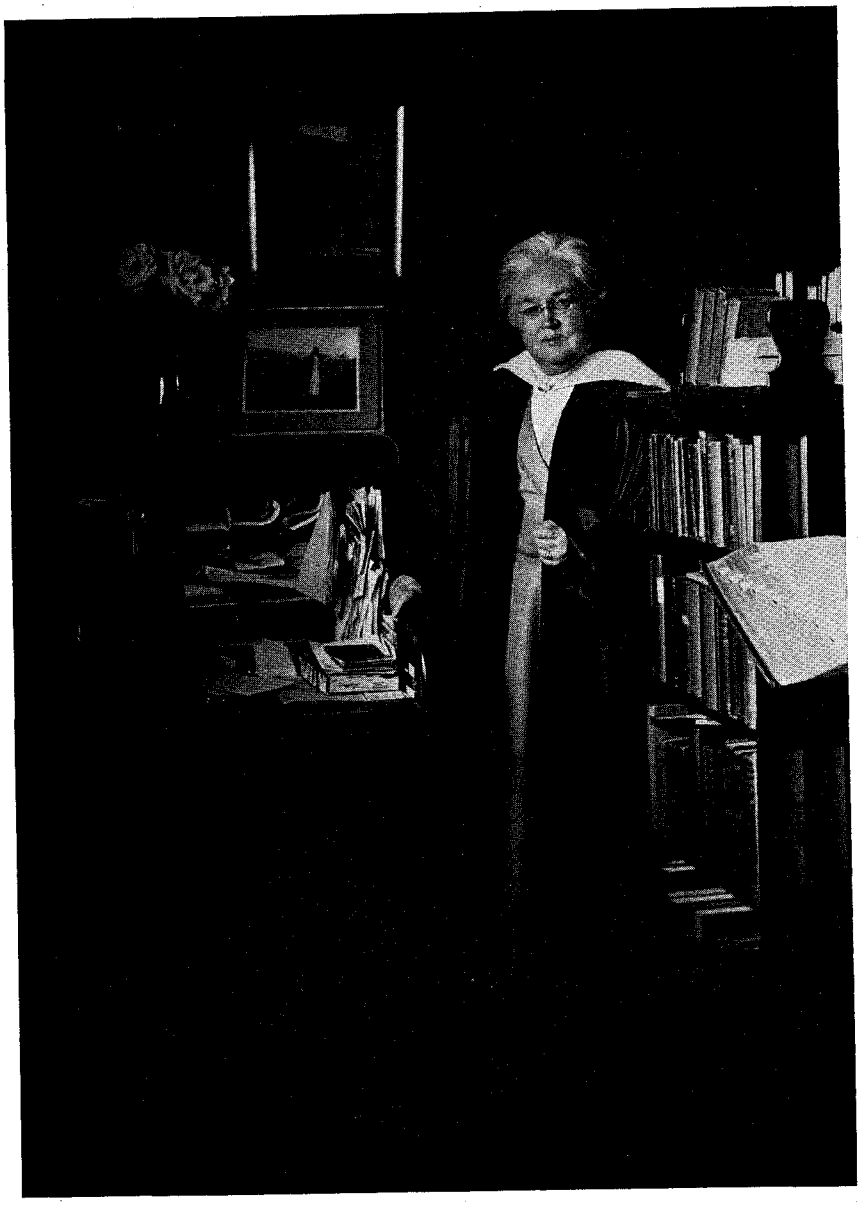

KATHERINE LEE BATES
In her study at Wellesley College

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HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY

Who, with Colonel Henry Steel Olcott, in New York City on November 17, 1875, founded the Theosophical Society of which she was the virtual leader until her death

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ANNIE BESANT

Who began life as a devout ritualist, became a free thinker, and then an ardent disciple of Madame Blavatsky, and eventually her successor as the high-priestess of Theosophy

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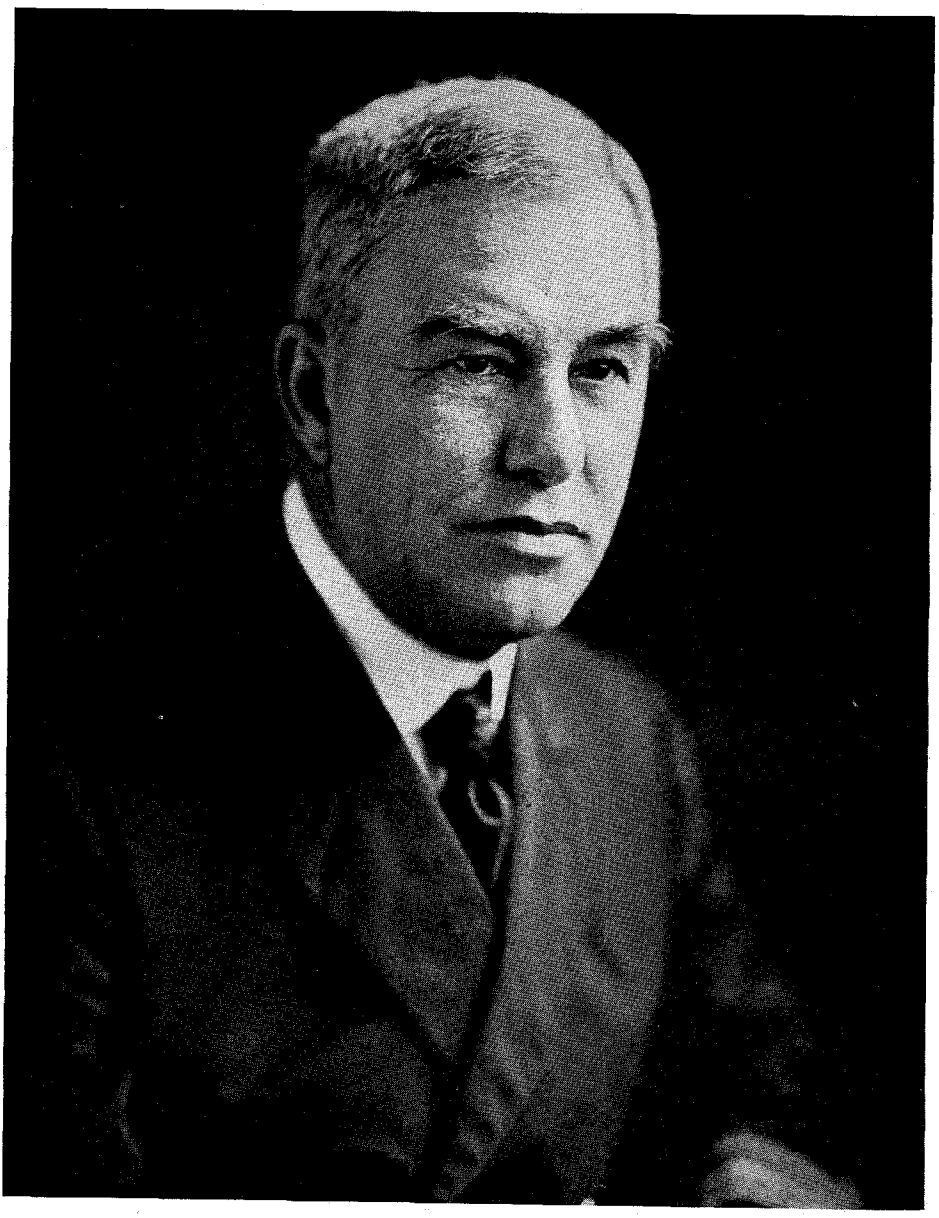

REAR-ADMIRAL WILLIAM LEDYARD RODGERS

Of the United States Navy, a member of the Advisory Council at the Washington Conference on Limitation of Armament

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General Tasker Howard Bliss

Chief-of-Staff of the United States Army during the World War and one of the American Plenipotentiaries who negotiated the Peace of Versailles

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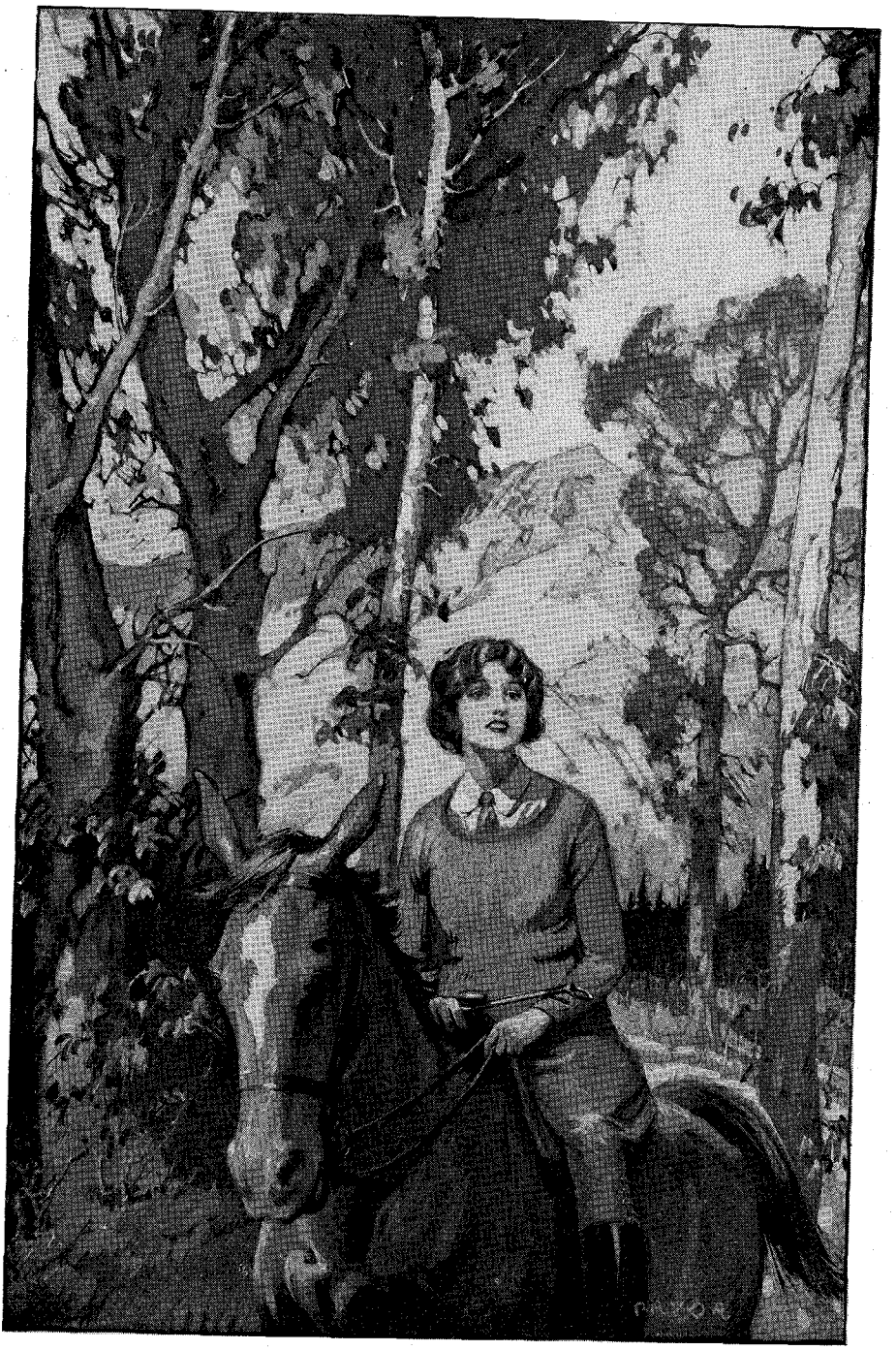

Drawing by Warrant Pryor

RESPONSIBLE YOUTH

Louise Eveley, the heroine of Hare and Tortoise

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